Collier's
TEN CENTS
JULY 15, 1944
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

"Not Guilty!"

BY JOHN L. LEWIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER

Save Waste Paper!

JULY 15

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AROMA IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

Coffee is red! In the foreground you see a branch of ripe coffee cherries. Only rich-red cherries such as these, indicating perfect ripeness for top flavor, are picked. Similar care protects coffee flavor in washing the red pulp away . . . hulling, drying and polishing the green beans that remain.

Man who lives by his tongue The green coffee beans become brown when roasted. Careful roasting—not a minute too long . . . not a minute too little—is especially important to bring out full flavor and aroma. The expert roaster "tastes" the exact moment when coffee reaches the flavor peak.

VACUUM-PACKED
VACUUM-PACKED
Coffee

Nothing happens in a vacuum Unlike green coffee, the roasted coffee you buy—particularly after it's ground—loses flavor when it's exposed to air. For this reason the final step to insure perfect flavor is the modern vacuum-pack. All coffee in Duraglas containers is vacuum-packed. This means coffee packed in Duraglas jars is *always roaster fresh when it reaches you.*

FOOD FIGHTS for freedom
Coffee

"I like to buy coffee in glass," says Mrs. Albert Spalding, who has traveled with her famous violinist husband all over the world. "Coffee vacuum-packed in glass always looks so good and has the same wonderful flavor! And you can see that you're getting the right grind."

Sand, soda ash, lime—that's all glass is. When we see how lovely glass containers look we're apt to forget they're made of some of nature's most abundant materials. This fact plus the incredible rapidity of today's glass-making machine make possible glass containers at low cost.

Nothing can get in—or out! The metal cap on the Duraglas coffee jar is easily removed . . . just as easily replaced to give coffee an hermetic reseal. This airtight reseal helps prevent the escape of flavor and aroma—keeps your coffee good until the jar's completely empty.

Tune in: "Broadway Matinee," a big-time "night-time" show in the daytime. Mondays through Fridays over Columbia Broadcasting System. 4 P.M. Eastern War Time.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company . . . Toledo, Ohio—makers of containers that give "a lift to living."

A name that helps you see what you buy!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Help your Dentist—

HIS TIME is more precious than ever, his days more crowded. For with so many thousands of dentists now at the fighting fronts, he has taken on more appointments, more patients. He is doing everything he can to guard the fitness of those on the home front.

You can do a lot to lighten his burden—to help him make the most of his time, skill and dental knowledge. Yes, you can help him—help him greatly—if you will follow these few simple but important rules for dental care:

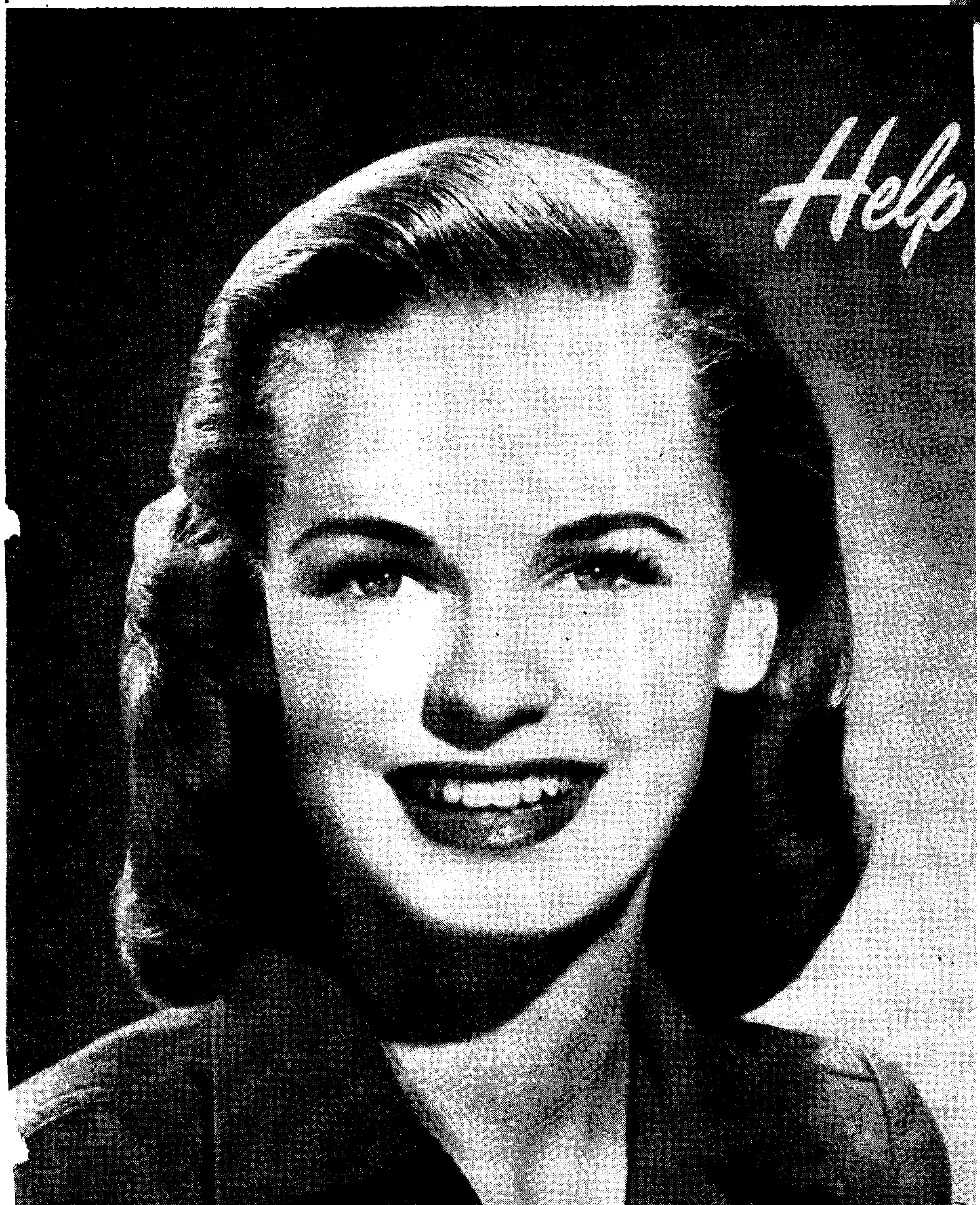
1. Make appointments well in advance.

2. Keep your appointments.

3. If you *must* break an appointment—do it promptly.

4. See your dentist regularly—don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.

5. Between visits—give your teeth and gums proper care at home.



Help your Smile!

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush."
Help keep gums firmer and teeth more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

THESE DAYS, the proper home care of your teeth and gums is more important than ever. So choose your dentifrice with special care. And consider Ipana—the tooth paste millions prefer because it not only cleanses the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of the gums.

It is well to remember this. For gums as well as teeth need regular care. Yes, the brilliance of your smile, the bright sparkle of your teeth, depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Heed the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say that your gums have become tender because modern soft foods have denied them exercise. And, as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

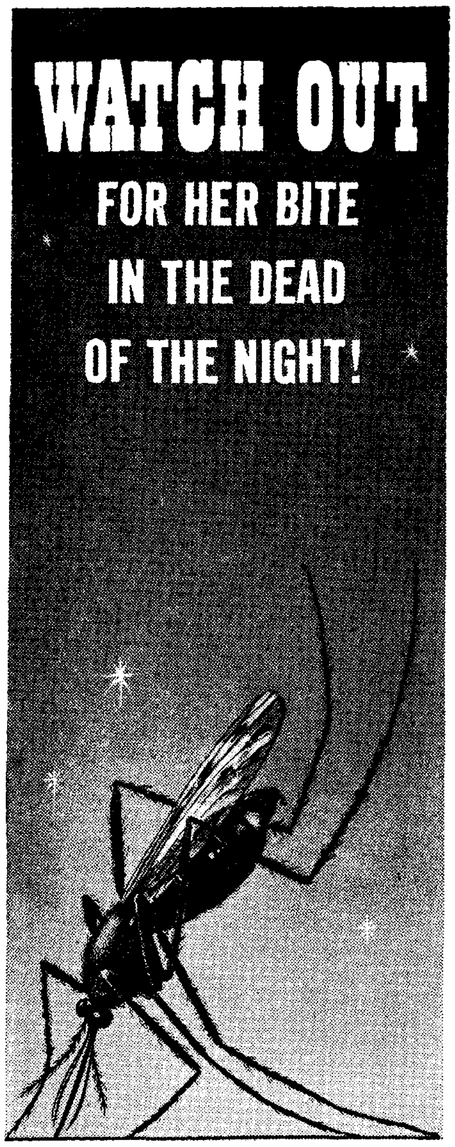
For massage with Ipana speeds up circulation within the gum tissues—helping gums to become stronger, firmer, healthier. So every time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums.

Start today to help your dentist help your smile. At home, give your teeth and gums proper care. Thus, between dental visits, you can help yourself toward firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more attractive smile!

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
MASSAGE THE GUMS
Bristol-Myers Co.
New York, N.Y.

Start today with **Ipana** and massage



Spray with FLIT before going to bed. Train your Flit-gun on closets and dark corners. Kill *all* mosquitoes with FLIT!

Remember almost every state harbors Anopheles... the mosquito that carries the miseries of malaria. The mosquito you'll recognize, because it always lands head down . . . because it usually attacks while you sleep!

Attack *first* with FLIT. It helps protect *your* family from Anopheles. It's an easy way to exterminate all mosquitoes. Lay in a big supply of FLIT...and use it *daily!*

FLIT
Kills
Moths
Mosquitoes
Flies
Bed Bugs
Ants

FLIT

kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.

Be sure it's FLIT.

Ask for the yellow container with the black band.

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Collier's

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Any Week

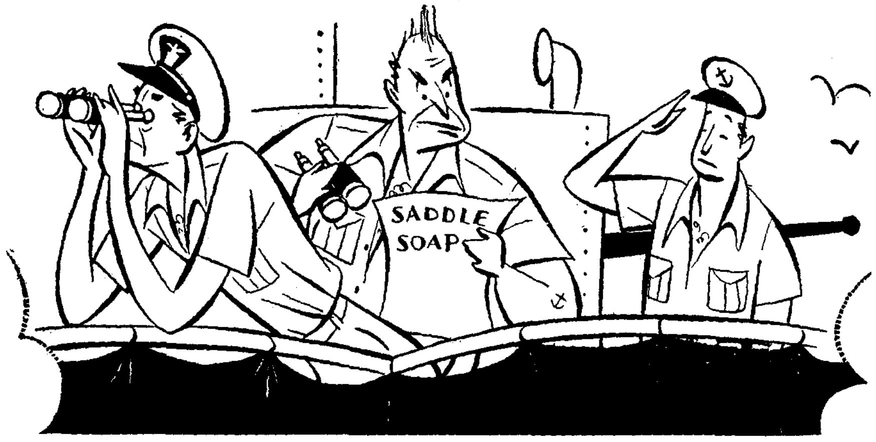
RECENTLY one of our more important naval officers received a formidable-looking envelope from Washington. It was a large envelope, heavily and officially sealed. At the moment, this officer was on the bridge of a warship, peering through the Pacific mists for the Japanese navy. Hastily he tore the envelope open, snatched out the doubtless important document. But a moment later he was back at his peering. The document informed him that if he wanted to buy some excellent saddle soap, he would find attached the government's quality specifications and ceiling prices.

"WITHOUT a doubt," writes Mr. Ahiero Fowle of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, "it is an error committed on the best of good neighbor intention. We laugh politely and with silence. I speak of the errors of the citizens of the United States of North America who come to us with doing good. Your engineers arrive with two pistols strapped to their belt ready, without a doubt, to defend against the savage. Without a doubt the citizens of your Western states laugh, too, at the arriving Easterner for doing this same thing. More of your citizens arrive with vast stocks of canned goods, enough to stock the Arctic expedition. It is all very merry and I am sure that we in Brazil love you of the great Republic of the North. Let us rejoice in our good neighborhood if the censor will be so kind as to permit."

ONE of the less stupendous movie companies in Hollywood has got out a promotion film. The picture opens on a street deserted except for a lone camera. The camera moves toward the audience, grinding busily but shooting nothing because, you see, there is nothing and nobody on the street. It moves into a house, through halls, upstairs, peers out of windows. It moves back down the street, still shooting complete desolation. And that's the end of the picture except for the moral: "This company starts work at eight in the morning whether any actors show up or not." We've just awarded that company something or other. Can't remember what. Too busy.

AMONG other comments prompted by that somewhat smaller type we've been experimenting with (8 point on 8½ Bookface, if you must know), comes a letter from Miss Ethel Liberman of Los Angeles, California. She vigorously approves of our patriotic endeavor to save paper and at the same time to give no less high-class entertainment. She chides us, however. "All very well," says Miss Liberman, "but don't you think it foolish and even selfish to try to win the war all by yourselves?" Several observations from the Missouri Navy, too. Ten sailors notify us that they'll forgive us if we'll do something about getting them on water. They've been in the Navy two

(Continued on page 39)



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THIS WEEI

JULY 15, 1944

SHORT STORIES

ZACHARY GOLD
The Party. For his little sister, Ton departure to the war was a gala c casion. Page
WILLIAM J. WALTERS
"Sibi-Sibi." On the day the Japane captain met his ancestors a ve young Moro became a man. Page
NANCY TITUS
Heart's Wisdom. You have to fa real trouble to see that the he doesn't have all the answers. Page
IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN
It Shouldn't Happen to Superma When every wish comes true, a f low begins to believe in magic. Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

The Homestretch, by Lucy C. Bu Page

SERIAL STORY

MIGNON G. EBERHART
Wings of Fear. The third of fo parts. Page

ARTICLES

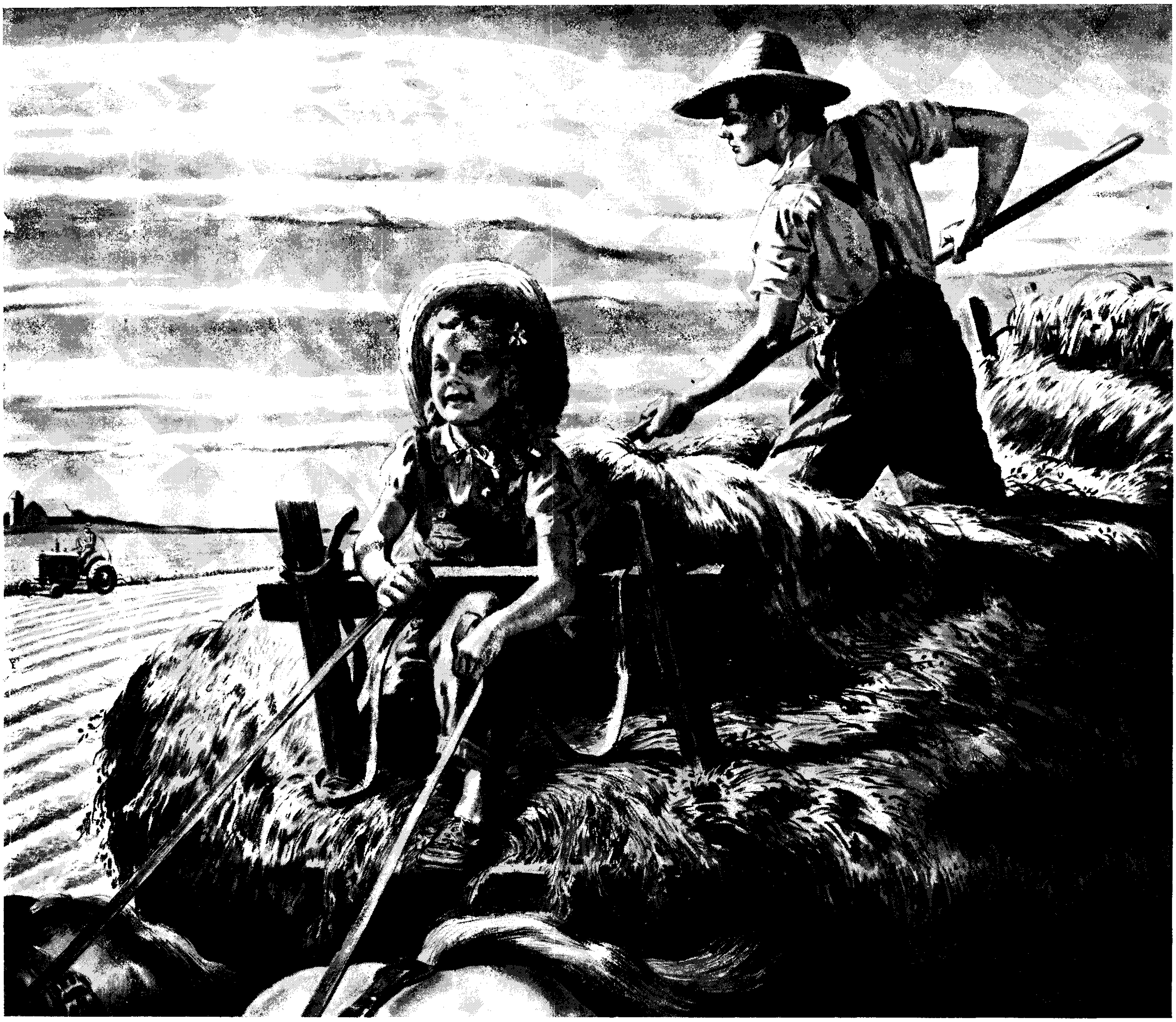
JOHN L. LEWIS
"Not Guilty!" The leader of t United Mine Workers states his ca Page
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
He Built Our Navy. What Jim F restal accomplished as a public se ant made the invasion possible. Pa
WALTER TAUB
Sweden: Pro-Allied and Puzzl The war is coming closer to Mid Svensson. Page
RUTH CARSON
Young and Gay. Specially desig clothes for the growing girl ba the awkward age. Pag
FRANK VICOVARI as told to LUCIAN CARY
I Rode a German Raider. The fi three parts. The young ambul driver, wounded, becomes "gue the German navy." Pa
WALTER DAVENPORT
Hang-Over! Here's what happe you when you tip that bottle a too far. Pa
HELENA HUNTINGTON SMIT
They're Not Expendable! The policy of rotating men in c saves lives as well as minds. P
JIM BISHOP
He's Right-Hand Happy. F Carle could tickle the ivori gold, but he always wanted a band. P

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.
WING TALK.
DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow.
THE GUILTY (Döme Sztója
Profile of Axis Terrorist No

THE WEEK'S WORK.
ABBREVIATION TEST.
EDITORIALS.
COVER WILLIAM

Heroines . . . U. S. A.



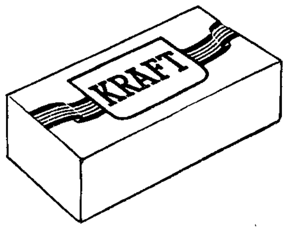
Always, on our dairy farms, women and girls have had plenty of chores to do . . . morning . . . night . . . seven days a week. But what they are doing *now* would amaze you.

Food is essential to the winning of the war, and among the most vital of foods are milk and the products of milk. In cheese, for example, important nutrients of milk are concentrated in flavorful form for shipment to our fighting men and fighting allies around the world.

So the Government's requirement of cheese this year is now set at nearly 450 *million* pounds. (More than the whole nation produced in 1918 when the last war ended!) And over 500 million *more* pounds of cheese are needed for you and other civilians to share.

From America's dairy farms, into the Armed Forces, have gone many sons, brothers, fathers. *Still there* is the daily job of caring for the cows, the task of harvesting feed to store against the winter's need.

It means work, *hard* work over long hours . . . and calluses on the hands. Our hats are off to these heroines who unflinchingly fight on the United Nations' food front!



Because of the tremendous demand, both military and civilian, you may not be able to get as much Kraft Cheese as you would like, or get your favorite varieties—Kraft American, "Old English", "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, Velveeta, and so on. But you may be sure, as always, that any cheese or cheese food which bears the Kraft *name represents the very highest standard of quality.*

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY

A Division of National Dairy Products Corporation

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Proved less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

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Finer flavor ... less irritation ... America's FINEST Cigarette!
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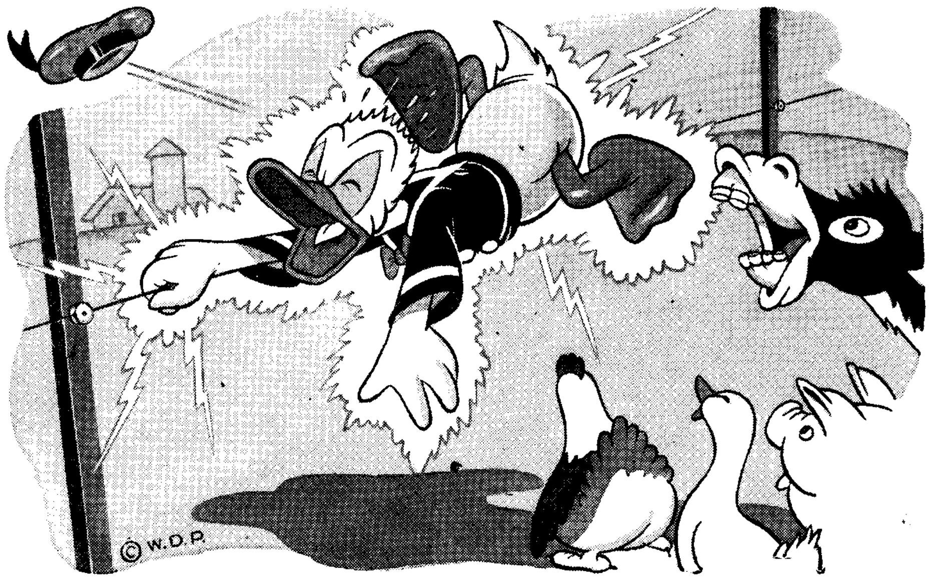


Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

More than 250,000 miles of "electrified fence," consisting of only a single charged wire, is used today by American farmers not only because it is portable, being easily moved about to enclose temporary areas, but also because it is equally as effective as more costly types of fence, all cattle, horses and swine giving it a wide berth after one or two shocks.

After the completion of America's eight World War cemeteries and ten memorials in France, England and Belgium in 1929, nearly 6,700 Gold Star mothers and widows visited the graves of their sons and husbands as guests of the United States government.

Of the 30 billion persons estimated to have been born since the dawn of history some 6,000 years ago, 2.2 billions, or seven out of every hundred, are living today.

The maximum air capacity of the lungs of human adults averages about 300 cubic inches, which is 10 times the quantity that is normally inhaled and exhaled—and 15 times the quantity that actually enters the lungs—at one time. *—By Helen Donohoe, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Besides two articles in the original Bill of Rights, only two other proposed amendments to the U. S. Constitution failed because they were not ratified by the necessary number of states. The first, proposed in 1810, was to bar titles of nobility, while the second, proposed in 1861, was to prohibit interference with slavery. The pending Child Labor Amendment has been ratified by only 28 of the required 36 states since it was proposed 20 years ago.

On their recent D-Day invasion of the Normandy coast of France, the Allied planes, ships and troops used approximately 700 types and sizes of ammunition.

The proverbial "bulldog grip" of the bulldog does not result from obstinacy or any other quality but from the construction of the animal's mouth. The lower jaw is longer than the upper jaw, and therefore it is physically impossible for the dog to let go while there is any tension on the object being gripped.

While no country is required by international law to pay claims to foreign civilians for death or damage resulting from combatant or noncombatant action of its armed forces, the U. S. government does compensate for accidents not occurring during battle and has paid over $2,100,000 to some 18,000 claimants. As these payments are based on local values, the accidental death of a North African Arab, for example, costs us only $200, while that of his mule costs $250.

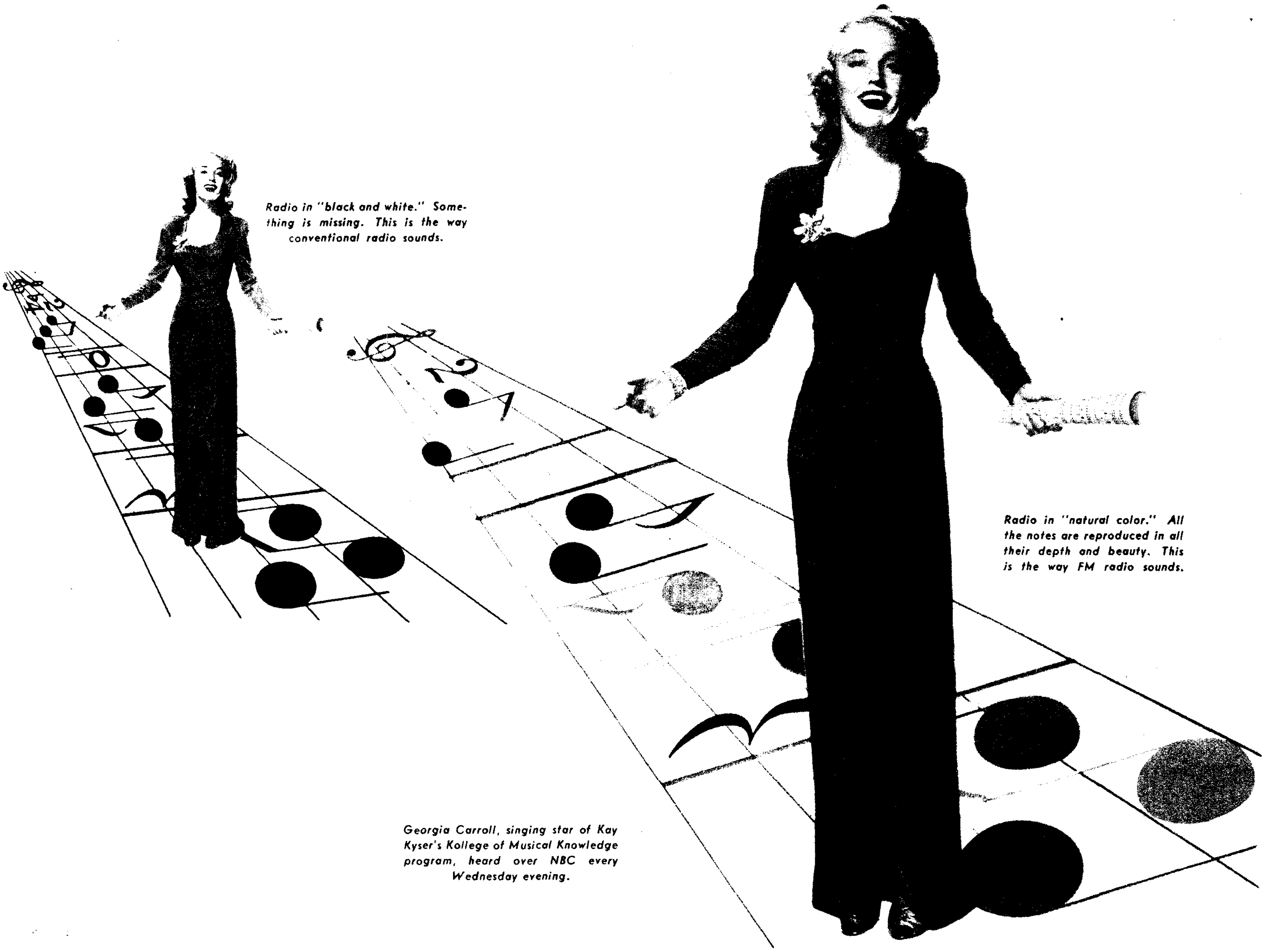
A new liquid soap, for persons who work with TNT, has the unique quality of changing its color from red to white as a signal to the user that it has dissolved all the explosive on his hands and thus may be rinsed off safely.*—By Sgt. Warren Fitzgerald, Rapid City, South Dakota.*

Within the past 35 years, five major countries, besides the United States, have tried prohibition and, finding it could not be enforced, have repealed their dry laws. Norway had such a law between 1916 and 1927, Russia between 1916 and 1925, Finland between 1919 and 1932, and Sweden for a few months in 1909. Between 1916 and 1930, each of the eight mainland provinces of Canada also had a prohibition law of its own that, on the average, lasted eight years.

In the first World War, more than 25 French towns were completely destroyed and their land so covered with infertile subsoil thrown up by explosive shells that they were never rebuilt and were removed from the maps and the *list of the communes of France.*

For two years, a New Yorker has operated a free clearinghouse for fishing tackle for our Armed Forces overseas. Assisted today by 40 volunteer helpers, this man repairs and supplements the gear contributed by fishermen. He then sends it in kits, now totaling 1,000 a week, to servicemen who, personally or through friends, have requested tackle suitable for fishing in the areas where they are stationed.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Radio in "black and white." Something is missing. This is the way conventional radio sounds.

Radio in "natural color." All the notes are reproduced in all their depth and beauty. This is the way FM radio sounds.

Georgia Carroll, singing star of Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge program, heard over NBC every Wednesday evening.

Your favorite programs sound even better on an FM " A URAL COLOR" radio!

A new kind of radio is ready to open a whole new world of entertainment!

FM (Frequency Modulation) is not an "improved" radio, or an attachment for your present radio, but *an entirely new system of broadcasting and reception* that does what radio has never before been able to do.

It reproduces the voices of singers, the instruments of band and orchestra in all their original clarity and beauty. Conventional radio loses two-thirds of the tonal range as music travels from the station to your home. General Electric FM radio receives *the overtones* that bring music to life. You will hear music in glorious "natural color."

And, when FM sets are available, you will hear special programs, planned for FM alone — exciting and popular programs that you can't get otherwise!

General Electric built the first FM radio receivers used by Major Edwin H. Armstrong, the inventor of broad-band FM, in perfecting this new kind of broadcasting. General Electric has built more FM broadcasting equipment than any manufacturer. And General Electric owns and operates its own FM radio station.

No other manufacturer offers so much experience in the field of FM radio!

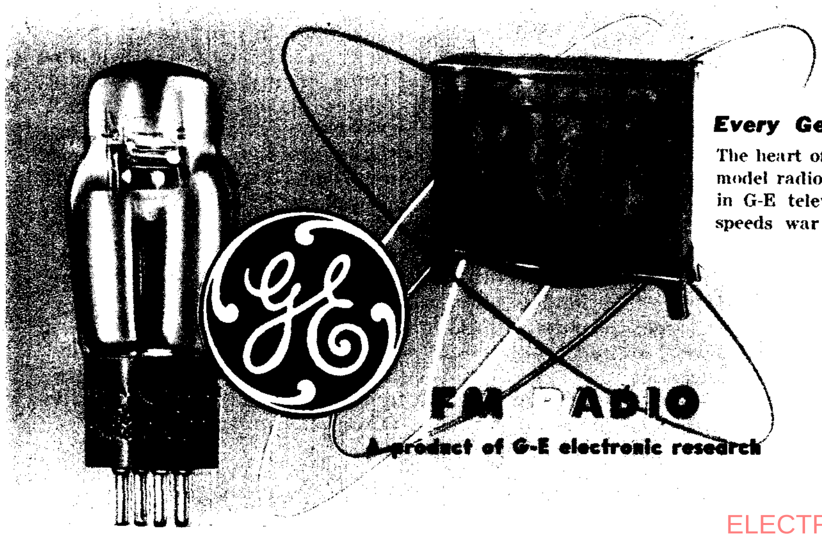
FREE: "YOUR COMING RADIO—*as Forecast by General Electric*"—28 full-color pages of facts about the newest in radios; radio-phonographs, the self-charging portable with its own rechargeable battery, and television! A post-card brings it free. Address *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

- Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.
- ***Buy more War Bonds — and hold on to those you have***

RADIO · TELEVISION · ELECTRONICS

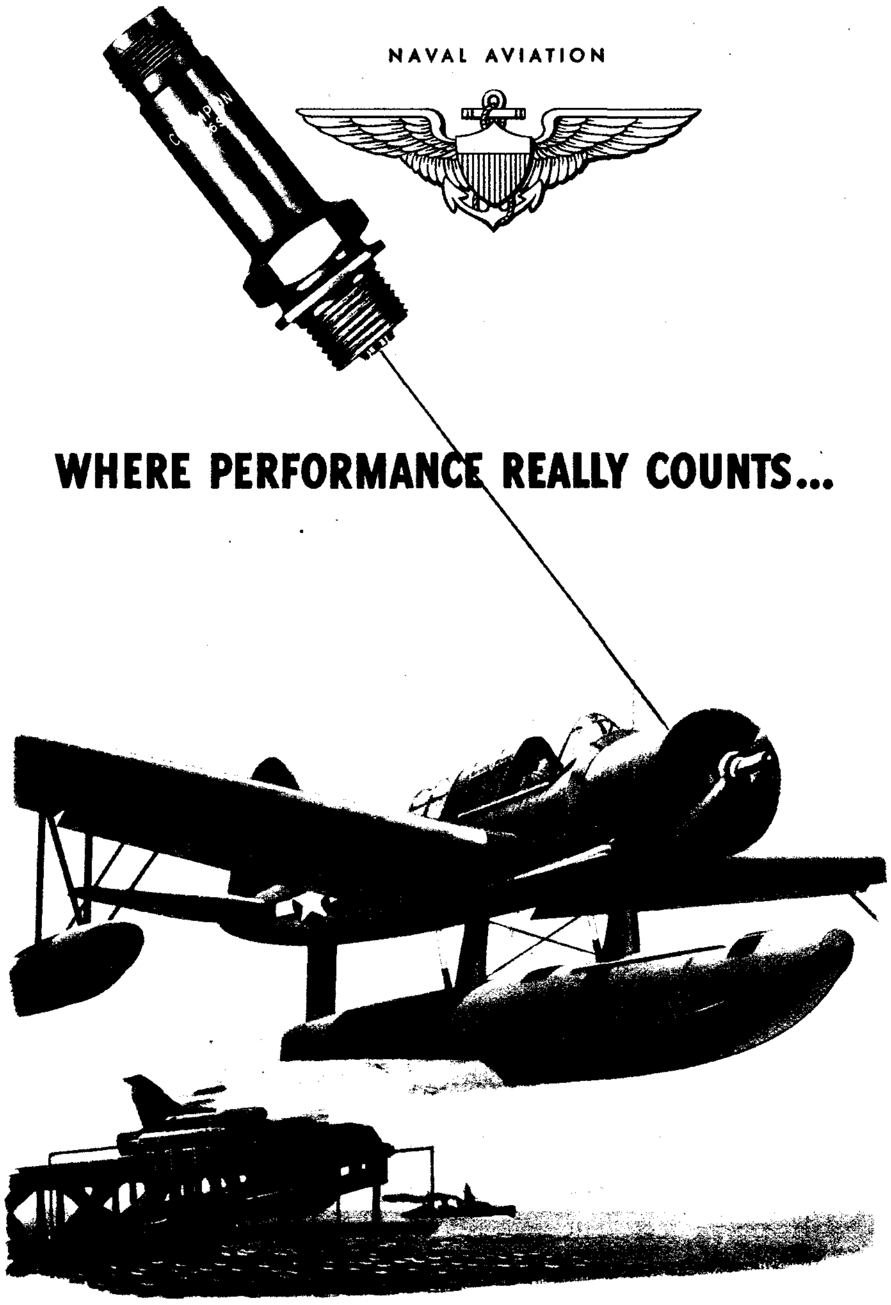
GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-CB



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.



NAVAL AVIATION

WHERE PERFORMANCE REALLY COUNTS...

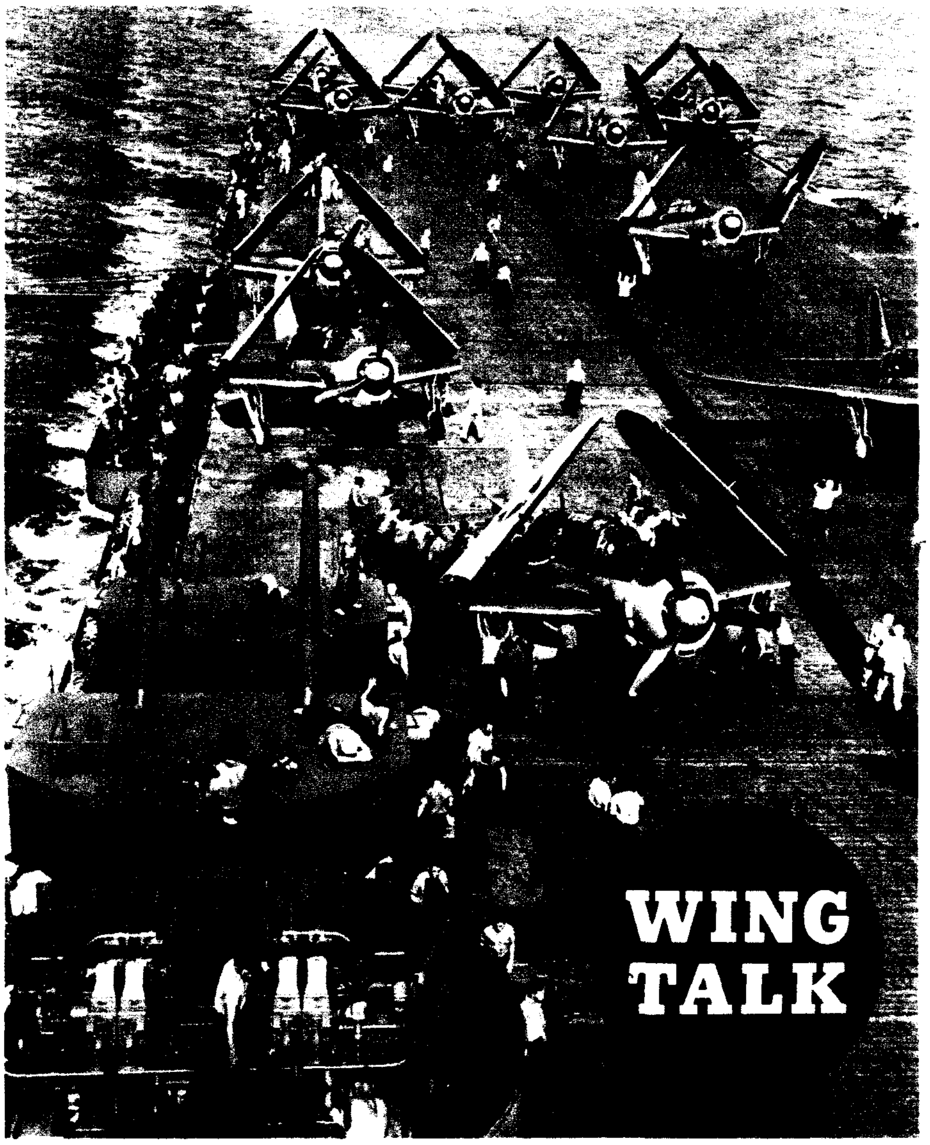
... COUNT ON DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Full throttle, the jarring, explosive push of the giant catapult, and a Navy scout plane is airborne to search the seas ahead for lurking submarine, or other enemy craft. In the few seconds after launching, the plane actually drops slightly, then the full power of the engine takes hold. This is no place for spark plug failure. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs, true to their more than thirty-year-old heritage, are designed to meet extreme, as well as normal service. The records of our armed forces in the air, on the land and on the sea provide dramatic daily evidence that where performance really counts, you can count on dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS
BUY MORE THAN BEFORE

TO SAVE GASOLINE
—KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO



WING TALK

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Informal but efficient are the decks of carriers as handlers spot the planes in place and gunners check their weapons or relax

THERE was a time, just a few years back, when an aircraft carrier was an oddity. On the shores of Chesapeake Bay, in the sky-high cocktail rooms of San Francisco, on the hills behind Honolulu, people would line up in curious, awe-struck little groups to watch a lone carrier sail by, and the next day they'd ask one another eagerly if they had seen the flat-top come in. But now, when the Fleet gathers in any one of the dozen or so spots it frequents in the Pacific, carriers are a dime a dozen.

The change is revolutionary. It began a decade ago and was speeded up on December 7, 1941. The climax came with the announcement that we are building three of the most terrible weapons in all naval history, three aircraft carriers more than half again as big as those we now consider standard. Each will be 45,000 tons of seagoing viciousness, a huge aquatic wildcat capable of tearing apart an enemy with maniacal fury and thoroughness. The carriers themselves will be new to the Navy. The planes they carry will be new, as will the way they're used.

BEFORE we go any further, it should be distinctly understood that the battleship is not obsolete. When we attacked Tarawa, and the Marshalls and the other Pacific bases and when we invaded France, we used everything in the Navy's book—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, landing craft, carriers by the dozen. Each part of these walloping concentrations of seapower is essential, the battleship no less than the carrier, the carrier no less than the Landing Ship Tanks. The nearer you get to the Pacific war, the less inclined you are to pooh-pooh the battleship. But the difference between now and the old days of the Battle of Jutland is that the battleship is no longer the core of the task force. The heart of most big naval operations is the carrier.

The 45,000-ton jobs—they're known officially as CVBs, and the "B" is for big—are symbolic of the new order, so let's take a look at them.

The CVB's 45,000 tons compares with the 27,000 tons of the standard Essex-type carrier. Probably wider than the Essex, the CVB will be highly useful. First of all, it will allow the use of bigger planes than carriers now handle. We usually carry more than half our planes on the flight deck, where they can be heaved into the air in the shortest possible time. As the deck is narrowed, we must carry fewer or smaller planes topside, to keep them from tripping all over one another. If the deck is flattened out, we can carry more planes or bigger planes.

WHAT will these planes be? The Navy isn't going to be specific, not even for the sake of a good brag. But by lacing together a good many hints, it develops that one of the new planes will probably be a twin-engine bomber, a carrier-borne equivalent of the Billy Mitchell B-25. It will be faster than three hundred miles an hour. It will work efficiently at better than 25,000 feet. It will have a range of perhaps 500 miles, carrying more than a ton of bombs. Each carrier will handle perhaps 80 of these lovely monsters, and thus become, in effect, a battleship with guns ranging, not 25 miles, but 250 miles.

We learned long since in this war, however, that we can't plan on sending bombers deep into enemy territory without sending fighter planes along to protect them. So development of the new bomber brings up the problem of developing a new fighter. The Navy's fighters are, as they stand, among the finest on land or sea. But they do not have the prodigious ranges necessary to keep up with anything even faintly resembling a Mitchell bomber.

Carrier-based planes have to work under handicaps. They can't be what pilots call hot, or they'll be too temperamental to get on and off a carrier easily.

(Continued on page 72)

"SHE'S BACK AMONG FRIENDS AGAIN"

THEY came smashing through the Jap lines and there it was — a 1941 Plymouth De Luxe Sedan in the heart of the New Guinea jungle!

On its side was painted the enemy's rising sun insignia. American bullets had drilled the machine so full of holes that the entire top had to be removed. But the motor, according to Staff Sgt. Kenneth B. Schooley, who described the incident, was "in excellent condition, despite having a few large-caliber bullets bounced off it."

After the usual rough jungle travel, he writes, "it's like riding on air." At last report, the sedan was no longer "De Luxe" but it was doing a real job on New Guinea. The medical detachment requisitioned it, took out the back seat, put in a floor, and was using the Plymouth to transport wounded troops from the front.

* * *

Plymouth records show that this historic car went from the factory to a dealer on Guam. Probably the Japs seized it there and took it with them to New Guinea. The full story won't be known until after the war — if then.

But there's no mystery about the reason why Plymouth is a great car on New Guinea or on Main Street. Plymouths were designed and manufactured to do their job under the worst conditions and the best. That quality is now going into Bofors anti-aircraft guns, assemblies for Helldivers, many other war needs. Meanwhile, three million Plymouths are proving their stamina on the roads. They may have to last a long time. They're built to do that when serviced by experienced Plymouth dealers.

PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
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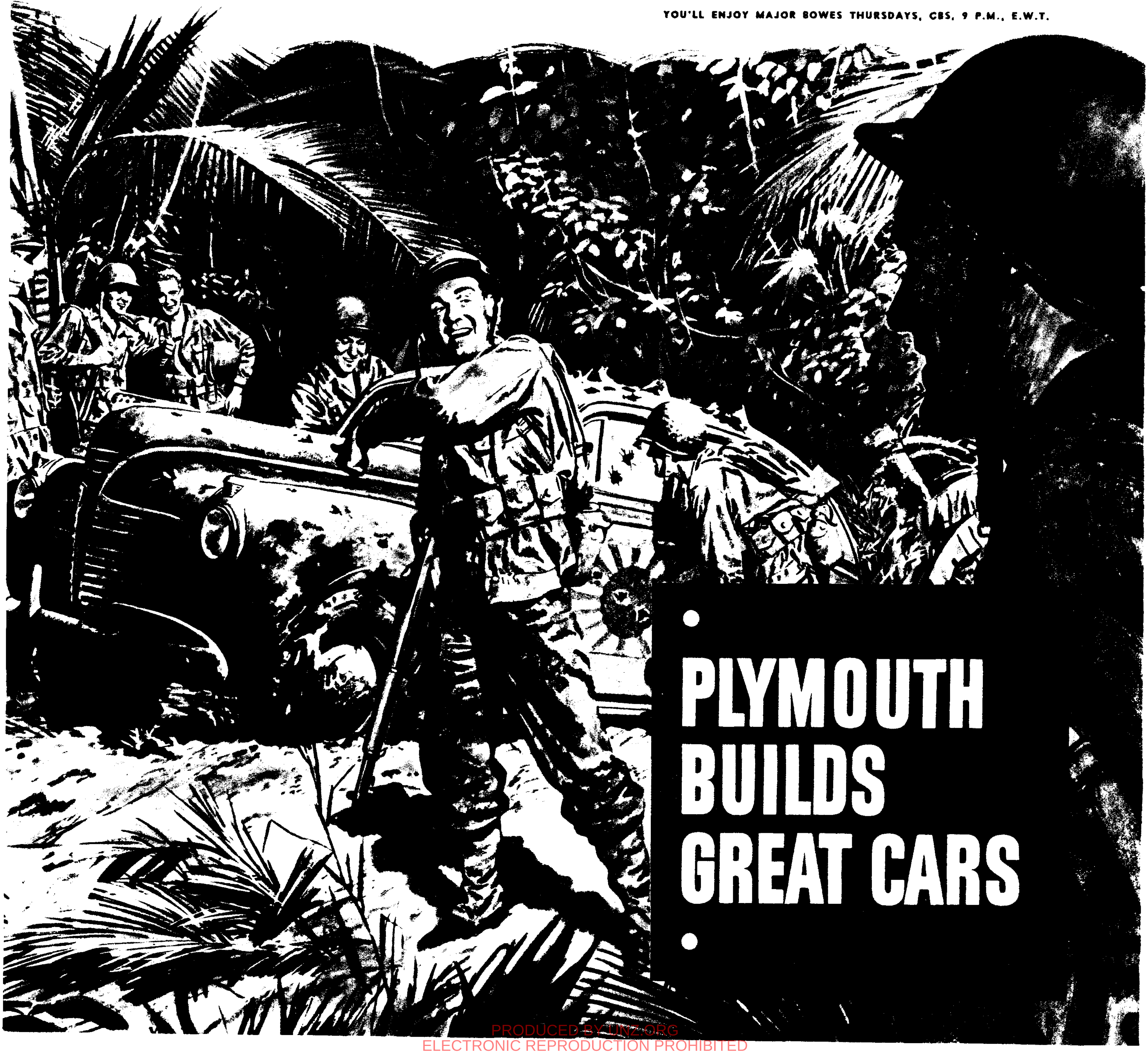

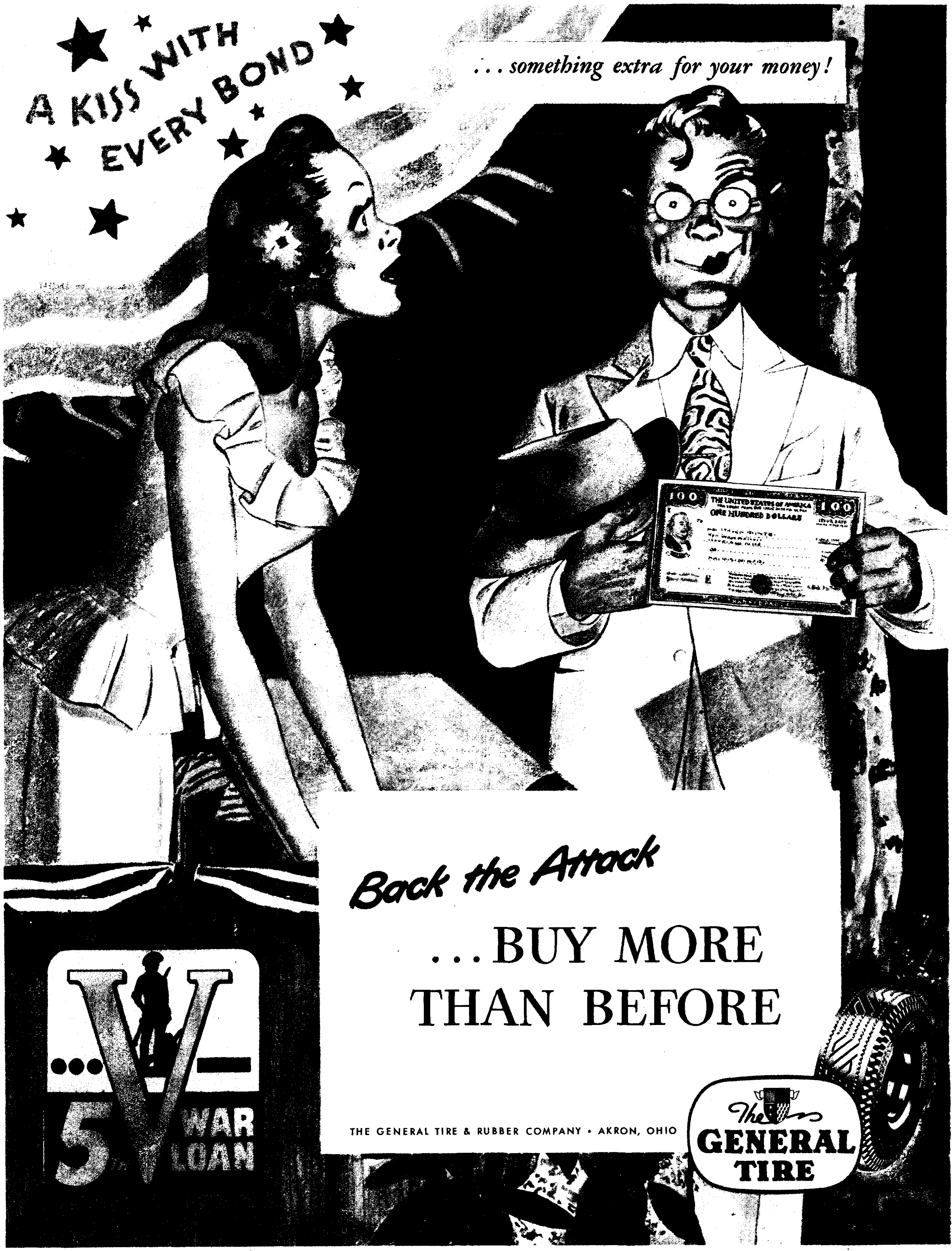
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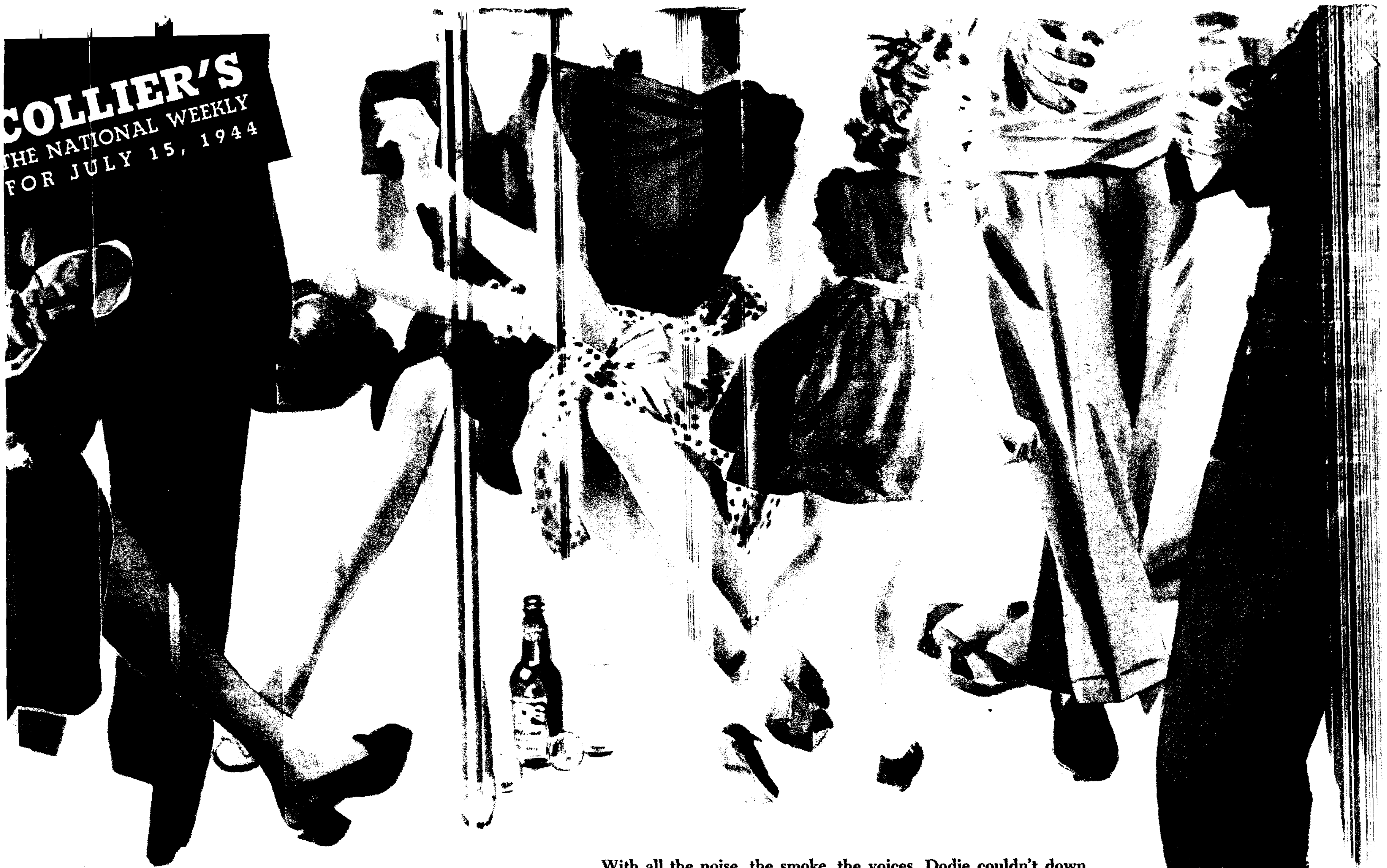
FOR JULY 15, 1944



With all the noise, the smoke, the voices, Dodie couldn't down her excitement and she kept trying to see everything all at once

The Party

BY ZACHARY GOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Who can say what a child's unclouded eyes see in this world of familiar old cruelties and new fleeting joys? Here is a glimpse, oddly focused, but oddly moving too

DODIE sat perched on the kitchen table watching her mother slice the cakes and pile fruit in the gay wooden bowls they had bought in Las Vegas. The bowls were made by an Indian who lived in St. Louis, Em Oh; St. Louis, Em Oh, was stamped on the bottom of the bowl, and the Indian was Dodie's own secret invention. Dodie was very starched and very bright in a red pinafore and her hair was tied with a little ribbon in such becoming fashion that she was forced to stop and admire herself in a mirror each time she passed one.

It was not at all that Dodie was vain. She was, in fact, immoderately modest and on terms of equality with all creation; in the realm of her convictions a mangy cat she had befriended in one of the alleyways of Las Vegas was "beautiful" and she never quite understood why her mother had not allowed her to bring it home and enthrone it properly, preferably fluffed on a pillow on her own bed. Similarly some of the horses she saw trotting out from the fancy stables of the dude ranches that ranged around the desert were animals of such breathless beauty that she followed their graceful loping until they were pin points on the horizon. Of herself, Dodie only knew that she was composed of a reasonable combination of eyes, ears, nose, mouth and chin which demanded a certain number of washings each day. No; one could hardly say that Dodie was vain.

Still, on this occasion, she was proud of her hair. Indeed, even a sneaking glimpse into the mirrored closet door over the sink assured her that she was not at all wrong. She had taken infinite pains with it, rooting out all the secrets of her older sister's beauty box, and the result, she felt, had justified the efforts. Her hair shone.

No doubt about that; her hair shone.

So she was just a little disappointed that Mother didn't remark on it at all, not by so much as a glance. She twisted a little on the kitchen table, thinking that perhaps the light wasn't just right, and still it did no good. Stoically, methodically, her mother kept slicing away, peeling the tangerines, arranging the grapes.

"Ma—" she said tentatively.

Her mother looked up, smiling a little: "Yes, Dodie?"

"Ma," she said. "I bet you didn't even look at me today."

"I did, too," her mother said; "you look fine."

"How do you mean it, Ma?" Dodie said.

Her mother laid the knife down. "Well, you look clean," she said.

"Oh, Ma!" Dodie said.

"You do," Ma said. "You look fine when you're clean."

The trouble with Ma was that she was thinking of something else. It was odd how often Dodie noticed that; somehow, Ma just didn't know of the right things to think about. Sometimes Dodie, in a great rush of faith, would begin to spill a confidence to her mother, something secret and delicious and of huge importance, and Ma would nod or perhaps say some words and the sudden, crushing thought would come to Dodie that Ma wasn't listening at all. She was only listening with her ears but inside she was thinking of something else entirely.

AT FIRST Dodie had always been disappointed. Anyone, *anyone* it seemed to her should realize that the similarity of the back of Davey Litton's head to a somewhat squashed watermelon, including the stripes, was something to reflect on and consider and note with relish and gravity. But Ma had passed it over lightly and Dodie had been shocked. Slowly Dodie came to realize that Ma had no idea of the relative importance of things. And from shock and disappointment and anger, Dodie had passed grandly to pity and sympathy. She wished there were some way she could teach Ma what to think about. At that, there seemed to be no one who knew those things—not Ma, not Pa, not her sister, Jude; only, maybe, Tom.

Oh, yes, Tom knew.

Turning on the kitchen table she found her eyes level with the small, metal-framed windows that looked out over the rest of the trailer camp and to the desert and the ominous stacks of the plant beyond. The rows of trailers stretched their geometrical design over the flat sandy ground, their drab olive color accented gaily by the lines of wash strung between the neat oblongs. Dodie twisted a little, peering; if you cocked your head sidewise you could see all the way to the gate.

"Jude's coming," she said. "I can see her."

"Tom, too?" her mother said.

"No, just Jude."

She slid off the table and hurried to the door, waiting for Jude. Jude came swinging up the path. She was wearing the slacks and blouse she always wore working in the plant. Dodie slouched against the wall, just inside the swing of the screen door where Jude would be sure to see her.

Jude said, "Hello, monk."

Her hand swung in a familiar gesture into the piled luxuriance of Dodie's coiffure, with an affectionate rumpling movement. But Jude's eyes were on her mother and Dodie stiffened against the wall, knowing Jude hadn't seen her at all.

"How's the lady?" Jude said to her mother.

"Fine," Ma said.

"All the makings ready?"

"Almost. You didn't see Tom?"

(Continued on page 53)

"Not Guilty!"

BY JOHN L. LEWIS

Branded many times as Public Enemy No. 1, the leader of the United Mine Workers writes his side of the case

FOR a year and more, I have been branded Public Enemy No. 1, and the 600,000 members of the United Mine Workers have been stigmatized as malcontents who put mean greeds above the welfare of their country. Political malignity, springing from a determination to destroy all who cannot be controlled, has conducted an organized campaign to stir a fury of rage against us, both at home and on the firing lines abroad. No other labor executive or union has been subjected to any such bitter, cruel and sustained attack.

Countless strikes, many for reasons shocking in their essential triviality, have disrupted and are disrupting the nation's war effort, but neither leaders nor strikers have been named and pilloried. No clarion from the White House starts the hue and cry against them by accusations of disloyalty and sabotage. Miners alone, for pressing just demands, have been singled out for hate and obloquy.

Fortunately, there is a record that gives the lie to every charge leveled against our patriotism. In 1943, when our work stoppages were alleged to have cut production down to the danger point, we mined 9,000,000 more tons of bituminous coal than in 1942, and with 25,000 fewer men. For the first four months of 1944, we produced 10,244,000 tons more than in the comparable period in 1943, and with 45,000 less men.

The same increases obtained with respect to anthracite, despite the loss of 18,000 workers. Aged miners, many in their seventies, came out of retirement to take the places left vacant by the drafting of 86,000 sons now fighting on every battle front.

Does it mean nothing that this great underground army, tricked by bureaucrats and damned as traitors by political enemies, stayed on the job, toiling as never before? And this while other defense industries were paying two and three times more than miners' wages to inexperienced boys and girls! Is it without significance that after eight months of trickery and stratagems, our basic contentions were upheld in detail by court decisions and official findings? Deliberately, and choosing my words with care, I charge that our differences with the operators could have been settled quickly and amicably but for the persistent interference of certain government agencies.

Inspired propaganda is responsible for a general belief that the United Mine Workers took advantage of the national emergency to make exorbitant wage demands—blackmail, to put it plainly. Nothing is further from the truth. On March 10, 1943, twenty-one days before the expiration of our contract, we sat down with the operators to argue out an agreement that would cover another two-year period.

The United Mine Workers, I might point out, is the only labor organization that enters into contracts covering any such length of time.

At the outset of the conference, we asked for a wage adjustment that would lift the daily rate from $7 to $9. As an answer to the cry of blackmail, let me cite some of the reasons behind our request.

Under our contract, the miners worked a five-day week. Not that this was our choice. Always, and particularly at the outbreak of war, we had urged a longer working time. Assuming employment for 260 days at $7 a day, that would be an annual wage of $1,820. But due to accidents, shutdowns and repairs, the average for the year was 231 days, and the average annual wage $1,617. Does that seem a princely sum for a man with a family?

Even this amount, however, was not his "take home" pay. Tonnage men were required to pay for their tools, blasting powder, fuses, blacksmithing, the upkeep of pit lights, the rental of their electric caps, and the salary of a checker. In addition, they had to buy special safety clothing, not the least item being three or four pairs of expensive boots during the year. By reason of these deductions, the net annual average wage of a coal miner ranged from $1,000 to $1,700.

Why Lunch Boxes Were Empty

These wages, poor enough in peacetime, fell below a decent subsistence level in wartime. Mines, unhappily, are not located in or near populous centers, but in remote places where competition does not operate to keep down prices. Of the 4,200 "company stores" in the United States, 3,500 are in the coal regions, and all are a source of rich profit to the companies. By 1943, prices in these stores had increased by as much as 100 per cent, entailing actual privation. At the time of my appearance before the Truman Committee, Senator Ball accused me of demagoguery when I stated that miners were hungry. As my own testimony may be attacked as prejudiced, I will call to the witness stand Mrs. Agnes Meyer, the distinguished wife of Eugene Meyer, owner of the Washington Post, a gentleman open in his denunciation of the United Mine Workers. It is hardly conceivable that she can be accused of partisanship.

Mrs. Meyer, after an inspection tour through the Pennsylvania coal districts, published these findings: "When I looked into those pathetic lunch boxes, I was ashamed. One man had two ears of corn and two chunks of bread without butter. Every box had starches but very few proteins and not enough fats. . . . He (the miner) is actually worse off than he was in 1941, much worse off. Not only has the price of the miner's food gone up. The rubber shoes he has to buy are up from $3.60 to $5.90. The miners' heavy shoes are almost $2 more than they used to be. . . . They are supposed to do the dirtiest, most hazardous and most arduous job in industry on pay that does not compare with that in steel mills, construction work or white-collar jobs. As I have seen plenty of morons in the Southern shipyards, who are not worth a nickel of anybody's money, getting twice the pay of these trained men, I felt the deepest sympathy for the miners."

Even this is not the whole story. In no other industry in the world does a man report for work, stand in line to get his tools and equipment, take his turn on the small cage to go down into the deep recesses of the mine, and then ride and walk long distances, *all before his pay starts*. The average distance from the pit mouth to the "working face" is often between four and five miles, but in many instances, it runs as high as ten or eleven. As a result, miners often spent 52 hours a week underground, and were paid only for 35 hours.

Moreover, this travel back and forth, morning and evening, is the hardest and most dangerous part of the day's work. First, the risk of derailments and sagging trolley wires, and then the drudging, stumbling walk from central unloading points to the working face. Up to the time of the Italian campaign, deaths and injuries in American coal mines exceeded all casualties in our military forces. *In 1943 alone, they reached a total of 73,482 fatal and nonfatal accidents.*

These conditions had become intolerable by 1943, but we were bound by a contract, and it is the pride of the United Mine Workers that never once has the organization breached an agreement in the fifty-three years of its existence. It was to a new contract that we looked for relief, with full confidence that it would be granted, for the whole situation had changed in a very vital respect.

In 1938, the Fair Labor Standards Act stated specifically that travel time in a mine should be regarded as working time. A United States District Court had upheld the law in a case involving iron-ore miners, and in 1941 the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals sustained the decision. I might add, parenthetically, that the Supreme Court of the United States, in May of this year, ruled that portal-to-portal time constituted "compensable work."

When, therefore, we faced the operators on March 10th, the $9 day was not regarded as a wage increase by us, but as compensation commanded by law and upheld by two judicial decisions. Even so, it was not put forward as a demand, but as a basis for bargaining. Instead of facing us as a body, however, willing to work out a wage agreement that would cover the nation, the Southern companies split off from those of the North, forcing us to run from one to the other.

Worse still, it soon stood apparent that neither group had any thought of bargaining in good faith, both rejecting our proposals without a single countersuggestion. Secretary Ickes, looking back over the record at a later date, stated flatly that the operators went into conference "determined to block agreement."

By March 22d, when no progress had been made, President Roosevelt asked that negotiations be continued beyond the time of contract expiration. We agreed at once to an extension until April 30th, but the attitude of the operators remained unchanged. Their secret purpose was soon revealed, for on April 22d, without a warning word, Madame Perkins certified the case to the War Labor Board. I said then, and I say now, that it was a brazen breach of faith, for our agreement to the thirty-day extension was based on the explicit understanding that negotiations would continue. But that was not our only reason for refusing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Board. Our other principal objections were these:

An utter lack of confidence in the Board, proceeding from the deep conviction that it was a hodgepodge body whose decisions went by favor. Bitter experience had taught us that we were not among the elect. The fact that the Board was on record with an opinion that the $2 increase was not an adjustment, ordered by law and upheld by the courts, but a wage raise, consequently forbidden by the Little Steel Formula. What we were asked to do, therefore, was plead our cause before a tribunal that had decided against us in advance. It was because of this knowledge that the operators sabotaged collective bargaining for forty-two days, plotting all the while to drag us before a packed court.

The decision to ignore the summons of the Board, I may point out, was not my own fiat. It pleases politicians, press and radio to paint me as a dictator, but nothing was ever more false. The striking characteristics of coal miners are intense individualism and fierce independence. They are men who resent any departure from democratic procedure. The actions of the organization are determined by a Policy Committee of 225 men, drawn from every section of the country, each one of them a miner or a man who has been a miner. No high-priced corporation lawyer sits in our councils or acts as our mouthpiece.

It was the Policy Committee, by unanimous vote, that rejected the jurisdiction of the War Labor Board and demanded the resumption of collective bargaining. The demand was not heeded, and, when the thirty-day extension ended on April 30th, the miners laid down their tools. This is our historic and automatic procedure. For fifty-three years, a contract has been our protection against rapacity and ill-faith. No contract, no work. No stoppage order ever goes out. If a new agreement has not been signed before the expiration of the old, the men quit. Nevertheless, we were not careless of the national interest, for we knew that there were 79,000,000 tons of bituminous coal in storage.

A Direct Appeal to the Miners

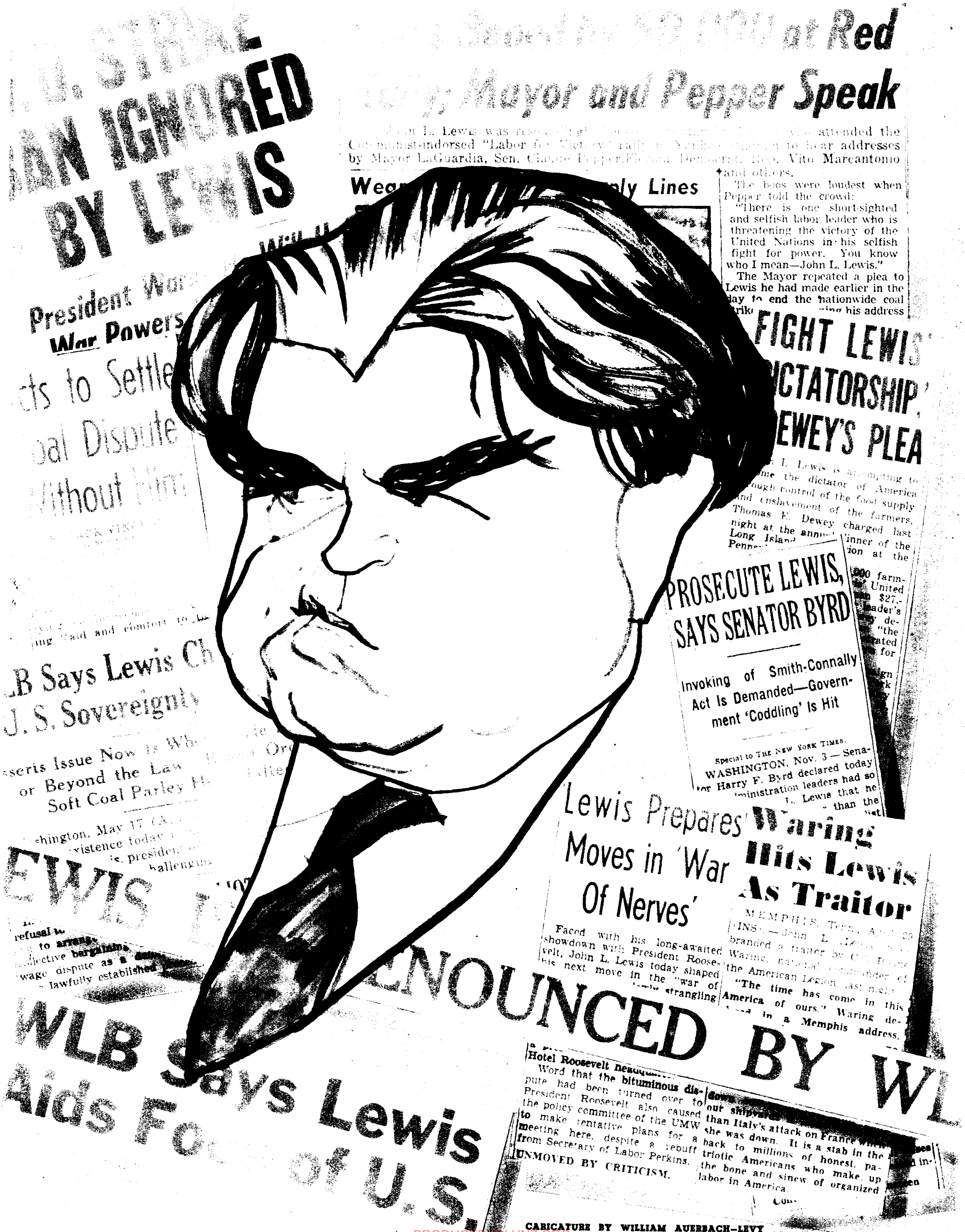
On May 1st, Secretary Ickes took over the coal mines in the name of the United States. At once I asked for a conference, and on May 2d, I sat in conference with him, in his capacity as Solid Fuels Administrator. He asked for an immediate resumption of production, and my agreement to this was sustained by the Policy Committee the same day. Nevertheless, President Roosevelt went on the radio that very night and, in utter disregard of our action, appealed to the coal miners to get back on the job.

On May 17th, another extension of fifteen days was arranged with the Secretary, a total of thirty days during which miners produced as never before, hopeful that a contract would be negotiated. Let me say that there was no time that Mr. Ickes did not exhibit good faith, but at every turn his hands were tied by the petty vanity of the War Labor Board. At every intimation of action on his part, Chairman William H. Davis would rush to the White House and win an order from the President that reduced the Secretary to a "dummy" status.

On May 25th, lo and behold, the WLB came out with a "decision" in our case, and one based, incredibly enough, on the findings of a panel of three, not one of whom had ever been in a coal mine. And what was this mouse that the mountain brought forth? The vacation compensation of coal miners was raised from $20 to $50, and the companies were ordered to assume the costs of safety devices, blacksmithing, lamps, explosives, etc.

The vital matter of portal-to-portal pay, however, was dodged, the Board holding that it presented "a mixed question of law and fact . . . which can and

(Continued on page 49)



Mayor and Pepper Speak
Weap
ply Lines
MAN IGNORED BY LEWIS
President War Powers
cts to Settle Coal Dispute Without Him
FIGHT LEWIS' DICTATORSHIP, DEWEY'S PLEA
PROSECUTE LEWIS, SAYS SENATOR BYRD
Invoking of Smith-Connally Act Is Demanded—Government 'Coddling' Is Hit
LB Says Lewis Ch U.S. Sovereignty
Lewis Prepares Moves in 'War Of Nerves'
Waring Hits Lewis As Traitor
DENOUNCED BY W
WLB Says Lewis Aids Foes of U.S.

CARICATURE BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

"And then"—said Taraje—"we pound the bark of the log with the hand!" Sibi-Sibi jumped as his father hit the ground with his palm. Though he knew the outcome of the story, he could not help but feel afraid

"Sibi-Sibi"

BY WILLIAM J. WALTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Japs promised freedom to the islanders, and when one small boy learned what Japanese freedom meant, he set out to reciprocate, with the help of two carabaos and one scorpion

SIBI-SIBI was tired of swimming. He came out of the blue, swift-ebbing waters of the channel and lay down on the sparkling sand. The tropical sun and the hot, gentle wind dried his brown little body quickly, leaving on it a sticky crust of salt which powdered his skin white and turned his straight black hair a coppery red.

Soon he sat up. Lines of fret and concentration puckered his brow; he was trying to think of something to do. There must be some way for a nine-year-old Moro boy to amuse himself. While he weighed various possibilities in his mind his eyes unconsciously undertook an examination of his body—the wide, stubby feet, the light-colored scar on one knee where he had fallen on his father's bolo, the hard, protuberant, round little belly with its deep navel.

Always in the past, there had been things to do. He could join an expedition with other youngsters to capture and tease a *caguan,* or flying fox. But there were no other children in the village now. Or he could go down to the river mouth and throw stones into the rushes until he frightened out a sleeping iguana and sent it skittering crazily across the water, its hind legs paddling furiously and the whole forward part of the body riding high out of the water, for all the world like a hydroplane. But there were boats and machines at the river mouth now and he was not permitted to play there. Or, best of all, in the old days he could go into the forest and help his father at work.

His father was a man of great importance, the master of two huge carabaos named Fire and Lightning—strange names indeed for lethargic, lumbering beasts that could not stand the sun's heat and had to rest in their mud wallow after each hour's work. Still the carabaos were useful; owning them, his father, Taraje, did not have to work at common labor, even for the strange, squat Japanese who had recently come to the island. Instead, his father could rent his services and those of the carabaos to anyone desiring to have heavy objects moved.

For some time past Taraje had been working for the yellow foreigners, hauling logs from the jungle to a portable sawmill. But now even the pleasure of helping his father was denied to Sibi-Sibi, though he could make himself useful with the carabaos. He shook his head sadly. The fact was that the high-talking, irritable, slant-eyed strangers did not want him to enjoy himself at all.

At length he decided to sit upon the village wharf and gaze at the gray warship in the channel. True, she was anchored too far from shore for him to tell just what the men aboard her were doing, but he could at least be conscious of their purposeful activity. He picked up from the sand his torn cotton singlet, which had once belonged to his father, and pulled it over his head. Then he took a short piece of dirty red cloth and wrapped it, sarongwise, about his waist. Now he was fully dressed. He climbed upon the pier and walked out to the end where he sat down, his feet dangling over the edge, and leaned his back against a smooth snubbing post.

The Jap destroyer rode at anchor in the channel a hundred yards from shore. Some white laundry fluttered from lines strung at the stern. A half-dozen sailors were suspended over the side on scaffolds, painting methodically. Sibi-Sibi watched, his boredom only slightly relieved.

Soon his eyes wandered and he glanced downward. Moored directly beneath him, its open cockpit covered by a nipa thatch, was his father's *vinta*. He remembered with nostalgia the many lazy days he had spent with his father on this *vinta,* coasting through the channel, admiring the brilliantly colored tropical fish as they darted about in the clear water, and spearing the fat, tasty *lapu-lapu,* which his mother would dry in the sun and then shred into the rice pot.

His thoughts turned back and caressed other fond memories. There were the *daling-daling* dances in the village at night, the cockfights when the men had money to gamble, and the ecstatic pleasure of paying and receiving long visits. The Moros thought nothing of sailing across sixty miles of open water in their tiny *vintas* to visit friends in Jolo or some of the other islands in the archipelago. But the visits he liked best to remember were those he made alone to the big plantation house on the ridge where the white *tuan* used to live.

There was a man, that *tuan!* It was he who had given Sibi-Sibi his nickname. Of course his real name was Jairi, but he had been so small when he first started to toddle around that the white man had called him Sibi-Sibi—Little One-Little One.

Philip Lacey. Sibi-Sibi pronounced the name to himself, carefully, as he had been taught to: "Fee-lup Lay-see."

He wondered where Philip Lacey was now. His father knew, but refused to talk about it. And Ondog and Asmauel, who used to work at the big house, also knew. Even now, after more than two years, Ondog was away in the jungle, carrying food and messages to the white *tuan*. Next week, Asmauel or his father would go. That was the way the men of the village felt about Philip Lacey.

THE *tuan* used to let Sibi-Sibi ride with him on his truck. It was in this machine that he first began to learn English. Lacey would allow him to touch and play with any part of the machine which he could name properly—horn, wheel, light, seat, button, brake. He had not forgotten the words, but he did not use them now, although occasionally he still saw the truck, driven down to the wharf by one of the yellow men.

He remembered clearly the last time he had seen Philip Lacey. It was scarcely daybreak. The villagers had been awakened by a tremendous roaring sound and they had jumped up from their *petates* and run down to the pier. A slim, fragile, quivering boat was there, the like of which they had never seen before. In the early predawn light, four people stepped ashore—a tall, tired-looking man in rumpled khaki, carrying a cane and wearing on his head a cap with much gold; a dark-haired, attractive woman; another woman with lemon-colored skin, and finally, holding on to her hand, a sleepy little boy even smaller than Sibi-Sibi.

Taraje, who understood some of the white man's talk, had spoken to the tall stranger, and then, without a word to his family, he had turned and run up the road toward the big house. He came back, riding in the truck with Philip Lacey, who welcomed the newcomers eagerly and took them immediately to the plantation.

That was an exciting day. The uniformed sailors from the low, noisy boat pulled it close to the shore and cut coconut fronds with which to cover it. By sunup it was invisible, but the men kept working throughout the day. Some of them went up to the plantation storehouse and brought down drums of gasoline and fuel oil. Others walked to the river with buckets and carried water back to the boat. Still others were busy inside, cleaning the guns and adjusting the motors. Sibi-Sibi missed his noonday meal watching them.

TOWARD evening the truck came back, bringing the visitors. The boat was uncovered and pulled back to the pier. Philip Lacey shook hands with the tall man and helped the dark-haired woman step down to the deck. Then there was that deafening roar again, and the frail boat almost flew across the channel and out of sight to the south.

Afterward, Philip Lacey had talked for a long time with Sibi-Sibi's father and Ondog and Asmauel, sitting on the ground with the men around the fire in front of Sibi-Sibi's nipa house. When he got up to go, he very formally shook hands with Sibi-Sibi, just as he had with the white visitor, and gave him a small gold ring as a present. The ring was too large for any of his fingers, and for a while he had worn it around his neck on a strand of hemp, but finally his mother had taken it away and hidden it in a box with her needles and some brass buttons and a precious length of violet silk cloth.

Philip Lacey had not come back to the village, and later when Sibi-Sibi walked up to the big house, he found it deserted. Taraje had told him very sternly that he must never talk about the white *tuan* to strangers or mention the visitors in the noisy, fast boat. Before the next rainy season arrived, the short Japanese had landed on the island and taken over the plantation. A Captain Kinosho lived in the house now and rode on the truck. Many boats came and went. Huge crates of supplies were stored at the river mouth. All the Moros were forced to work for the newcomers whether they wanted to or not.

Sibi-Sibi's troublesome daydreams came to an end. He heard the voices of the men returning to the village from their work. Above the other voices he could hear that of his father shouting at Fire and Lightning.

Sibi-Sibi ran from the pier into the village clearing. A score of nipa-thatched huts huddled in a circle in the midst of a small coconut grove. Behind the largest of these huts was a mud wallow twenty feet square. Here it was that Fire and Lightning lived, soaking their heavy poreless hides in the water which Sibi-Sibi carried daily from the river.

All Sibi-Sibi's preoccupations of the afternoon disappeared when he greeted his father. This, he knew at once, was one of those days—days which the boy set apart and remembered especially because Taraje brought home a scorpion. As soon as Sibi-Sibi saw his father, he knew there was a scorpion under his headcloth; something in the man's sparkling dark eyes betrayed his secret.

If any proof were needed to convince Sibi-Sibi that his father was in every way finer and cleverer than other men, this was it. No one else in the village dared to pick up a live scorpion, much less carry it on his head under his turban all day long; and the fact that Taraje frequently braved the certain and painful death in the scorpion's tail served to set him apart and hint at the possession of some supernatural powers.

But Taraje was in no hurry to delight his son by displaying the scorpion. He tended to the carabaos, and then squatted with great nonchalance on his haunches in front of the house.

"What thing has one done today?" he asked conversationally.

"We speared two ***lapu-lapu*** and filled the carabao wallow."

"Did one recite from the book?"

"No." Sibi-Sibi dropped his eyes. The "book" was the Koran, and he was supposed to recite from it daily.

"Tomorrow," Taraje said, "one will recite for two hands' widths of the sun."

Sibi-Sibi agreed to this stiff sentence without a pang. Tomorrow was in the distant future, and both he and his father knew that he would not and could not, under any conceivable circumstance, spend more than two hours reciting verses from the book. The penance, like the question and confession, was a mere formality. Now Taraje turned his attention to more mundane matters.

"Where is the mother?" he asked.

"We do not know," Sibi-Sibi replied. There was irrefutable logic in the form of his answer. His father would not have asked the question if he knew where his wife was. Therefore, since Sibi-Sibi did not know, either, he replied, "*We* do not know." But even if he had been able to reason differently, it is doubtful that he would have spoken in the first person singular, since all Moros prefer to seek refuge in the anonymity of "we."

Taraje fell silent. He reached down into a small brass box which he wore on a string about his waist. From this he withdrew a *buyo* leaf and a pinch of lime powder. With maddening slowness he wrapped the pink powder in the green leaf and pushed the wad in his mouth, tucking it behind his handsome, shiny, ebon-black teeth.

"There is a huge *mangasinoro* tree—" he began, and Sibi-Sibi, his suspense at length ended, sighed with relief and expectation. "The tree is bigger around than our Lightning and it wears a coat of very rough bark. None of the people in the jungle want to touch that bark."

The boy regarded his father with rapt admiration. He knew the story by heart, of course, but not for the world would he have missed a single word or any of the expressive gestures with which Taraje embellished the telling.

"We walk along the first length of the butt, which is four times the height of a man. We look at the ground to see how this giant log can be moved. And then—then we pound that bark with the hand!"

Sibi-Sibi jumped as his father hit the ground illustratively with the flat of his palm. And, though he knew the outcome of the story, he could not help but feel afraid, for everyone knows that the deadly scorpion makes its home under the loose, scaly bark of the *mangasinoro* tree.

"The people come near," Taraje continued, "but they do not want to fasten the chains about the tree. They say, 'Let the *mangasinoro* lie until the scorpions leave. Let us go to the next tree, this fine, smooth-skinned *luuan,* and drag it to the mill.' But we hit the bark again, and from under the hand crawls a big, shining brown—"

"Scorpion!" shrieked Sibi-Sibi.

Taraje paused to spit a crimson stream of lime and *buyo* spittle into the fire.

"Yes, a scorpion. The people run backward in fear, but we call to them and say, 'This one has come to meet his *datu*. He will not sting his prince.' And we take a soft *apitong* leaf"—here Taraje demonstrated how he had folded the leaf over his hand and cautiously moved in upon the scorpion so that its barbed tail could not strike him—"and lift him to his new home."

"Does one have the scorpion now?" Sibi-Sibi asked politely.

"Perhaps," Taraje admitted unconcernedly. "He may be here." He opened and searched the lime box. "No, he is not there. Well, he may have hidden here." He probed the pocket of his close-fitting black jacket. "No. Well"—he shrugged—"it is of no importance. He has gone."

"Would he be under the headcloth?" Sibi-Sibi suggested, scarcely able to conceal his impatience.

"Now, that may be," Taraje conceded, as if the idea were new to him. He lifted the loosely wadded turban from his long hair and revealed, right in the middle of his head, a leaf-wrapped parcel.

"There he is!" Sibi-Sibi shrieked with delight.

TARAJE lifted the leaf gingerly and laid it in the palm of one hand. Then he carefully pulled away the stem and the apex of the leaf. A scorpion, about three inches long, lifted up on its crablike legs and arched its needle-pointed tail over its back. But it made no move to sidle away or to strike.

"One must bring the jar," Taraje reminded his son.

Sibi-Sibi ran into the hut and instantly reappeared with an empty liter glass jar. He held it steady while Taraje gently decanted the scorpion inside. Now the creature was all activity. It scraped and rustled its way from side to side. It circled the inside perimeter of the glass. It tried vainly to climb the smooth walls. But finally it realized that it was trapped.

"Watch," Taraje told his son.

Together they bent over the jar as the scorpion arched its tail and sank the feral tip into the vulnerable fold where neck and body armor were joined. In a second it collapsed, completely dead.

Once the small drama was over, neither of the spectators had any further interest in the scorpion. Sibi-Sibi took the jar over to the fire and dumped the lobsterlike creature in the flames. Then he returned to squat on his heels beside his father, perfectly content with silent companionship.

Shortly before nightfall his mother, Asadie, came down the road and into the clearing. Two other women from the village were with her. They had been working for Captain Kinosho at the big house.

Both Sibi-Sibi and Taraje

(*Continued on page* 63)

HE BUILT OUR NAVY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

We're in France today because Jim Forrestal pitched in and did the job the late Frank Knox handed him four years ago

During the early hours of June 6th, which forevermore shall be known as D-Day, there was some question as to whether or not this slash at the coast of France was a feint or whether this was really it. Then a communiqué from Supreme Allied Headquarters settled our doubts with one sentence. "Four thousand ships crossed the Channel," the sentence read, and then we knew that this was not another Dieppe, not another "feeler"; this was the thing for which we had all been waiting for so long. That night, Rear Admiral Edward L. Cochrane of the Bureau of Ships announced that, although most of the supporting big battlewagons were British, most of the landing craft (comprising the major part of this enormous armada) were American built.

On the second floor of the Navy Building in Washington, tired but satisfied, a man sat at his desk smoking his pipe, and as the gray smoke curled around his head you might have seen his lips move and he may have been thinking: "Well, Frank . . . we did it."

The actual invasion was almost an anticlimax to the Honorable James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, just as it would have been to Frank Knox, were he still alive. Back in August, 1940, Jim Forrestal was appointed Undersecretary of the Navy to be a special assistant to then Secretary Frank Knox.

"You're in charge of production, Jim," Frank Knox said bluntly. "Congress has just passed the two-ocean Navy bill. And, Jim, it's up to you to build it."

Then Forrestal took off his coat. His thin lips became thinner and his frown deepened and his manner became even more brusque and sharp.

They built it—and more. They spent ninety-four billion on it but they (and we) got value received. In 1940 we only had three hundred and eighty-five combat ships. The last available figures show that Knox and Forrestal added nine battleships, nineteen first-line aircraft carriers, twenty cruisers, more than five hundred destroyers and destroyer escorts, more than one hundred submarines, and literally thousands of auxiliary ships, landing craft, patrol boats, mine layers and sweepers. When this team started work the Navy had a mere 2,112 aircraft of all types. Today our Navy has 42,600 planes, more than half of which are combat aircraft.

Petty jealousies, sensitive nerves, imagined slights abound in Washington among government heads. It wasn't like that with Knox and Forrestal. They worked in beautiful harmony, each complementing the other, each admiring the qualities which the other had, and gradually everything from huge battleships and aircraft carriers to LSTs, LCTs, ducks, LCIs, PT boats and a dozen other types of invasion craft emerged from the blueprints and the contracts to take concrete form in shipyards. They built these craft anywhere, and it didn't matter if the only available spot was a cornfield in Kansas or a cow pasture in Colorado.

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"Get them out," Forrestal ordered bluntly when shipbuilders came to him with petty problems. "Get them out," the shipbuilders told their men. "Get them out," union leaders told their members when they raised unimportant objections. And the team of Knox and Forrestal "got them out."

Four years ago you could almost call America the country with half a Navy, but Knox and Forrestal "got them out" so fast that when D-Day came America was within six months of having a greater Navy than all the other countries in the world combined. That's why Forrestal sat alone in his office during the early hours of D-Day, smoking his inevitable pipe and getting battle reports with satisfaction tinged only by the regret that he couldn't hear the booming voice of Frank Knox.

Jim Forrestal is an easy guy to like but a hard guy to interview. The fact that I've known him well for fifteen years didn't make it any easier. He looked at me incredulously when I told him I wanted to do a story on him. To him such a story was a waste of time for everybody concerned. Why, damn it all, a war was being fought; we still had ships to build, aircraft to build —how could anyone be foolish enough to want to write a silly story at this time? That's what Jim Forrestal said to me.

"Can't I duck it?" the Secretary of the Navy added anxiously.

"I don't see how," I told him. "I got orders to do a piece on you."

"I can get some naval or marine heroes for you to write about," he suggested hopefully.

"That won't do," I said.

"Look, you can't make a hero out of a man in a blue serge suit," he said. "So don't try. I'm a businessman trying to do a job down here. That's the whole story."

James Vincent Forrestal, newest member of the Cabinet, is one man in public life who honestly and sincerely tries to escape personal publicity, personal appearances and whose only personal ambition is to get the war over with so he can get back to his peacetime job. Forrestal is completely without pretense or sham, and his desire to escape interviewers and speeches is in no way an affectation or evidence of false modesty. Forrestal is a completely honest man who hates to waste time.

Forrestal Goes to Work

He became Undersecretary of the Navy in August, 1940. There had never been an "undersecretary" in the Navy before and there was no office available for the new man. They put Forrestal, his aide, Commander (now Captain) John E. Gingrich, and his secretary, bright Kate Foley, into an office that measured about ten by ten. Forrestal's desk was piled high with contracts which he had to read and approve. This was just after the Seventy Per Cent Expansion Act (popularly known as the two-ocean Navy bill) was passed, and Forrestal had been put in charge of "procurement and production." He went right to work on the contracts, and according to custom signed them "James V. Forrestal." A week later he dropped the middle initial, and then he asked the legal minds of the naval department if the contracts would be legal if he merely signed "Forrestal." They told him that the contracts would be equally binding. Today he signs all legal documents with merely his last name. Sometimes he has had to sign a hundred contracts a week. By dropping the "James V." he saves considerable time. He even streamlined his initialed interoffice memorandums. Originally he signed them "J.V.F." Now his associates get notes each day signed with a hurried "F."

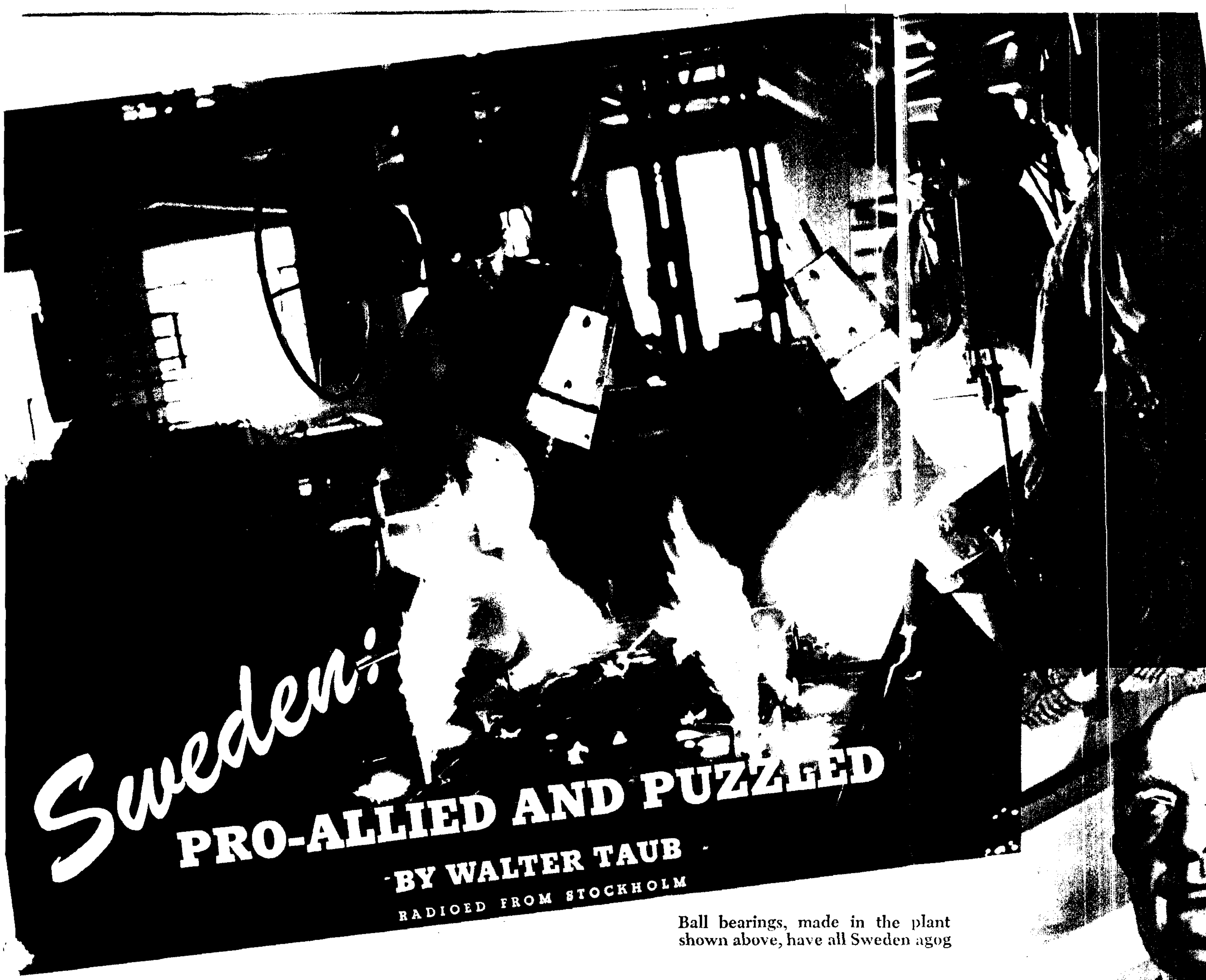
They finally moved Forrestal, Captain Gingrich and Kate Foley into larger quarters but his passion for not wasting a moment in the day was not affected by his relatively lush offices. Mrs. Forrestal was very anxious to have a painting of her husband. She commissioned an artist to do the job. When Forrestal characteristically complained that he had no time to sit for a portrait, she had anticipated his objections.

"You have that little dining room off your office," she pointed out. "Now the artist can work in there. During the day when you have a free half hour just drop in there and let him work. Or if you have a long contract to study, sit in there with it and the artist can go on without disturbing you."

Forrestal promised faithfully and the artist took up his post in the small room adjoining the office of the Undersecretary. Time went by, but the Undersecretary never entered the small room, and the artist, discouraged, reported back to Mrs. Forrestal. She confronted her husband with his delinquence.

"I just never thought of it, Jo," he said. "I'm so busy during the day I completely forgot he was there."

"But, Jim," she wailed. "I've (*Continued on page* 71)



Sweden: PRO-ALLIED AND PUZZLED

BY WALTER TAUB

RADIOED FROM STOCKHOLM

Ball bearings, made in the plant shown above, have all Sweden agog

GULLERS-BLACK STAR

Prime Minister **Per Albin Hansson**, above, and **Stanton Griffis**, below, are principals in **the struggle over Sweden's exports to Germany**

ACME

The Swedes thought everybody knew they were on our side. When we cracked down on their shipments to Germany, ball-bearing debates began to rage in busses, in war factories and across every family's dinner table

FOR four years, the Swedes have been training to get tough with the Nazis. When Norway and Denmark were attacked on April 9, 1940, every Swedish man, from the lumberjacks in the far North to the foundry workers in the South, shouldered his ancient gun and reported to the nearest army post. It was a futile, courageous gesture, for the Swedish army was old-fashioned, and its planes ridiculously few in the face of the mightiest military machine the world had then seen.

For four years (during which Middle Svensson, the Swedish version of Joe Doakes, has responded to countless alarms similar to the first one) the nation has been building its strength, modernizing its army, tightening its economy for the day when it might be forced to fight During those years, it followed the course familiar to every country threatened by the Axis giant: limited appeasement. It didn't like the idea any better than any other country has. And as its strength grew, its attitude toward Germany became, by almost imperceptible stages, tougher.

Middle Svensson got his firsthand experience with Nazism from Norway. It has become a point of honor for him to limit his own food so that the conquered Norwegians may not starve. He feels ashamed for not helping Norway against the oppressors, and the bestial methods of the occupiers have roused him and all other Swedes to a hatred of Germany and a wholehearted support of the Allies. Swedes rejoice loudly over each Allied success, and today this can be admitted in the newspapers, where a year ago columnists showed consideration for "Sweden's connections with foreign powers (i.e. Germany)."

A police friend recently said proudly to me, "You've noticed we've now succeeded in discovering Nazi spies *en masse* and that we also arrest them. At the war's end, none of them will go free."

The average Swede until quite recently was convinced that the Allies knew how pro-Allied he was, and appreciated it. Herr Johansson, the delicatessen-shop manager whom I asked about war, argues thus: "The fear of Russia has diminished considerably. I've consulted the history book and have found it was more often we who attacked the Russians than the opposite. Others have also discovered this. The Finns must blame themselves. Do they think they'll get better terms if they wait? Anyway, it was they who started the fight and then joined forces with the Germans. How can anyone be so stupid? No, we've always backed the Allies. They know it. Do you think, otherwise, they'd allow us to get goods from America on safe-conduct vessels? And it isn't a little we get."

No, it is oils, tobacco, coffee, leather, hides, wool and cotton; in 1942, twenty per cent of the country's entire import came that way.

But for some time, Herr Johansson has been very surprised. He can't understand England's and America's threats to Sweden if she does not cease her exports of ball bearings to Germany; and Johansson isn't the only one surprised. I've made a brief survey within the middle class in Stockholm, Göteborg and a small country town.

I've asked small farmers, clerks, small shop owners, professional people, men and women, old and young, what they think about the ball-bearing question. All were equally unable to understand the Anglo-American measure. Their surprise showed only one nuance which enabled me to divide them into two groups.

One group says approximately, "Well, well, are the Anglo-Saxons the same unpleasant types as the others who merely wait till they're strong and the others half dead?"

The other argument is that only a few ball bearings are delivered to Germany and that, in return, Sweden gets coal, coke, buna rubber and industrial articles—all of which are used to build up Sweden's defense.

"Have the Anglo-Saxons no interest in our being strong?" demands this group. And since nearly every Swede has relations in America they cry, "Our relatives won't allow it." All agree on one point: "Has Mr. Stimson only now discovered that we are sending ball bearings to Germany? Didn't he know it late last year, when neither the American nor the British government objected to our trade agreement with Germany?"

This is a tender spot, and it must be admitted that America has played its cards badly. First, it took a long time before America realized the increasing importance of ball bearings in the war's progress. When this was understood, America didn't bother to convince the Swedish people, with facts and figures, of the enormous damage that only a million dollars' worth of ball bearings can do to the Allied war effort.

The Swedes don't think of this. Just recently after an extremely dignified reception which the SKF Company gave foreign correspondents in its Göteborg factories, I glanced through the company's excellent prospectus and particularly

(Continued on page 73)

Wing

The Story: For five years, since her return from France, MONICA BLANE has received no word from JOHN BASEVI, a young Polish-American whom she loves, or from her friends, LINDA CHAVON, GIBBS BROOKE and ERIC WELLER. Then ERIC shows up and is murdered in MONICA'S apartment a few hours after she receives a cryptic plea for help signed "LINDA." The same night BILL FISKE, her guardian, tells MONICA he has had a letter from JOHN, in Mexico City, and he is in need of help. At his suggestion, MONICA flies to the Mexican capital with funds for JOHN. En route she meets GIBBS BROOKE, a fellow passenger, now a captain in the Army. Twice on the way south, attempts are made on her life. She suspects two people: BROOKE and a mysterious fellow traveler who calls himself JOE SPROUL. At the airport in Mexico City she is met by JOHN and—surprisingly—LINDA CHAVON, and they all go to the home of LINDA'S French aunt, now the SENORA CARLOS DEMUTH, as house guests. LINDA tells of her work with the French underground and denies that she sent MONICA a note. That night a man is murdered under MONICA'S window. The man is JOE SPROUL.

III

IT WAS a starlit night with swiftly moving clouds. In the deep stillness and darkness of the night, the bougainvillaea rustled again. Monica put her hand out and touched John's arm, but he had heard it, too, and moved away. She could not hear his footsteps over the grass; she knew that he was avoiding the flagstones in the center of the patio, but the thick rim of shadow swallowed him.

She listened. She knew that there were several balconies besides her own; all of them had French doors; all of them conceivably could be reached by way of the thick trellises for supporting the vines which clung to the walls, all around the patio. There were many doors on the ground floor; she tried to think where they were. She'd only been aware of them in a general way, as one is in a strange place. Had murder walked somewhere in that patio?

The clouds were heavier; there was scarcely any light from the stars.

Suddenly someone was running. Pounding along through the shadow, on the grass, making some atte[illegible]t at stealth, but running, and so near she could hear heavy, panting breaths. She couldn't tell from what direction the sound came; except that it seemed to grow louder, and then quite suddenly stopped altogether.

It had lasted perhaps ten swift seconds; nothing happened for perhaps three more seconds, and then she thought a door closed somewhere—very softly, very quietly.

And then nothing at all happened except that the clouds moved above, and the shadows in the patio moved, and time passed, and time stood still, and there was no such thing as time. No time; no sounds; no one in the patio, she thought suddenly, except herself, huddled in her dark dressing gown in the deep shadows of the balcony. And the man—Joe Sproul—who lay somewhere, too, in that shadow.

And then a door creaked a little again, and John came back, looming dimly from the darkness near her.

"I've been thinking that the time [illegible] me to marry has come," said Linda. "I never planned it would be like this [illegible] hurried, secretive, in the shadow [illegible]er"

"Monica—Monica—" His voice was [illegible] it was a mere breath of sound.

"I'm here, John," she whispered and put out her hand. The clouds parted a little and she could see the pale oval of his face.

He was breathing hard. "Whoever it was got away. Into the house—outside—I don't know. I've got to rouse everybody."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know."

"John, is he—dead?"

"Yes. Yes, he's dead."

"John, he was Joe Sproul. I told you he was on the Chicago-St. Louis plane. And then again at Fort Worth—"

He was drawing her along, through the deep rim of shadow toward the door into the hall. He stopped as she said that. "That man!"

"Yes. Yes, I'm sure."

His hand was hard and tight on her wrist. "Wait—I've got to think. If he was following you—Monica, had you ever seen him anywhere before?"

"No. Not before the plane."

He paused for an instant. Then his voice came low and close to her ear: "Think hard, Monica. Have you ever heard his name before? Did Eric mention him or—anyone?"

"Eric! John, was Sproul murdered, too?"

"Yes. Quick, Monica—"

Joe Sproul. Joe Sproul. She sought frantically back in her mind and found no small spark of recognition other than the very recent one. "No, no, I'm certain—there was only the plane trip, and we heard him speak his name at the hotel in St. Louis—"

"We? Then Gibbs heard it, too."

"Yes. I suppose so—and again at Fort Worth—"

"Did Gibbs seem to recognize him? Or he Gibbs? Was there anything—"

Again she strove to remember, and there was nothing to remember. No significant glance exchanged between them, no word, nothing. She told him. "Nothing, John. There wasn't anything—"

"He could have been the man in your suite that night. He could have been—" He broke off abruptly, thought for another quick moment and said, "Wait. I'll be back."

He vanished toward the thick shadow of balcony and vine which covered the body of Joe Sproul; in a moment he was back again. His face in the dim starlight looked somehow stern and very white. "All right," he said. "Come on."

The shadow was thick around the doorway; the shadows moved in the patio as clouds dimmed the starlight again in swiftly moving patterns. They reached the door and John whispered hurriedly, urgently, close to her face, "The first thing the police will do is identify Sproul, so you'd better tell them what you know of him. They'll find out that he arrived on the same plane with you, anyway. *Don't* tell them about Eric. Then—tonight, I came out to the patio for a smoke; found him, thought you might know something of first aid; called you to help and that was all. Now then; I've got to give the alarm."

THE door clicked lightly as he opened it. Nothing reached from the dark cavern of the hall. John found a switch and the wide, tiled hall was flooded with brightness. Nothing slipped out of sight into the rooms on either side of the hall; nothing fled before them up the stairs. John turned on lights as he went. The upper hall, narrow and long, was empty of human presence. They followed it in the opposite direction from Monica's room, turned and stopped before a heavily carved, wide door.

"Carlos' room—" he said and knocked, and knocked again, thunderously, it seemed to Monica.

Carlos called, "What is it? *Un minuto.*" The door opened; he had turned on the bedside light and was in yellow silk pajamas. His swarthy, full face looked sleepy, his dark hair tousled, but his eyes were wide awake and alive. "John! What has happened?"

"Someone in the patio. He's dead."

Carlos' eyes were lambent. "Who is it?"

"A man by the name of Sproul. It looks," said John "as if he's been murdered."

There was a long pause. Carlos Demuth's face did not change in the slightest degree; only his dark eyes were alive. He said then slowly, "I don't know anybody by that name. How did he get in? The gates are locked at night. Who killed him?"

"You'd better come," said John obliquely. "The house and grounds will have to be searched. And the police called—"

"Yes. certainly. I'll get something on. Ring that bell, will you? It'll rouse the gardener and the servants. Don't wake Fae. She's in the next room." He moved toward a dressing room. John went inside the bedroom and touched the bell set into the wall. Carlos from the dressing room said, "How did you happen to find him?"

As John told him rapidly, Carlos emerged, with his bare feet thrust into slippers and a dressing gown wrapped around his thick figure. For so fat a man, he moved rapidly.

"I'll take a look at him," he said.

Fae came through the dressing room; her pretty face was pale; her glance caught them up swiftly in its bright net. "Carlos," she cried. "What is it—"

"An accident. Stay here, my darling." Carlos made a gesture toward John and followed him into the hall.

Fae said, "What is it, Monica? You'd better tell me."

Tell them what you know of him, John said. She did so quickly, listening, as she spoke, to John's and Carlos' footsteps, rapid and hard along the corridor.

"Sproul!" said Fae on a sharply drawn breath. "I never heard of him."

There was a pause while Fae, as Carlos had done, seemed to be thinking rapidly, questioning, arranging something in her mind. Then she went to the French windows which, as in Monica's room, led to a balcony. Her long, pale green chiffon negligee trailed and whispered along the floor. Monica followed her. Lights were springing up in the servants' quarters along at the south. Lights from the hall streamed out now upon the patio, checkering its shadow with bright rectangles.

THE door was flung open; suddenly lights which were arranged along the walls of the house, like miniature searchlights, were turned on and poured down upon the patio. Everything was in bold relief now; the vines, the bright chairs and tables, the two fountains, the flagstones.

"There—" cried Fae under her breath, tautly, grasping the railing with both her slim white hands. "Is that it?"

Joe Sproul still lay just below the balcony, the lights bright now upon him. Monica could see the way his dark coat was wrinkled across the flaccid, thick body.

John and Carlos were hurrying toward him. From somewhere, a Mexican, the gardener, shirt open and clutching at his blue jeans, came running; another Mexican, a house servant, ran out from the kitchen; a maid in a full, flowered kimono ran out, too, her black hair streaming behind her.

A bedroom opposite sprang into bright lights. Linda came upon a balcony directly across from Fae and Monica and looked down. The lights showed her as brightly as if she were on a stage; her blond thick braids were hanging down over her shoulders; a scarlet dressing gown clutched around her. She looked down and stared, and then across and saw Fae and Monica, and made some sort of gesture and disappeared.

They could not hear what the men now grouped around the ugly huddle there on the grass were saying, although the mingled murmur of voices was distinct. Then Gibbs came running out of the house and joined them.

It was, Monica thought, like a stage set; the bright lights, the figures, the occasional words that came distinctly to their ears. She and Fae had balcony seats.

Linda joined them, running through Carlos' room. She'd put on a thin white sweater and dark slacks. "What is it?" she cried. "Who is it?"

"A man by the name of Sproul."

"Sproul!" cried Linda. "Sproul!" She whirled upon Monica. "Was that the man on the plane?" she cried, and clutched Monica by the arm and shook it, in vehemence.

"Yes—"

Linda turned swiftly to Fae. "Fae, he was a Nazi. He was following Monica in the hope of finding me. The message in the cachet was a trap. I tell you they'll kill me. They'll do anything. They'll—"

"What cachet? What message?" cut in Fae.

Linda, jerkily, almost hysterically, explained.

Fae, her eyes very bright now in her white but unemotional face, said quickly, "We'll tell Carlos. He'll know what to do. Don't be frightened, Linda."

"Frightened!" cried Linda unevenly. "You don't know the Nazis! Frightened—"

Fae said firmly and quickly, "We'd better go downstairs."

They did. As they reached the hall, Carlos came in. He walked rapidly to a telephone, which was in a niche in the hall, on a carved kind of mantel built against the wall.

"Fae," he said when he saw his wife. "See if you can get the servants to pull themselves together. Have Conchita make some coffee."

"Carlos, Linda believes he was a Nazi. Tell him, Linda."

Again unevenly, her face pasty and terrified, Linda told the brief story of the cachet and Joe Sproul. Carlos glanced at Monica. "Is that all you know of Sproul, Monica?"

"Yes."

Carlos' eyes were full of light and yet unfathomable. He said quietly to Fae, "See to the coffee, darling."

"Of course." Fae moved toward the patio as quietly as if he had asked her to order cocktails for a group of friends.

Linda ran up to Carlos and put her white hand on his arm. "But I'm in danger! What are you going to do?"

He held the telephone at his ear. The lights in the hall were very bright, and he looked sallow; greenish yellow in spite of his calmness; his eyes were opaque, unfathomable, yet somehow purposeful.

"Are you calling the police?" demanded Linda.

"No," said Carlos flatly. A voice reverberated faintly into the telephone. He *(Continued on page 27)*

Young and Ga

BY RUTH CARSON

Diana Lynn, star in Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, wears cotton with eyelet trim that broadens shoulders, accents slim waist

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Jumpers are popular with teen-agers. Diana Lynn in teacup-trimmed jumper

Jeanne Crain, starring in In the Meantime, Darling, wears black date dress with yellow jerkin. Lts. Duxbury and Erickson approve

Jeanne varies her simple basic black dress with many-colored cap and belt

Ruth Tobey, Joyce Reynolds, both of Janie, in pinafore and two-piece dress

The awkward age is no more. A girl grows now from cute child to cute young thing. Part of the transformation is the clothes she wears

GIRLS in their early teens have grabbed the spotlight from their older and one-time more interesting sisters. This rush change from grub to butterfly is credited, as what isn't, to the war. The girls have stepped out, or been pushed (opinions vary), to take a responsible place in their families and towns. They tend babies, help with meals, work in hospitals, campaign for salvage, do all sorts of useful jobs that prove they are a great deal more capable than you thought.

In fact, there's nothing they don't do. They create a million-dollar business like Sinatra. They talk their own slanguage. They get into more trouble, some of them, than their home towns know how to handle. They've changed from kids you could safely ignore, to young adults to be reckoned with, and they rate the attention they are getting.

Clothes are now being designed actually to fit them. No more little-girl clothes enlarged. No more mamma clothes cut down to fit their peculiar bumps and proportions. Gay, young clothes, not too kiddish, not too mature, which are meant to flatter and do.

Riding to fame on this upsurge of interest in young girl clothes is Emily Wilkens, designer of the clothes on the opposite page, whose works are now featured in some of the finest stores through the country.

Miss Wilkens started as an artist, and turned designer only by chance while she was on vacation in Hollywood about five years ago. There she designed some clothes for Ann Todd, child star. Joan Bennett, Jack Benny, the Darryl Zanucks and other Hollywood parents, admiring the results, trotted out their own children, and Miss Wilkens did as well by them.

Returning to New York fired with the problems of the so-called awkward age, Miss Wilkens abandoned art for clothes, and did special designing for department stores and for the Broadway success, Junior Miss.

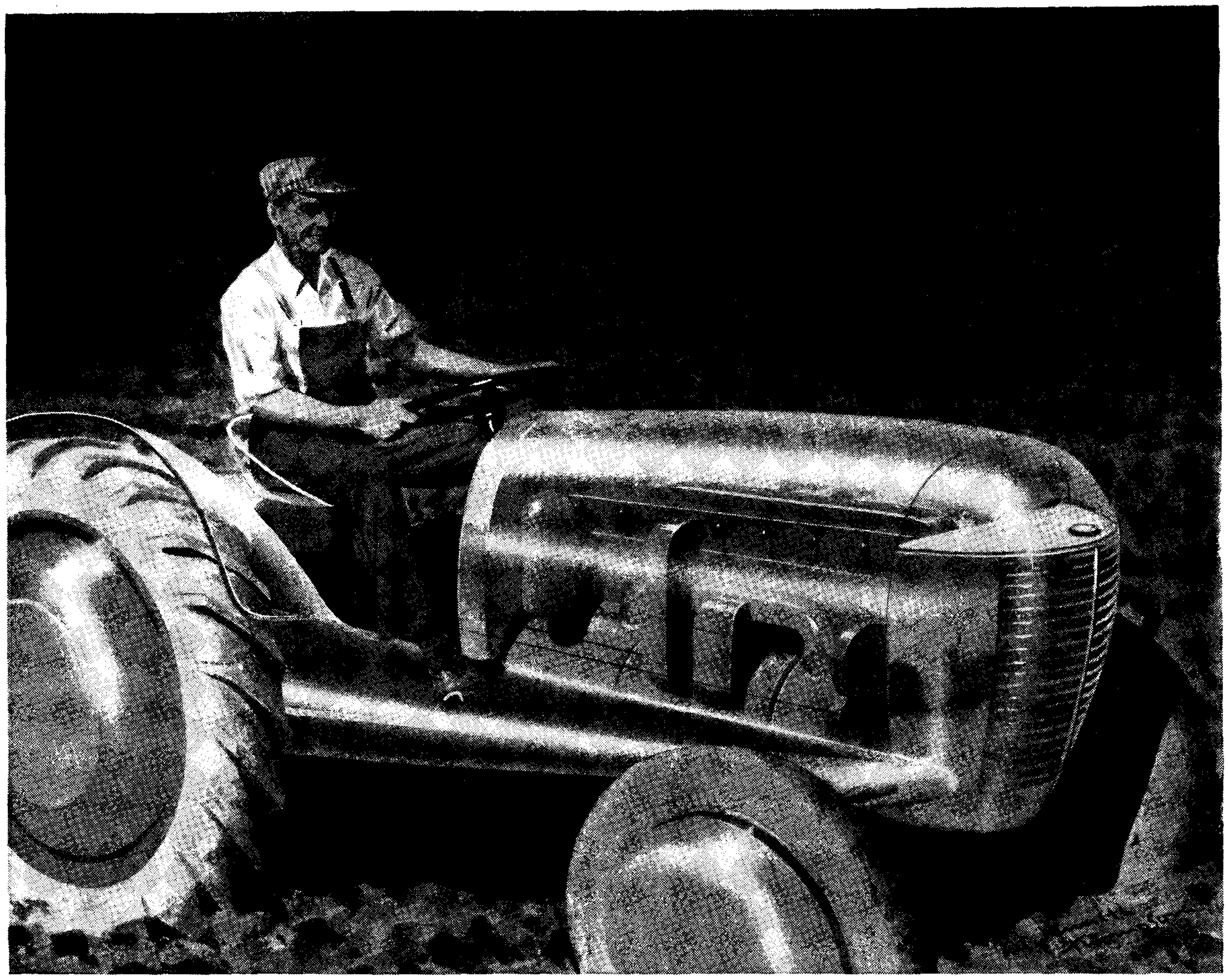
One of the biggest teen-age problems, she says, is mothers. Mothers want to keep their little girls in little-girl clothes. The kids themselves yearn for sophistication. The designer's problem is to please both.

Miss Wilkens' answer is the black dress modeled here by Jeanne Crain. The cut of the dress is simple and girlish enough to suit any mother. The color is the answer to any young girl's prayer. The colorful accessories, that vary the dress for special occasions, make a girl feel rich in clothes, and add enough color to make a mother forgive the black. Buyers say the trick works like a charm.

Jeanne Crain, who is nineteen, is a lovely miss, gracefully past any teen-age awkwardness, but still happy to demonstrate that this younger girl dress is charming on her, too. It's all a part of the favor for extreme youth, now also current in Hollywood, that happily keeps the young stars from aping their elders.

For teen-agers with figure problems, Emily Wilkens uses tricks like the adjustable pinafore, that can be snugged in as small as a girl's waistline will allow; ruffles to broaden too skinny girls; panels from shoulder to hem to slim down hefty ones. Her shoulders are broadened by cut, or jutting cap sleeves, to make middles seem slimmer. Skirts are as full as the law will allow, to flatter sturdy legs. But there's never any stinting on the latest fashion. Like the sun-back dress with jacket which Joyce Reynolds wears here, and the low-cut pinafore on chubby Ruth Tobey.

"The girls come all kinds and they can all be pretty," says Emily Wilkens. And she proves it. ★★★


KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Machines with Windows

While American women of tomorrow will be using glass ovens and refrigerators that will speed kitchen chores, farmers and factory people will be operating machines made partly of glass to facilitate inspection and cut down operating time. Heat-treated glass that does not break will be used for cover plates on gearboxes, housings around moving parts needing close attention, and for transparent working parts that will increase the safety of operation or improve accessibility.

The farmer will be able to see what his equipment is doing while he plows, plants and cultivates. With glass hoppers on his grain drills and seeders, he can check his seed supply and make sure the feed is even and continuous. With glass fittings on his combines and corn shellers, trucks, tractors and silo machinery, he will be able to overhaul them more quickly, with less work.

Machines of the future may include almost as many glass parts as will the future house. Heat-resistant and shockproof, nonwarping and unshrinkable, tomorrow's glass can be used instead of metal in many places where visibility is an advantage never before possible, where dampness would cause rust, where quick and easy cleaning is essential. Glass will play a big part in industrial design because of its beauty and good psychological effect upon the operators who use it. Glass washing machines, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, cream separators; glass parts for automobiles and trains, glass fittings in textile plants are only a suggestion of new uses open to this ancient material.

Goodby Bathtub Rings!

The Saturday-night ring around the bathtub soon will be an unlamented memory, killed by chemists in search of better soap for soldiers. Millions of fighting men suddenly had to take off grime, grease and battle stains in any water and every climate. At the same moment, the Japs cut off our supply of coconut oil, main ingredient of good soap. Researchers, looking for a substitute oil, invented a synthetic that was entirely different—and far better—than the best the East Indies could supply. Now the soldiers have "soapless" soap that works equally well in ice water or salt brine, in hard water or soft.

America, already the cleanest nation, will be even cleaner with the postwar supersoap. The new chemical ingredient will be cheap and abundant, odorless and without effect upon the skin. It will cut the toughest grease film from pots, pans and dishes, and cleanse the dirtiest clothes regardless of the water. It will perform quick cleanups in factories and take road film off your automobile without touching the finish.

Old-style soaps fail in hard or salty water because the heavy concentration of calcium and magnesium compounds attacks the saponifying molecules greedily before they have a chance to reach the grease and remove it. Overcome by the stronger chemical, the soap forms a hard white curd—the scum that makes the bathtub ring. But the "soapless" soap, containing a synthetic sulphur compound, is itself more active than the hard-water minerals, and so stays on the job in any kind of water in spite of them.

Better Tomatoes or Bust

American lovers of the succulent, red-ripe tomato have a future treat in store for which they can thank our Good Neighbor policy. A brand-new breed of this No. 1 garden delicacy is on the way, out of a union between the best of our own and a tough little number from South America.

Scientists at the Beltsville laboratory of the Department of Agriculture have long sought the answer to the wilt and rust problem—fungus diseases that regularly kill off tomato plants long before the frost, and so rob us of the juiciest part of the crop. No amount of crossbreeding has produced a native product that is immune. But high up in the Peruvian Andes, scouts found a tiny variety no bigger than a cherry and so hardy that no common diseases affect it at all.

The difficulty was to combine the healthiness of the mountain fruit with the size and flavor of the American Marglobe—one of our best types. For a long time, the government men had little success. Three "backcrosses" were necessary—careful inbreedings of the very best of a plant generation. The researchers grew more than 80,000 plants, in fact, before they achieved a product that could withstand the spore-infested greenhouses in which they were made to grow. Now the experiment is succeeding, and a new variety—the Pan-American—is bearing disease-immune fruit of good size and taste.

But the agricultural experimenters are still not satisfied and are continuing their painstaking crossbreeding with the goal of perfection ahead.

Sky Hooks for Big Tops

Generations of circusgoers have craned their necks and squirmed in their seats to get a good view of the goings-on under the Big Top, accepting as a necessary evil the forest of tree-sized poles that held up the canvas. But the tent pole of today is doomed, and future generations will sit comfortably in the bleachers with no masts to obstruct their view.

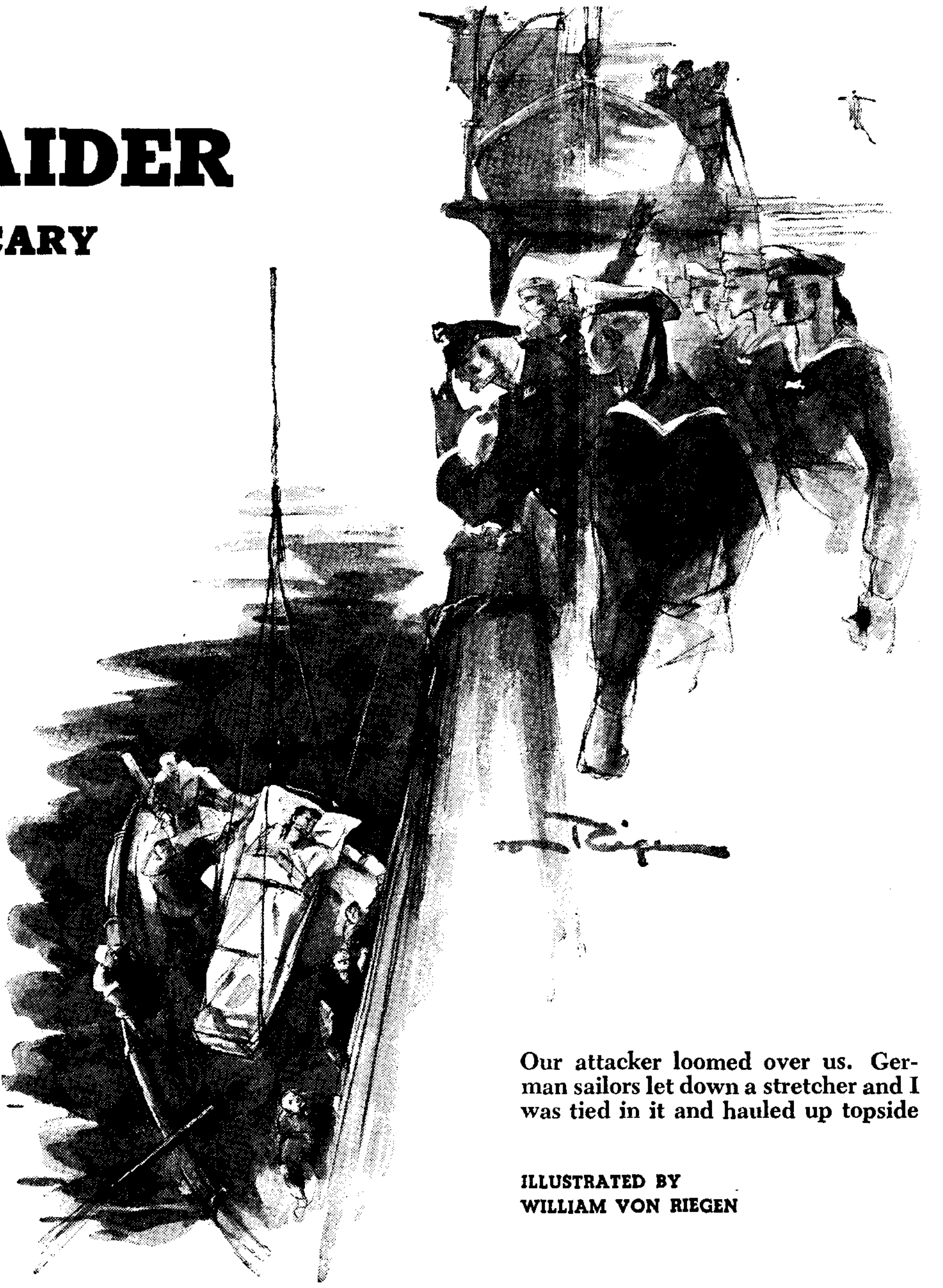
The massive acres of tent canvas will not be hung from the sky, however. The Army has discovered a simpler way. Recent improvements in the design of spider-web beams of aluminum alloy have provided an *outside* tent pole something like the arm of a steam crane. Joined to a ridgepole on top, rows of these silvery flying buttresses can easily hold up a tent big enough to accommodate 1,500 people.

Nor does the invention mean a cumbersome lot of paraphernalia, bulky to handle and ship. No more than 200 bolts are needed to assemble the beam components for a circus-size tent, and the whole structure can be split up into short lengths and loaded onto two trucks. Postwar canvases of all sizes can be rigged beneath arched cantilever beams of this kind, thus freeing every inch of interior space for the use of the occupants. ★★★

I RODE A GERMAN RAIDER

BY FRANK VICOVARI AS TOLD TO LUCIAN CARY

Frank Vicovari was the leader of a group of American ambulance drivers who sailed for Africa on the neutral ship Zamzam in April, 1941. Just before dawn one morning in mid-Atlantic, a German raider, with no warning, attacked. A shell smashed both of Vicovari's legs. He was taken aboard the raider and received expert care in its hospital. For the next eight months, he was a helpless "guest of the German Navy" while the raider, disguised as an innocent merchantman, prowled the Atlantic and Indian Oceans sinking unarmed Allied ships. Finally a British cruiser caught her and blasted her to the bottom. Vicovari was transferred to a Nazi submarine and taken to France. For more than two years, during which he was scarcely able to get around on his crippled legs, he stagnated in a German prison. At last he was sent to Lisbon to board the exchange liner Gripsholm, and on the way had a close view of what Allied bombers have been doing. Still unable to walk without help, Vicovari landed in New York last March. His story is told in a series of three articles, of which this is the first.



Our attacker loomed over us. German sailors let down a stretcher and I was tied in it and hauled up topside

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

TWENTY-FOUR of us sailed aboard the Zamzam in the spring of 1941 to drive ambulances, under my leadership, for the army of the Free French in North Africa. We were sent out by the British-American Ambulance Corps and we had the best equipment.

The ambulances, twenty-two of them, had two-way radios, which I'd asked for after my experience in driving an ambulance in France the previous year. A two-way radio saves a lot of driving when there is a battle on and sometimes it makes the difference between being captured and not. In addition to the ambulances, we had two trucks, a staff car, a rolling kitchen and enough spare parts and medical supplies to last a year. Each of us had, besides his uniforms and regulation kit, an assortment of those things that kindly people give young men on these occasions—sweaters and wool socks and wrist watches and lighters.

The Zamzam was no luxury ship, but she was a break for us. She was the only ship we could find that would take all of us and our equipment to Africa; and though Charles McCarthy (another driver) and I had learned in France what the Germans are like, we had little doubt that we would get to Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, safely. The Zamzam was an Egyptian ship and therefore neutral. She carried two hundred passengers, more than half of them women and children. Most of the rest were missionaries. There was no chance for the Germans to make an honest mistake. The facts about the Zamzam's sailing had been published in the newspapers. Besides, the Zamzam stopped in Pernambuco, Brazil, which was then crowded with Axis spies, and the passengers spent the day ashore sightseeing.

I told the boys on April 16th, when we were three weeks out of New York and ten days out of Pernambuco, that every man should keep a knapsack with spare clothes and cigarettes handy, but that was routine.

I was asleep in a hammock on the starboard deck the next morning when I was wakened by a shell whistling overhead. It landed in the sea beyond the ship. My watch said five minutes of six. I jumped out of my hammock and ran along the deck and down to my cabin on the port side amidships. The shelling was continuous.

Willie Wydenbrook, who was scheduled to lead the group in case anything happened to me, was in the cabin dressing calmly. I got the steel box containing my papers and dropped it through a porthole. The papers weren't of great importance but they included some letters from the Free French that I didn't want the Germans to know about.

I pulled on trousers and a coat over my pajamas, picked up my knapsack and took a look through the porthole. I could not see the ship that was firing on us. I could see nothing but little puffs of smoke on the horizon. I started down the passage. Just as I reached the end of it, I heard an explosion behind me. The lights went out, I felt a hefty slap on my back, and my legs buckled under me. I said what so many men say. I said, "Good God, they got me!"

McCarthy came aft, yelling, "That was the last shell—they've stopped."

I wanted to get out in the air. The odor of TNT, or whatever the Germans use in their shells, was choking, and the dust from the debris around me was stifling. McCarthy saw me and called out, "It's Vic," and dragged me down the passage toward daylight. He tried to keep passengers from running over me.

The ship lurched to starboard, and I thought she was sinking. I told McCarthy to leave me, but he wouldn't. He got some morphine tablets from a doctor and gave them to me. Passengers were still running past. Wydenbrook tried to stop the bleeding of my thigh. I looked down and saw a mass of bloody flesh with bones sticking out. I thought it would be a good

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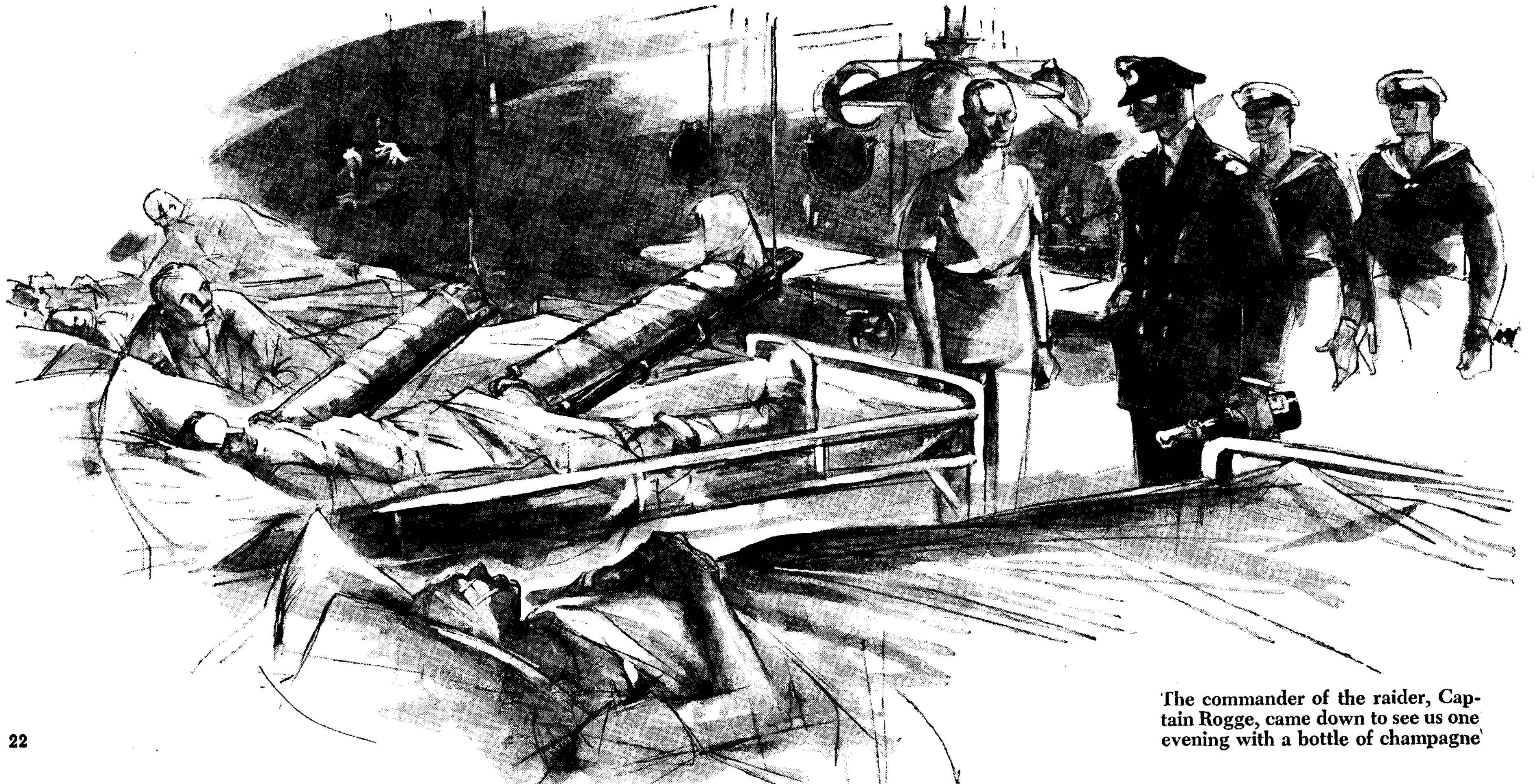
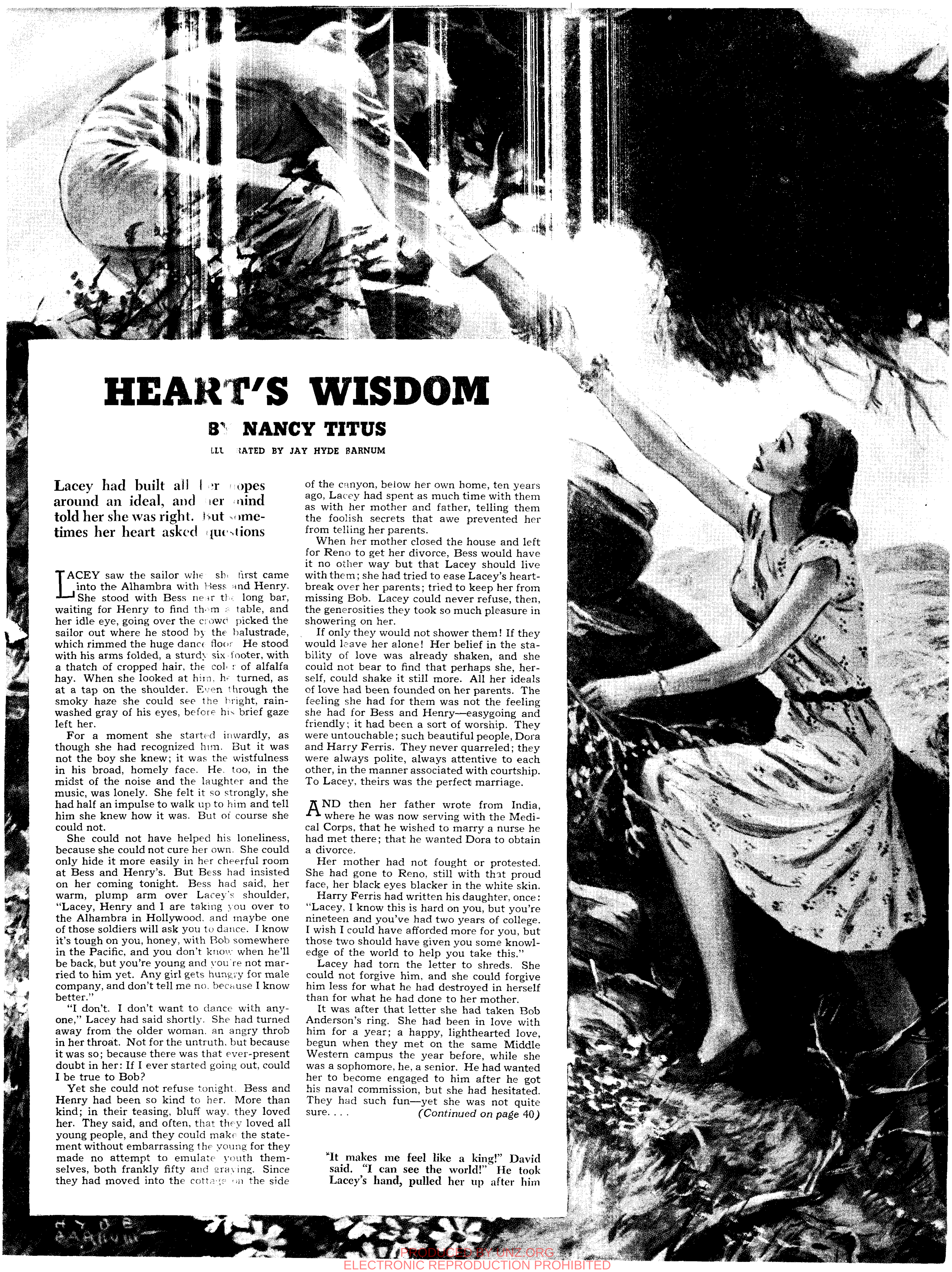


The commander of the raider, Captain Rogge, came down to see us one evening with a bottle of champagne



HEART'S WISDOM

BY NANCY TITUS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Lacey had built all her hopes around an ideal, and her mind told her she was right. But sometimes her heart asked questions

LACEY saw the sailor when she first came into the Alhambra with Bess and Henry. She stood with Bess near the long bar, waiting for Henry to find them a table, and her idle eye, going over the crowd picked the sailor out where he stood by the balustrade, which rimmed the huge dance floor. He stood with his arms folded, a sturdy six-footer, with a thatch of cropped hair, the color of alfalfa hay. When she looked at him, he turned, as at a tap on the shoulder. Even through the smoky haze she could see the bright, rain-washed gray of his eyes, before his brief gaze left her.

For a moment she started inwardly, as though she had recognized him. But it was not the boy she knew; it was the wistfulness in his broad, homely face. He, too, in the midst of the noise and the laughter and the music, was lonely. She felt it so strongly, she had half an impulse to walk up to him and tell him she knew how it was. But of course she could not.

She could not have helped his loneliness, because she could not cure her own. She could only hide it more easily in her cheerful room at Bess and Henry's. But Bess had insisted on her coming tonight. Bess had said, her warm, plump arm over Lacey's shoulder, "Lacey, Henry and I are taking you over to the Alhambra in Hollywood, and maybe one of those soldiers will ask you to dance. I know it's tough on you, honey, with Bob somewhere in the Pacific, and you don't know when he'll be back, but you're young and you're not married to him yet. Any girl gets hungry for male company, and don't tell me no, because I know better."

"I don't. I don't want to dance with anyone," Lacey had said shortly. She had turned away from the older woman, an angry throb in her throat. Not for the untruth, but because it was so; because there was that ever-present doubt in her: If I ever started going out, could I be true to Bob?

Yet she could not refuse tonight. Bess and Henry had been so kind to her. More than kind; in their teasing, bluff way, they loved her. They said, and often, that they loved all young people, and they could make the statement without embarrassing the young for they made no attempt to emulate youth themselves, both frankly fifty and graying. Since they had moved into the cottage on the side of the canyon, below her own home, ten years ago, Lacey had spent as much time with them as with her mother and father, telling them the foolish secrets that awe prevented her from telling her parents.

When her mother closed the house and left for Reno to get her divorce, Bess would have it no other way but that Lacey should live with them; she had tried to ease Lacey's heartbreak over her parents; tried to keep her from missing Bob. Lacey could never refuse, then, the generosities they took so much pleasure in showering on her.

If only they would not shower them! If they would leave her alone! Her belief in the stability of love was already shaken, and she could not bear to find that perhaps she, herself, could shake it still more. All her ideals of love had been founded on her parents. The feeling she had for them was not the feeling she had for Bess and Henry—easygoing and friendly; it had been a sort of worship. They were untouchable; such beautiful people, Dora and Harry Ferris. They never quarreled; they were always polite, always attentive to each other, in the manner associated with courtship. To Lacey, theirs was the perfect marriage.

AND then her father wrote from India, where he was now serving with the Medical Corps, that he wished to marry a nurse he had met there; that he wanted Dora to obtain a divorce.

Her mother had not fought or protested. She had gone to Reno, still with that proud face, her black eyes blacker in the white skin.

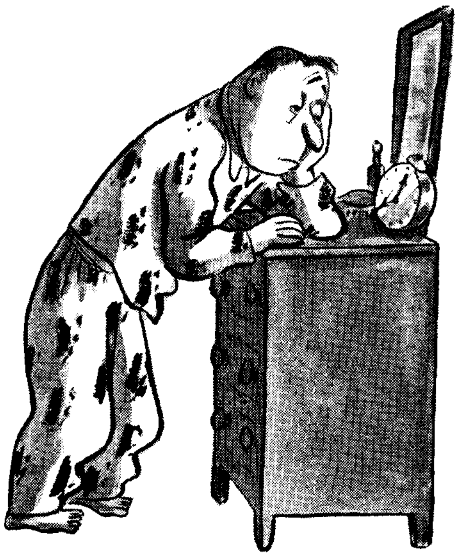
Harry Ferris had written his daughter, once: "Lacey, I know this is hard on you, but you're nineteen and you've had two years of college. I wish I could have afforded more for you, but those two should have given you some knowledge of the world to help you take this."

Lacey had torn the letter to shreds. She could not forgive him, and she could forgive him less for what he had destroyed in herself than for what he had done to her mother.

It was after that letter she had taken Bob Anderson's ring. She had been in love with him for a year; a happy, lighthearted love, begun when they met on the same Middle Western campus the year before, while she was a sophomore, he, a senior. He had wanted her to become engaged to him after he got his naval commission, but she had hesitated. They had such fun—yet she was not quite sure. . . .

(*Continued on page* 40)

"It makes me feel like a king!" David said. "I can see the world!" He took Lacey's hand, pulled her up after him



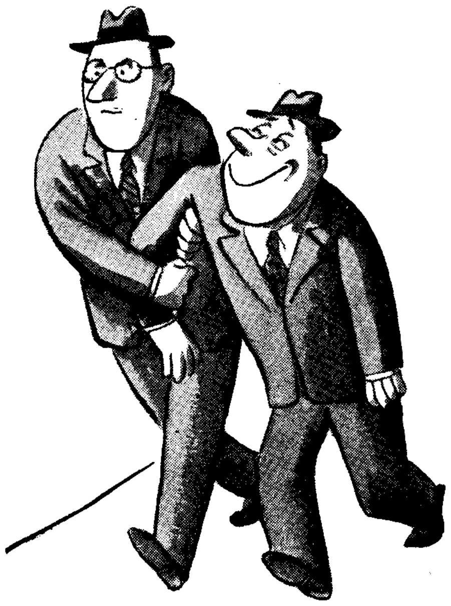
He was quite weak; his only ambition was to die quietly, alone

Hang-Over!

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

On the morning after the Axis surrenders, there will be 67,529,622 hang-overs in the United States—this according to computations made by the best minds in Washington. This article tells you precisely what will have happened to the sufferers



He's got a grand slam on and unluckily someone takes him home

THERE was nothing permanently wrong with him. He didn't feel good and he smelled awful. He said that his head was filled with chipped doorknobs and that a couple of battalions of savage butterflies were playing soccer in his stomach. He couldn't remember what he'd done the night before but he wouldn't be surprised. He was quite weak, and his only ambition was to die quietly and alone. And yet there was nothing wrong with him that a few hours' sleep wouldn't mend.

His system had temporarily run out of enzymes, his oxidization machinery had gone on strike. It's possible that his blood stream had gone somewhat acetone, and it's likely that his liver wasn't mobilizing its sugar. We don't know just what he had been drinking. He was pretty vague about it himself. Whatever it was, it may have contained a lot of what the chemists call congeners, higher alcohols like amyl. Maybe you call amyl fusel oil—not that it makes any difference.

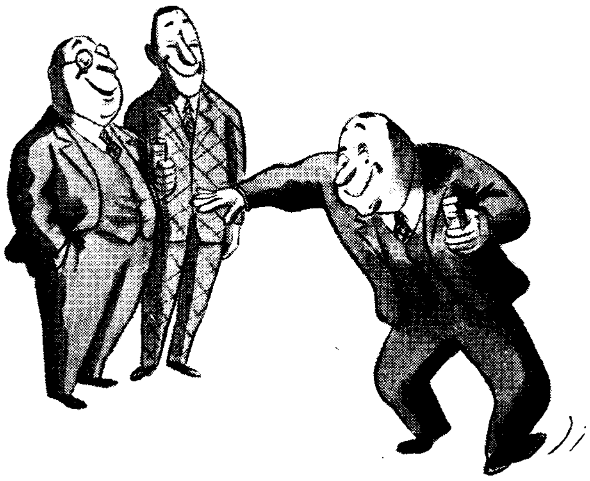
Congeners do you no good whatever because, unlike ethyl alcohol, higher alcohols are toxic, not oxidized or burned up in the body. Anyway, he had a major headache, couldn't coordinate, and didn't want to, anyway. It's not improbable that he was suffering from pylorospasm, and that means that the trapdoor between his stomach and intestines had closed tightly and in sheer self-defense refused to open.

To stop fooling around, he had a hang-over. Scientists and just plain doctors have been failing for many years to agree on just what a hang-over is, from a physiological standpoint and psychologically, too. They are agreed, however, that if you get drunk, your chances of having a hang-over next day are excellent. But there agreement ends.

Just why the hero of this doleful tale should have contracted a Joe, and his drinking companion should be as chipper as a benzidrened canary next morning, has had the diagnosticians shouting into one anothers' ears for a long time and getting nowhere. So we shall confine this moral tale to such facts as we have been able to pry out of doctors who have made a specialty of rescuing patients on the morning after.

This has nothing to do with chronic alcoholics or with the neurotics and the emotionally immature who seek self-assurance in the bottle, or yet with the antisocial souses who drink because they can't help it. Here we write only of the Good Time Charlies and the accidental drunk who occasionally ties one on, as the saying goes, for any of a number of reasons. This is about those week-end bender boys who, along with other occasionals, have made hang-over cures a $25,000,000 industry in this country and an even more profitable business in foreign parts—England, Germany and South America, for example.

In Russia, as far as we've been able to learn, they scorn comeback preparations on the theory that vodka knows best. In Japan after a night's bout with *sake,* many victims commit hara-kiri and have done with it. We're dealing primarily with the citizen who goes forth, after work, for a couple of quick ones and, without any such intention, collects a beautiful Joshua, with shattering results the next day. This poor fellow we began with, for example.



The first drink starts things moving in a fogged, stalled, blood-choked brain

He had done a noble day's work. At five-thirty he was so tired that he couldn't have counted up to two without thinking twice. What he needed was a drink—or thought he did. Scientists are pretty well agreed about what happens physiologically when drinking alcohol is taken into the human body; but as we've said before, they can't seem to get along harmoniously when trying to define the hang-over. However, they will concede it is traditional with man that when he is tired he is likely to attach himself to the nearest cocktail or highball. Actually, at such times, he is suffering from a work hang-over which in a large measure is similar to the alcohol hang-over.

With the Brain in a Stall

When our hero left his office, booze-bound, his brain was flooded, choked with blood. In a sense his brain was like the gas-flooded engine of your car when choked too hard. His mind had stalled. Of course, there are several drugs he might have taken to clear the brain, but there are several excellent reasons why this lad we're using as our horrible example—a perfectly normal guy—didn't resort to the needle or the sniff.

Such drugs are either hard to get or a great nuisance to get. Also, he who takes drugs runs the risk of losing his social standing, to say nothing of facing the horror of becoming an addict, a hophead, a snowbird or a cokecat. Not nice at all. Furthermore, there's no good-fellowship or conviviality or sociability in reefer rodeos or opium outings, both of which are refined terms little known to nice people. At the bar, however—the pub, the club or wherever—he meets his friends, swaps the dirt, maybe picks up a little information or even paves the way to making a nice fast couple of dollars.

Granting that you're in reasonable health, you don't begin to accumulate the makings of a hang-over until you've taken your third drink. This is particularly so if you're a sedentary worker, with brawn on the negative side, who has during the day been breathing secondhand air, whose brain and not back has been doing the heavy hauling. A lumberjack can outdrink an accountant without giving it a second thought, and where a lawyer will be hoping to die of the miseries the next morning, the farmer can dunk his head in a bucket of water and go ahaying with a song on his lips. It's all a matter of internal combustion of the alcohol they have drunk.

Alcohol taken into the stomach requires no digestion. It is passed on into the blood stream unchanged. Within a couple of minutes after you've taken your first drink, alcohol is in the blood stream. Your first drink starts things moving below your fagged, stalled, blood-choked brain. In the general to-do, the topside pressure is released. You're *feeling* better. When you've had another, you're accordingly feeling looser, with certain convictions that presently you're going to feel fine.

At this point it would be well for our hero to know just what's going on inside. He has shot the first two on a "Bottoms up" schedule—or anyway with dispatch. His head has cleared and he has become convinced that, while things in general aren't ideal, they might very readily be worse and that there's nothing much he can do about it, anyway. If he has half the brains at the bar that he had at his desk, he'll slip on the nose bag or go to dinner.

However, we're not supposed to be preaching; we're merely telling what happens. If before taking that first drink, you'll bolt a dose of bicarbonate of soda or have a glass of milk, you may save yourself a lot of woe later, not that it's guaranteed. There is a school of thought which prescribes olive oil, but that indicates that you're about to indulge in some serious and protracted drinking. Anyway, this olive-oil story is by way of being an old wives' tale.

The chances are that the wretch with the hang-over isn't interested at all in what the scientists have to say about his condition. What he wants is an ice bag on his head and no double talk from scholars. He wants something out of a bottle that isn't alcohol, something which will banish those leapfrogging tadpoles from his stomach and gently withdraw the barbed wire from his head. He wants something done about the fearful taste in his mouth, which feels as if a Japanese family had just moved out. He wants to drink many gallons of pure, cold wa[illegible] But to tell you just why he feels as he does, we've got to let the scientists talk for a while or two.

The Passing-Out Stage

He wants that ice bag because once more his brain is blood-flooded. He started out that way with no alcohol in the system and he has completed the cycle, from brain stall to brain stall, from exhaustion to exhaustion. After downing two or three drinks, his blood stream has absorbed just about as much alcohol as it can, and still be blood. After the alcohol concentration in your blood exceeds one tenth of one per cent, you're very likely to give off definite signs of being boiled. When the concentration reaches four tenths of one per cent, you're very drunk indeed, and needn't be surprised if you pass out. You've got a grand slam on, and if you're unlucky, somebody takes you *home.*

By the time the blood stream has

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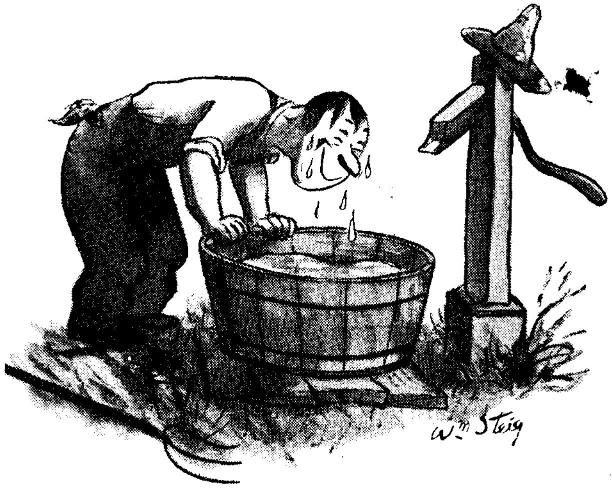
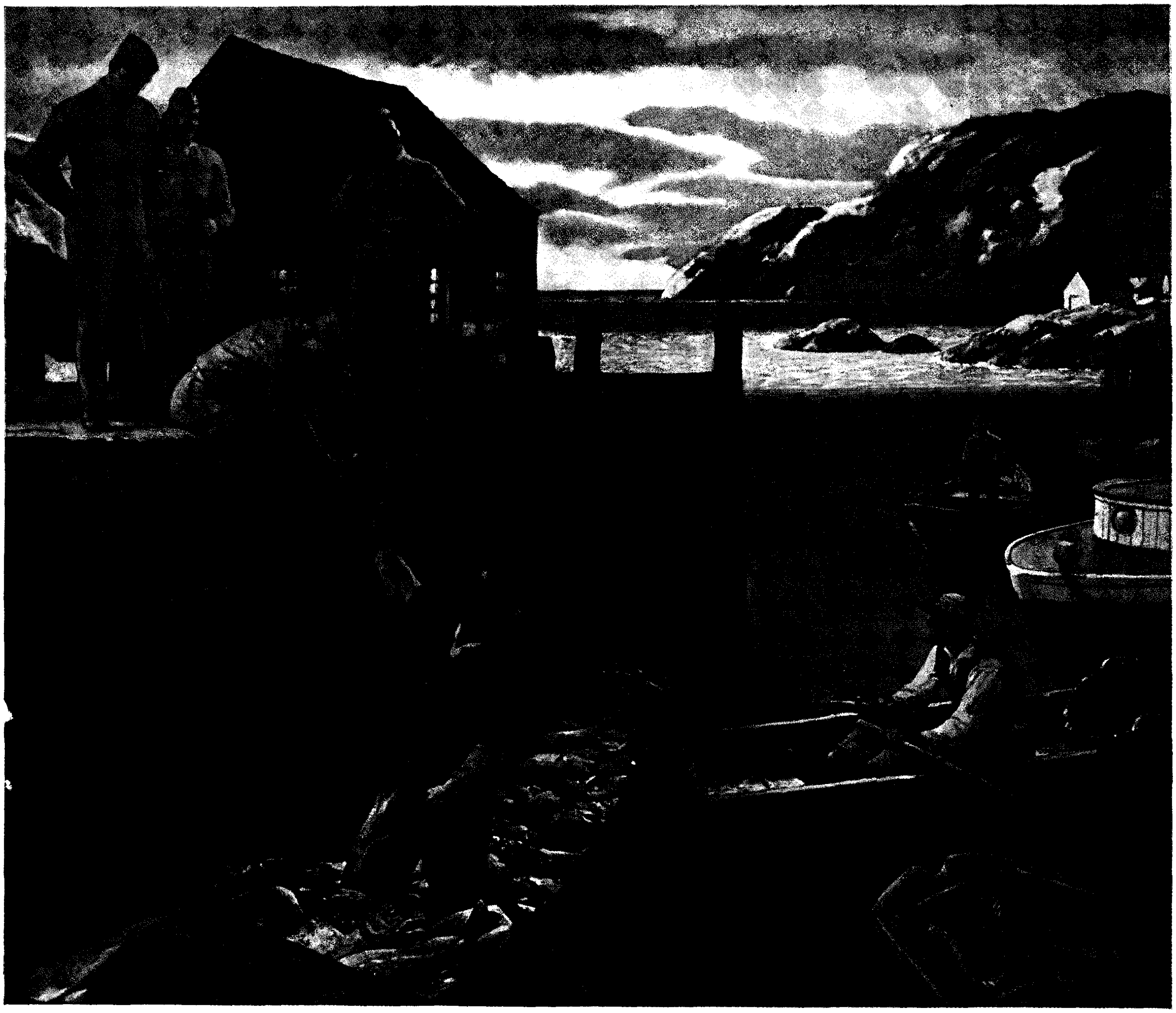


The farmer can dunk his head in a bucket of water and go ahaying with a song on his lips

Have a "Coke" = How are things goin'?



. . . or being friendly in Newfoundland

There's an American way to make new-found friends in Newfoundland. It's the cheery invitation *Have a "Coke"*—an old U. S. custom that is reaching 'round the world. It says *Let's be friends*—reminds Yanks of home. In many lands around the globe, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become a symbol of our friendly home-ways. So Coca-Cola belongs in your home, too . . . ice-cold and ready in the refrigerator. Get a supply today.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when". Even with war, Coca-Cola today is being bottled right on the spot in over 35 allied and neutral nations.

Coca-Cola
-the global
high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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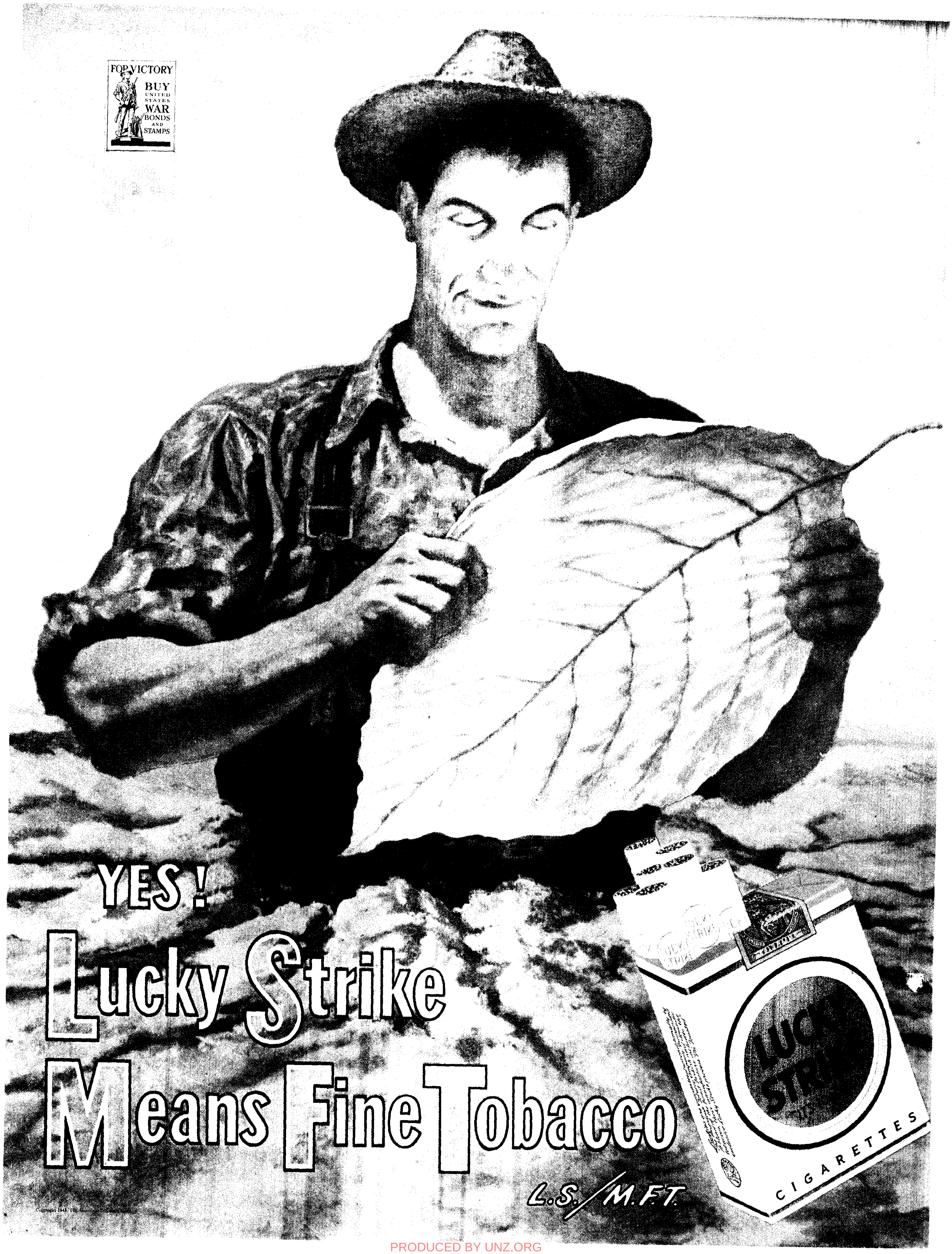

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
YES!
Lucky Strike
Means Fine Tobacco
L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES

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Wings of Fear

Continued from page 19

ave a number, rapidly, in Spanish: "*Numero tres, nuevo, tres, nuevo, por favor*."

The connection was made promptly; they stened while Carlos spoke into the telehone rapidly, in English: "Ramos? Are you lone? Something rather difficult has hapened here . . . Yes, quite . . . It is a police matter . . . Very serious . . . I thought you might come . . . Yes, immediately . . . That very kind of you . . . Yes, at once. Thank ou, my friend. Thank you." He put down he telephone slowly.

Linda said, her eyes bright and narrow. Ramos?"

Carlos turned and said in his usual polite oice, "A friend. Now then—" He turned oward the patio. There was a silken comnd in the slightest gesture.

Monica said, "Come on, Linda. We'll elp Fae—"

They moved together toward the patio while Carlos at the telephone watched them o. . . .

Perhaps half an hour later, Monica stood t her bedroom balcony and saw Señor Ramos Mendeno arrive. It had been a uick yet a confused half-hour. The main act that emerged from it was that, in spite f a careful search by three of the men serants, no stranger had been found about he grounds or the house, and that everyone n the household (except Monica and Gibbs) ad denied ever having seen or heard of oe Sproul.

The only evidence of a possible intruder ly in the fact that the big gates leading om the grounds onto the public highway ere discovered to be unbolted. This obviusly had permitted Joe Sproul's entrance; could also have permitted the hurried exit f his murderer.

GIBBS promptly and factually stated that Joe Sproul had been in St. Louis, and gain at Fort Worth. He had heard his name t the hotel in St. Louis, as and when Monica had heard it. He told of their slight [illegible] in the taxicab at Fort Worth. His statement varied in no small way from Monica's.

"But I've no idea who he was or why he ame here or anything about him," said Gibbs. His mouth closed tightly as if he'd made a declaration and intended to stick o it.

John, glancing at Gibbs, had said, "Monica said he was on the plane from Chicago o St. Louis."

"I don't remember seeing him until we ot into the limousine at the airport," said Gibbs.

Fae, sitting at the coffee table, her green hiffons flowing around her slender figure like the cool froth of sea waves, said, "We'd better get dressed."

Linda and Monica followed her lead. The men lingered in the hall, talking.

There was no further chance for Monica o talk to John alone. Once in her own room, he dressed quickly; pale blue skirt and acket, white blouse. Again she remembered Bill Fiske packing them, making quick seections as adroitly as if he'd packed ladies' lothes all his life. She must somehow let him know everything that had happened. Had he, in New York, learned anything at ll that would lead to Eric's murderer?

She wished John would come; their talk had been too short, too hurried; too inconlusive; the only thing she knew was that he was in danger.

The French windows were still open; she heard voices directly below her balcony and went out upon it. The sky above was paling; he floodlights still illumined the whole patio garishly.

Carlos, dressed now in blue slacks and a yellow coat, with a white scarf at his throat, vas bending over the body. Gibbs and John stood and watched and listened. A tranger (Señor Ramos Mendeno, Monica upposed) stood beside Carlos, looking down at the body. He was gray-haired and lender, with a long, sharp-featured, thin ace; an elegant face somehow, and a very Spanish and civilized face, which looked as f it ought to be above a ruff instead of above an ordinary white collar and beige coat. He smoked, using a long ivory cigarette holder, and listened to Carlos, who was speaking rapidly in Spanish, and then bent and looked carefully at Joe Sproul's face.

She could understand almost nothing of their conversation; a word or two was comprehensible. She thought neither John nor Gibbs understood it, for there was a guarded, listening, alert expression on both their faces which did not change until Carlos turned to them and spoke in English.

"Señor Mendeno feels it is murder, too. He himself will see to the police. There must be an investigation, naturally. Meantime the police will spread a net through the city."

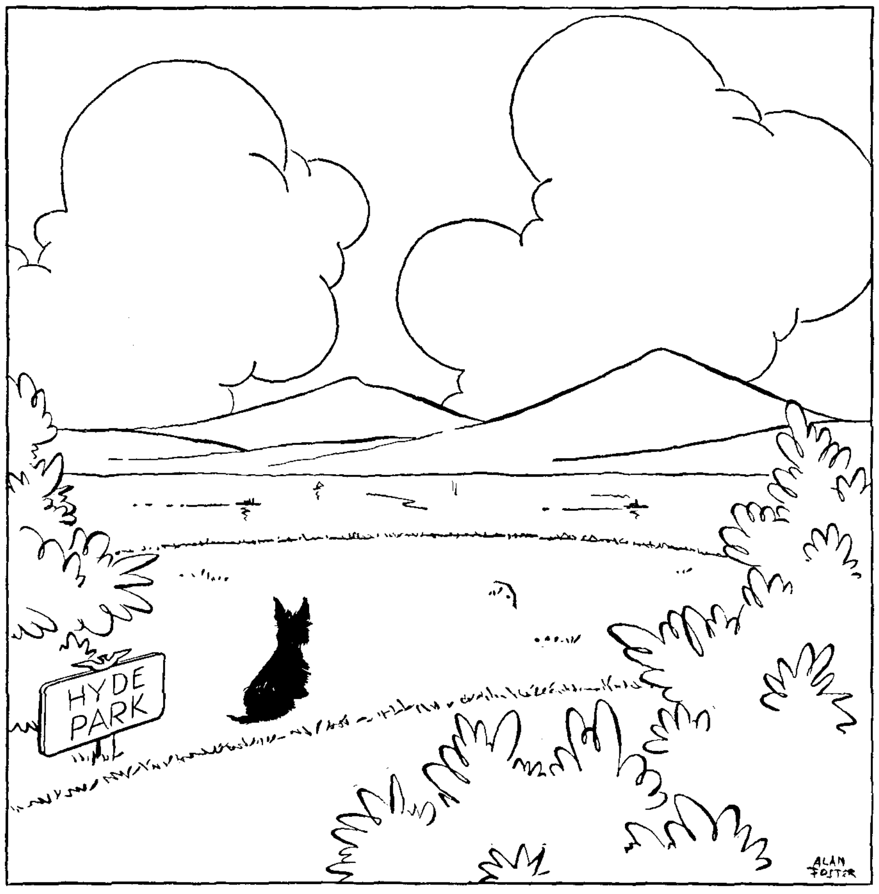
"I'll use the telephone?" said Señor Mendeno also in English, but with a slight accent and a polite twist to the upward inflection of his voice which made it a question.

"Of course," said Carlos.

Someone had brought a sheet and covered Joe Sproul's body. Carlos or Señor Mendeno had withdrawn it to look at the body; Carlos bent now to replace it. The men crossed again to the hall door; Gibbs and John following the other two. No one glanced up.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "This wouldn't be hard to take for the next four years either"

Monica, on her balcony, was aware suddenly that there was another observer of that small scene—Linda; she caught the flicker of motion as Linda, on her own balcony, withdrew. She glanced toward Fae's balcony, diagonally across the patio; the doors were open, but Fae was not there.

Monica went back into her room and was there a moment later when John came.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. John, what are they going to do?"

"Question us. Inquire. Trace Sproul—" He glanced at the door to the corridor, which he had closed behind him, and at the open windows, leading upon the balcony.

THERE was something about the guardedness and wariness of the gesture which made it seem an accustomed one; the look of tenseness, of alertness, of listening seemed a familiar one, somehow, in his face. He said in so low a voice it was barely a whisper and yet clear. "There's not much time. Monica, how many people knew that I had reached Mexico City? Yourself and Bill knew. But was there anyone else?"

"No. Except Gibbs. I told him in St. Louis."

"I mean before you left New York. Did Eric Weller know?"

"No. It was after he was killed that I phoned for Bill, and he told me then about your letter."

"Was there any way Sproul could have known that I was in Mexico City? Could he have overheard you and Gibbs talking, for instance?"

"No. We were at dinner. He was upstairs in the lobby. I'm sure I would have seen him in the dining room if he had been there."

"You say you think two people were in your suite that night. Could one of them have been Sproul?"

"I suppose so. But—of course, John, whoever was in the bedroom had opened my handbag; your letter was there. He could have read it! He could have had a flashlight and read it before I awoke. He'd have known then where you are—"

"And that I needed money. It could have been Sproul. Monica"—he put his hands on her shoulders and looked deeply and searchingly into her eyes—"I've got to tell you something," he said gravely and softly. "It is very hard for me to do so. You see—I've got out of the habit of trusting people."

"John—"

"For so long I've had to suspect everybody. It's part of the life I've known. You suspect everybody and everything; you have to," said John simply. "If you want to live." He took a long breath. "I have to suspect even you, Monica."

"I know, John," she said. "I know."

He shook his head. "No. You understand with your mind. You believe me because I tell you. But you—" He broke off and looked at her and suddenly put his hands gently around her face, framing it. "Oh, my dear, forgive me. I—listen, my dear." His voice was so low anyone three feet away could scarcely have heard his words; his eyes were dark and intent upon her own. "I came here to get money—my money; everything I had in Poland, of course, is gone. I needed it before now. I can't use American money in Poland; anybody trying to use an American dollar there would be taken up by the Nazis instantly. But there may be ways—well, never mind that. The point is that I first sent someone else, a man, a friend; a man I loved and trusted completely; a man I'd fought with—His name was Paul Stanislawsky. He never came back."

"You mean—"

"I mean he either turned rat, or was murdered by the Nazis. I knew Paul and I know he didn't turn rat. Somehow the Nazis got him. So I came myself. I traced him as far as Mexico City. I got here by devious ways—out of Poland into London; the British Intelligence helped me a bit; got me to Bermuda and then at last here. I was out of money; I had to have it. Now I've got to find out what happened to Paul. Somebody knew who he was; somebody knew why he came. If there's a leak, I've got to find out where it is—and who it is. So far as I know now, the trail stops here."

"If he was murdered—" she whispered.

"If he was murdered, he was murdered here. I've got to stay here till I find out what happened, and how it happened. I had to have money; you need money—lots of it," he said grimly, "for that kind of search."

"Who knew he was to be here?"

"The Nazis did it; but I don't know who their agent—or agents—were. I don't know how they knew he was to be here; I don't know anything about it except that he was here—and then disappeared. Perhaps he went on; perhaps they caught up with him in St. Louis or Chicago or New York. I've got to talk to Bill; I couldn't talk freely over the telephone; it is too dangerous. So far, the tangible evidence, the clues that really seem to be clues, are: Eric's murder; the attack upon you in St. Louis; Sproul—and now—wait a minute." He was pulling a crumpled, khaki-colored handkerchief from his pocket. "It belongs to Gibbs. It's regulation Army. I'm sure it belongs to Gibbs. I found it near Sproul's body."

Monica said slowly, "I can't believe that Gibbs is a Nazi agent."

It was impossible to read John's face. He said, "I'm not going to show it to the police. If I can, I've got to keep my own affairs out of the hands of the police. I've got to work carefully; I've got to play a lone hand. And I've got to work fast. I've got to get back. We have—plans."

IT WAS only then that she perceived the truth. "John, if they knew of Paul Stanislawsky, they know of you! If they killed him, they'll try to kill you!"

He put his arms around her. "I've been warned. That makes a difference. And if we can find out anything about Sproul or who killed him, it may be a break for me. It may give me a lead."

He was in danger, every minute. And as clear was the fact that he quite simply and unself-consciously expected her to meet his own quality of courage—a courage that didn't so name itself, a courage that was merely the order of the day.

John said, "I'm going to talk to Gibbs later; I can't now. The police are here and are going to question us. I said I'd come and get you and Linda. Where can I hide this?"

"Give it to me." As she reached for the handkerchief, she saw the few brownish, already dried stains on it.

John saw her flinch in spite of herself. He said, "Where shall I put it?"

"I don't know. Will they search?"

"I suppose so. I don't know how thoroughly. I just want to be sure it is safe because I may need it." He moved one of the rugs, spread the crumpled, khaki-colored handkerchief with the dribble of brown spots across it, upon the tiled floor and put the rug over it. "It is all right there for the time being. If you get a chance after they question you, do something with it; anything that is better."

"All right."

He looked down at her, and a flicker of laughter came into his dark gray eyes. "Hers not to reason why; hers but to do or die," he said. "You're a game sort of person, Monica."

"I'm not. I've been afraid of my own shadow ever since the night at the Stork Club. John, could a Nazi agent have left the cachet, thinking I would lead them to Linda and that"— She fumbled through it awkwardly, unused to the devious way men have lately, pitiably, helplessly, had to learn—"and that might lead them to you?"

Something darkened in his face. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe." The lines of soberness, of responsibility, of grave and dangerous tasks done and in the future, were back in his face again. He said. "Now then—the police are here. I'll call Linda." . . . He put his hands on her shoulders once more and put his face for an instant against her own. It was a small, slight and infinitely tender gesture. Then he turned toward the door.

THE police waited in the hall below. The inquiry was lengthy; day came fully and someone turned out the floodlights in the patio as it went on.

The police made records; they questioned everyone in the house; they even brought in

PRIZE UNDERSTATEMENTS

AUTHOR	STATEMENT
Lady in Washington	After testifying that her husband had struck her with his fist, thrown a brick at her and shot at her, she said, "I don't think he loves me."
Radio Broadcaster in Tokyo	He stated that the Russians were aiming "to disturb the German withdrawal."
Gentleman in New York	After fracturing his leg by a 35-foot leap from a train platform, he said, "I guess I'm just a little crazy."
American Soldier in Jap prison camp	"I can't say that I'm enjoying myself."
Gentleman in New York	Before hanging himself he wrote a note telling his housekeeper to be prepared "for something unpleasant."
Sheriff in Edinburgh, Scotland	When arresting a man who sold cold tea for whisky to soldiers, he said, "Such an act is calculated to produce dismay and discouragement among His Majesty's forces."

—W. E. Farbstein

the servants, one by one, and questioned them.

As the inquiry continued, three things began to emerge.

On the surface, politely, everyone appeared to accept together a tacit agreement that someone unknown to any of them had followed Joe Sproul into the grounds, through the house, into the patio and there murdered him and escaped.

This in spite of the gardener's firm declaration that he himself had bolted the big gates. It was, that is, firm in the beginning; he weakened when Carlos himself suddenly stirred and questioned him.

"You are sure about this, Manuel?"

The gardener's dark, bright eyes went straight to those of his master. He was a middle-aged man; dark, with thick, frowning black eyebrows and a sturdy figure. "Si, Señor. It is my habit to bolt the gates after I put the car away. I did so tonight."

Carlos lighted a cigarette. "About what time was that, Manuel?"

"That was after two, Señor. When you returned. I was waiting for you to return; the sound of the car roused me—"

"Ah," said Carlos, "you were sleeping?"

Manuel's eyes flashed. "Si, Señor. Naturally. You have told me to rest. The sound of the car always wakes me, and I then put it away and bolt the gate. Señor has told me—"

"Of course, Manuel. That is right. I intend you to sleep when we are out late." The Mexican's brow cleared. Carlos said to the police: "It is one of the rules. But the gates were open during that time."

Señor Mendeno flicked ashes from his cigarette with a graceful gesture. "Therefore," he said, "anyone could have entered the grounds. Anyone at all, during that time."

"Certainly," said Carlos. The police, soldierly in their bearing and their brown and beige uniforms, seemed to agree, too, but they continued to question.

The second fact that emerged, and more clearly, was a tendency on their part and on the part of Señor Mendeno and Carlos to question Monica, John and Gibbs more *closely than anyone* else. This, of course, was to be expected. Only Monica and Gibbs knew (or admitted knowing) his name; *only Monica and Gibbs admitted* having seen him anywhere; the obvious question was whether or not he had followed them to the villa, and if so, why.

WHAT was Sproul's place in that concealed pattern? If a tentacle of the enemy—so distant, yet so near—had reached out and caught Joe Sproul in its murderous grip, then why?

She thought of that. And of Gibbs Brooke's bloodstained handkerchief. But in spite of the bloodstained, khaki-colored handkerchief, there was nothing in Gibbs' face or voice to indicate any further knowledge of Sproul than he admitted.

"And you, Señor," said Mendeno, suddenly joining in the inquiry and addressing John. "You never saw the dead man until you found him tonight, dying?"

John said, "I had a glimpse of him at the airport when I met Miss Blane and Captain Brooke. I didn't know him; I do remember his stopping near us to light a cigarette."

"Did you see him too, Linda?" inquired Carlos.

Linda shook her head. "No," she said. "No. But I am sure he was a Nazi agent—"

Carlos interrupted suavely and very, very definitely: "I have already explained your situation, my dear."

Linda bit her lip. There was a slight pause.

Then one of the police said, "Did he show any special interest in you, Señorita Blane? Or you, Captain Brooke?"

Both Monica and Gibbs said no, and, after another slight pause, John was asked to tell again how he had happened to find the dying man, and if Sproul had said anything before he died. He had not, John told them; he had been unconscious.

The third impression that Monica began to be more and more strongly aware of, as the inquiry continued, was a rather odd one, and that was that Carlos was directing that interview. Not Señor Mendeno, not the police.

The police inquiry began to seem a polite form; a gracious and very formal following of a certain set pattern. Everything necessary was done; every inquiry that was a part of that form was made. Yet it seemed to her that in an intangible way, by a glance, by a slight and silken gesture, by nothing so tangible even as that, Carlos led and governed every small, intricate, prescribed figure in that pattern.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning before the police—dapper, neat in their uniforms, smiling below those dark intelligent, observant eyes—went away. As they went, Monica knew that if there were suspects, then she and John and Gibbs were those suspects.

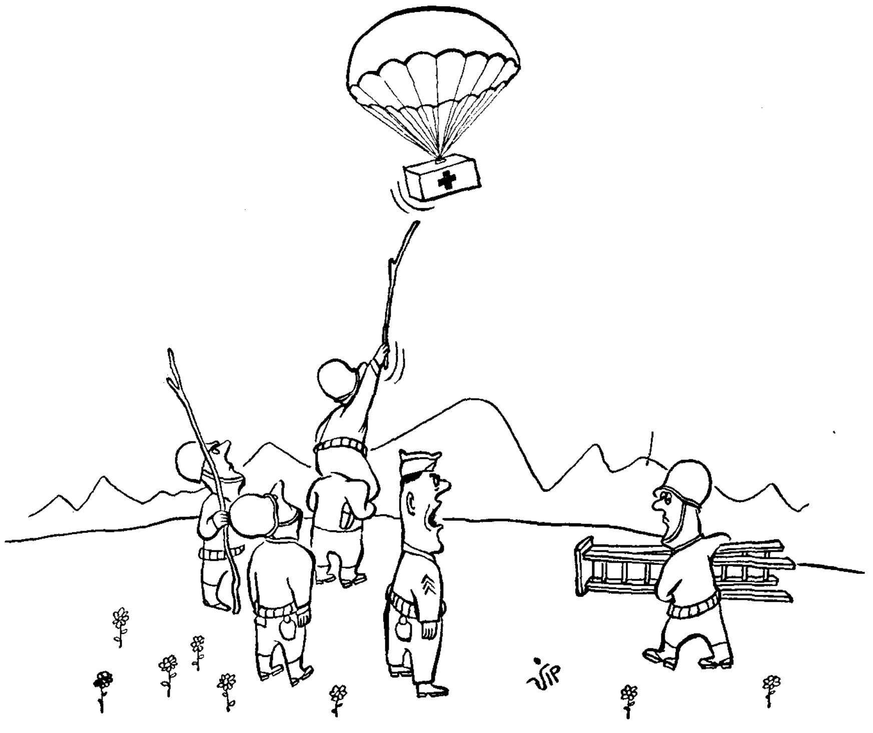
The first act of the police, if they suspected her, would be to communicate with the New York police in order to discover any available information concerning her; this would immediately bring out the fact of Eric Weller's murder, in her apartment, shortly after he had been seen in her company.

An ugly trail of murder—begun in New York, following her to Mexico City! Except that really, if John's theory was right, it had begun weeks ago with the disappearance of Paul Stanislawsky. Yet what possible connection could there be between Paul Stanislawsky's disappearance in Mexico City, and Eric Weller's murder in her own apartment in New York City?

Drifting into the patio with the others, Monica discovered that, while they talked, the body of Joe Sproul—mysterious, fat, little Joe Sproul—had been removed.

Fae ordered drinks. The sun was warm and bright upon the short-cropped grass and warm flagstones. Someone opened a gaily striped umbrella. The green vines hung heavy and languid in the heat. Carlos came out of the house and sat down in a bright-cushioned chair and sighed heavily. Linda said, "But it doesn't make sense, Carlos. That inquiry was like—like a stage inquiry. Did you really make them see that the Nazis are trying to find me? The message in the cachet proves it! *Sproul*—"

Carlos said quietly, "I told Señor Mendeno the whole story. You see, my dear, if Sproul was an enemy agent then, his murderer might conceivably have been"—he shrugged lightly—"a friend of ours, protecting himself; this is wartime. Yet murder is murder and must be so considered. On the other hand, Sproul might have been murdered by a Nazi—all this, that is, if your feeling about it is correct. It is also possible that his murder has nothing whatever to do with your affairs, Linda, or the war. You see? He shrugged again and added suddenly: "There was nothing in his pockets to prove his identity. The police think the murderer removed any cards or papers."



COLLIER'S "Well, it's about time!" VIRGIL PARTCH

There was a blank silence. Then Linda said sharply, "But what are they going to *do?*"

Carlos replied, "Everything that is necessary."

It reminded Monica of the handkerchief; she'd better make sure the police had not found it. She got up, went into the house and to her room. The handkerchief was still there. She was looking at it when John called her name and as she replied entered the room.

"It's still there. Good. Leave it; I'm going to talk to Gibbs about it. But first—Bill Fiske just now phoned."

"Bill!"

"He's here. In Mexico City. He's at the airport. We're going to meet him."

They went downstairs, quietly, together.

The one portion of the Demuth villa which the patio did not command was the front door and drive and the thick, glossy banks of green which lined it. So thick was the encircling wall of the house and so dully insistent the distant sound of traffic from the public highway beyond the pink stucco wall around the entire place, that Monica, waiting at the steps for John to bring the car around, did not hear it until it rounded the curve of the drive from the garage and stopped. But as she moved to get into the car, Linda came rapidly out of the door.

"Monica, where are you going?" Her eyes flashed to John. "You, too."

John said, "Want something, Linda?"

"I haven't had a chance to talk to you, John." She had her hand on the car door.

John got out, on the other side, and walked around the car. "All right," he said. "What is it?"

Linda bit her lip. Her face, from being rather sulky, changed and became sad and lovely and sweet. She slid her arms up around John's neck, leaned her blond head against his shoulder and said in her sweet, high voice, "John, darling, I need you so."

JOHN'S face became blank and unreadable. After a second he put his arm around Linda's waist. He did not look at Monica. Linda said, "I'm so afraid of them. I know it isn't brave or courageous of me, but I'm so tired. I can't be brave and courageous any *longer.* John, it must have been an attack really aimed at me last night. I don't know who or what or—but they sent that cachet with a forged message to Monica in the hope she would know where I was and lead them to me. That's certain. And Monica *did* lead them straight to me."

"Monica didn't know that you were in Mexico City."

"I know, of course. But Sproul followed her. And we are both in danger from the Nazis. They'll try to get rid of you, too, John. Monica led them to us. Oh, I don't mean that she knew what she was doing; she wouldn't have done it if she'd known—the things we know, John. But—that cachet—and now murder."

She turned her face toward Monica: "That was why I stayed in France in the beginning. Because of John. I got into the underground movement in France, mainly because I knew he must be fighting in Poland and I wanted to do—well, what he was doing. It made me feel that I shared the only thing life had given us to share—work and danger and fighting for what we both thought was right. I tried to find him. Always. I never heard from him—"

"I wrote, you know," said John. "I wrote as often as I dared."

"I never got one letter, Monica! Not one. They were sent in care of Fae and were lost. I thought I'd never see him again. Yet always in my heart I knew we'd find each other. And we did. Didn't we, John?"

After a second or two, John said, "Yes, Linda."

The little group made hard, sharp shadows on the white driveway. From the patio there came the sound of a radio. Otherwise, the long, pink house, with its vines and its windows, seemed silent and empty and unobservant. Everyone else, in all probability, was in the patio listening to the news broadcast.

Linda said, "I had given up my work; I'd had to. I was exhausted—you are of no use when you reach a certain point of fatigue; you only endanger people working with you. I managed to get out—people do once in a while—and came to live with Fae and Carlos. And one day, only a week ago, John tele-

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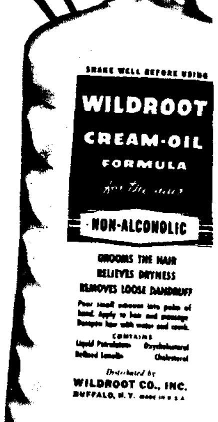

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phoned, just like that. And I was here! Think of it, Monica. After five years! You cannot imagine how I felt during that time—never knowing whether he was alive or dead, always trying to find out."

Can't I, thought Monica? She didn't dare speak just then; any word, any look, any tone of her voice would have given her away.

Linda put her face up against John's. "It's as if fate gave in at last. As if we'd earned our happy ending," she whispered.

John said very quietly, "We are going into town, Linda. Bill Fiske is here, at the airport. We're going to meet him."

Every line in Linda's body changed, and still she hadn't moved. It was as if wax, warm and yielding and melted, had all at once hardened and changed its substance.

"DO YOU want to go?" said John.

"No," said Linda after a pause. The loveliness was still in her voice. But when she moved from John, there was a curious stiffness about her movements. She said, "No, I don't want to go. I'll wait here." She walked a step or two toward the house, then she turned back to John, holding her arms up toward him.

Monica moved abruptly as John's dark head bent above Linda. She got blindly into the car; the sun was too hot; the light was too bright. She would not look at that embrace.

Moments passed, then she heard Linda call from the steps, "Don't be long—"

But as John got into the driver's seat, the door banged, and Gibbs came quickly out of the house. "Going someplace?" he called out.

He looked white and tired; probably none of them looked fresh after the night they'd had. John muttered something and Gibbs walked to the car.

"If it is to town, can I go along?" he said, and got into the back seat. "I want to get away from the house for a while. Whole business is getting on my nerves."

"I didn't know you had any nerves," said John rather wearily and started the car.

The sun shone brightly on its hood and on the glossy green of the thickly massed shrubbery along the short, winding driveway. They reached the huge, arched gates, set in the pink wall, and they were wide open.

"No police on guard," said Gibbs, as they turned onto the public highway.

"Did it strike you there would be?" asked John.

There was an instant's pause. Then Gibbs said, "Oh, see here, John. What is it all about? I've got eyes. Carlos manipulated the whole inquiry. Mendeno wasn't Carlos' influential friend, who could use his influence to spare the Demuths and the rest of us a lot of public trouble—maybe arrest and all the rest of it. It was just turned around; Carlos is Mendeno's influential friend. Carlos directed the whole damn' thing—through Mendeno."

"Maybe," said John after a moment.

"Maybe, my eye! Who exactly is Carlos?"

"Well, he's Carlos Demuth. Mexican. Rich."

"Is that all you know about him?"

"Just about. If he chooses to use his influence to make this Sproul business easier for all of us, that's all right."

"You don't do things that way," said Gibbs rather heavily. "Murder is murder. Mexico has laws the same as we do. Where did Fae and Carlos meet?" It was an abrupt change of tack.

JOHN said, "He was on the Riviera that last summer. Rich as anything; spending a lot of money, but spending it—you know—all right. Not throwing it around. He's got taste and dignity. He's a nice guy. Smart as anything. Educated no end. Suave and polished and—"

"Do you trust him?" said Gibbs.

"That's a funny thing to say."

"Well, but do you?"

"I have no reason not to."

"How long have you been staying at his house, John?"

"About a week. Since I got here."

"How did you happen to go there?"

There was a slight pause before John replied: "Well—it's a long story. I arrived in Mexico, intending to get into the United States if I could; if not, see to some business there."

"You mean some money, John? Isn't that it?"

John edged around a streetcar, a pushcart laden with bright flowers, blazing beautifully under the Mexican sun, and avoided a street peddler with a fifteen-foot pole laden with baskets.

Gibbs said, "Don't answer if you don't want to. But I always thought you got to Poland somehow and got into the fight, maybe before Warsaw fell. Since then I didn't know; I thought of everything from a concentration camp to a coffin."

"It wouldn't have been a coffin," said John. It wasn't bitter; it was just a plain statement of fact, but was nevertheless one of those small, terribly revealing phrases which bring the war very near.

Monica put her hand on his knee; he was there, John, alive, beside her.

Gibbs said quietly, "I thought you might have joined some guerrilla band."

"Did you?" said John after a moment. He took his hand from the wheel and put it briefly over Monica's as if he knew what she felt; as if he wanted to tell her that sometime, sometime all would be well.

It wouldn't be. He'd go back.

Gibbs said, "I suppose there are always ways—troublesome, undercover ways, to translate money into—arms, food, clothes, munitions. I don't know. I wouldn't know how or where. But that's, I suppose, why you came. I won't ask you how you got here; there are ways. Money again, I suppose. They say Nazi officials everywhere are very venal."

"Right," said John.

He paused to negotiate a corner already occupied by two streetcars, one bus, assorted automobiles, a woman pushing two baby carriages and a brown little boy chasing a dog, and then went on: "What do you think about this thing last night?"

"Well," said Gibbs slowly, "Sproul was on the plane; turned up at the place last night. The only obvious conclusion is that he was either following Monica in the hope that she'd lead him to you, or following me for the same purpose." He was lighting a cigarette; Monica heard the small sputter of a match and the way his words blurred as he held the cigarette tightly in his lips.

"I found your handkerchief," said John suddenly. "It's got bloodstains on it. Why did you kill him, Gibbs?"

There was a short pause; then Gibbs laughed. "You've been living in violence, John. You expect violence everywhere. What do you mean, my handkerchief?"

"It's an Army handkerchief, regulation. None of the rest of us is likely to be carryin one like it; I had none; it's not exactly feminine trifle; and Carlos wouldn't be foun dead with anything but the finest, whites linen. Oh, it's yours."

"So you think I killed Sproul," said Gibb and laughed loudly again. "Why?"

"That's what I'm asking you," said Joh "Maybe he deserved it; I don't know. I onl want to know what you know of him."

"Listen," said Gibbs. "There's obviousl something going on here I don't know anything about. And I don't know who Jo Sproul *was or why he came there. Look out* Wait a minute; I think I want to stop here.

Monica turned, and he was leaning forward, peering along the street, searching th signs of stores. His face brightened. "There' a place—I'll get out here. Pick me up at thi corner—how long will you be?"

"Not long." John stopped the car, an Gibbs got out. As he closed the door, J turned. "We're just going to the airpor pick up Bill Fiske. It'll be about twent minutes, maybe longer. Okay?"

There was a suddenly startled, suddenl fixed and sharp expression on Gibbs' usuall phlegmatic face. He said, staring at John "Okay."

They left him standing there on the pavement, still with that startled look on his face

"He didn't deny the handkerchief," sai Monica slowly.

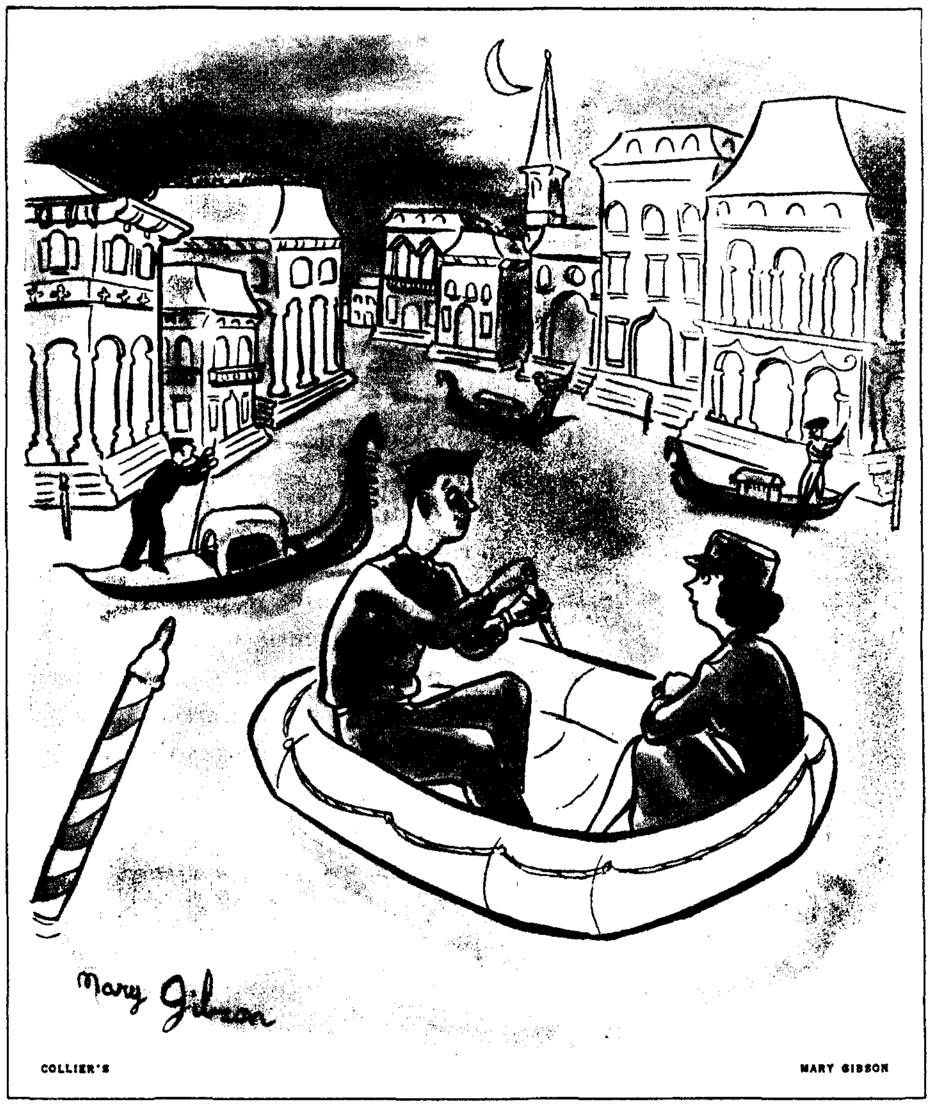
John said abruptly, "He didn't kill him.'

"But—that night in St. Louis."

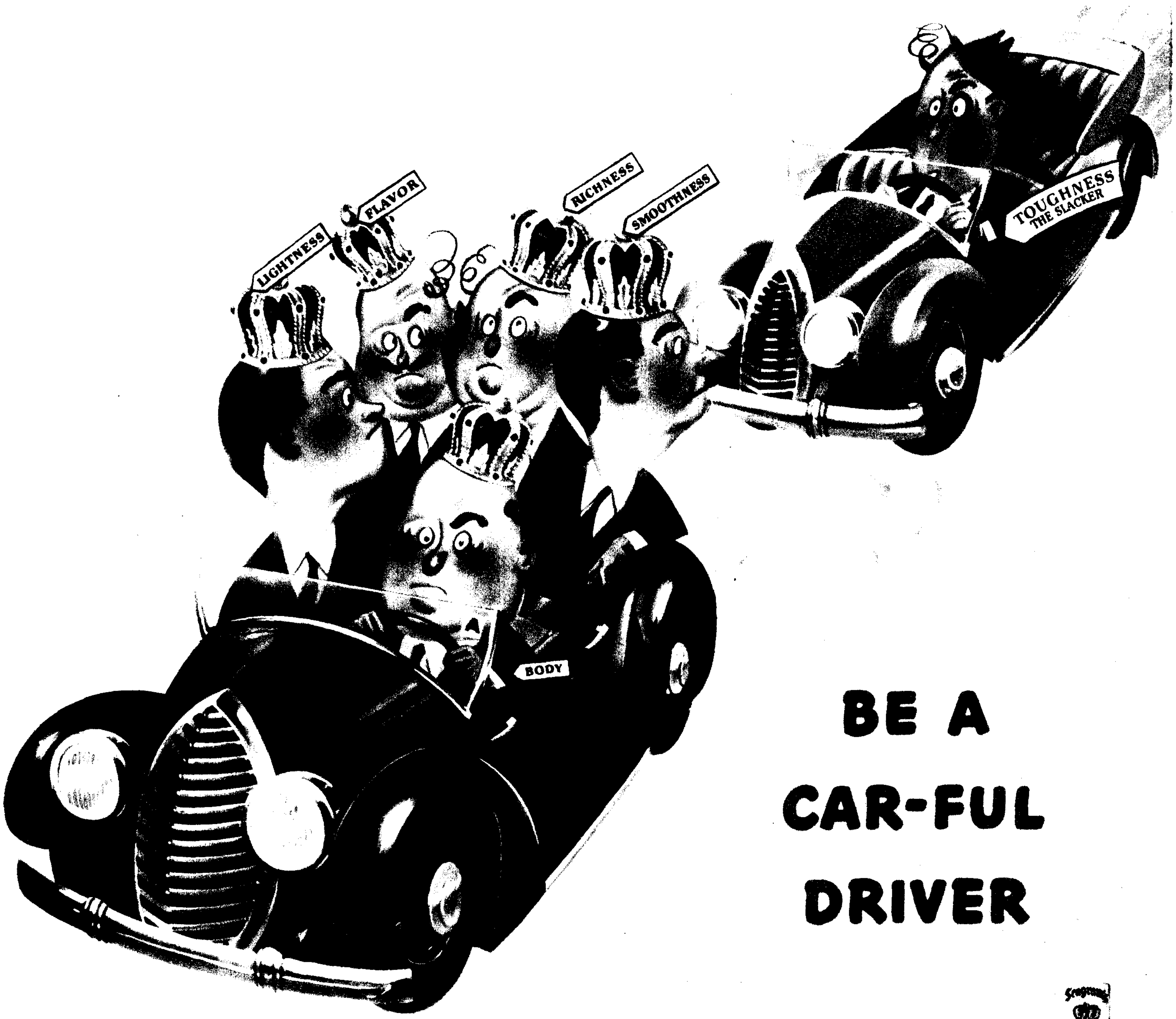
"I know. But you can't always let reaso be your guide. You can reason yourself int horrible, costly mistakes. You have to go b something else. I can't call it instinct." Joh was speaking very slowly and thoughtfully "I can't call it anything really unless it is kind of atavistic sense of danger. As if yo smelled it. As if you had tentacles tha reached out and sensed danger and sent warnings to you. I don't know what it is. I—well the thing I'm trying to say is: I trust Gibbs.'

THEY were almost through the crowde part of the city. The road stretched ahea toward the airport, which now they could se glittering in the strong sunlight. Cars passe them; a street peddler held up balloons; t smell of tamales came from a brazier ing along the roadside with an Indian woma squatting beside it, the sun hot on her black hair and bright shawl.

John said, "My whole organization may be



COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON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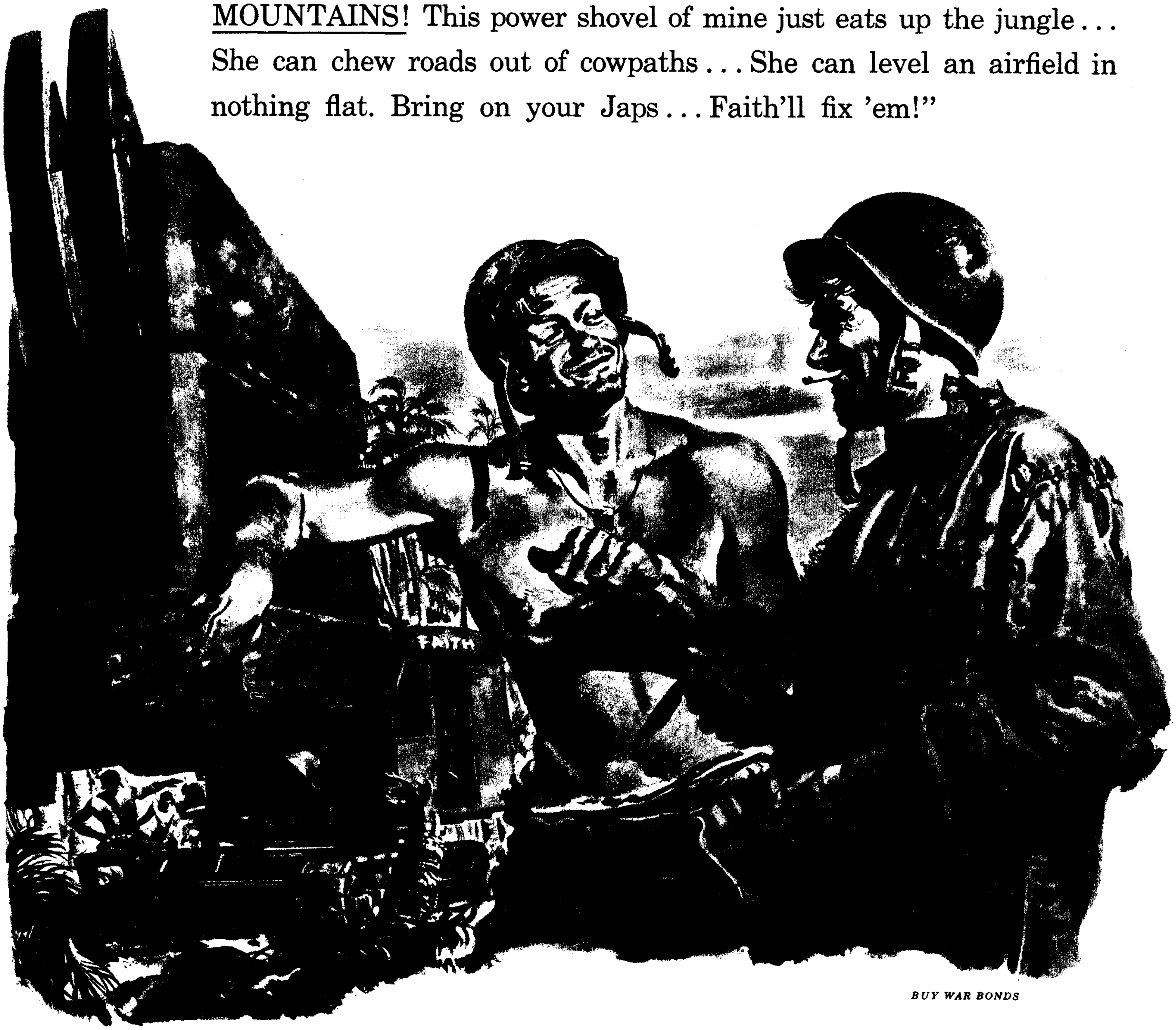

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DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS n danger. The thing now is to identify Sproul, and I've got to find out who knew of Paul—who killed *him*."

He swung into a parking space. He stopped, turned to her and, with his hands on the wheel, the sun blazing down upon the pavement and the car, a plane revving up oudly somewhere on the field, and the sound and motion of cars and people all around them, he looked for a long moment into her eyes. Then he said—unexpectedly, as if he didn't mean to say it, as if he hadn't known he was going to say it—"I love you so much, Mona; I guess I've always loved you. But I didn't know it till you got out of the plane yesterday and came running toward me with your arms out—" He seemed to hear his own words and stopped.

He looked deliberately away from her, out toward the field. His hands gripped the wheel hard. His face was suddenly remote and unreadable. He said, "I didn't mean to say that. I didn't know I was going to. It's true. I do love you. But I ought not to have told you. There's—it's no good, you see. There's—nothing I can do about it. I shouldn't have said anything." He took a long breath and said clearly, "Forget it."

THE sound of the plane away out on the field of the airport grew more regular, pulsing steadily with purpose and direction, and suddenly Monica could see the great silver plane taking wing, gleaming against the sky and in the sun. It was exactly as if she herself took wing, too; with sudden, pulsing strength, with purpose and clear direction. She put her hand on John's hand.

"Why?"

John was watching the plane, too, his eyes level and dark. "I ought not to have said it. It isn't fair to you. I don't know how you feel—"

Again strength pulsed through her, lifting her along its wave as steadily as the silver plane was lifting into the sun and sky. "Don't you, John?" she said, her hand tight on his. "Don't you?"

He looked at her again then. It was a long, deep and strangely revealing look, as if for that instant there were no secrets between them, no retreat into human fastnesses, no possible division ever.

"My darling—my darling," he said. "Yesterday when you got out of the plane, and I saw you running toward me, it was as if the whole world gave itself a shake, and everything in it, all the pain and horror, all the nightmare and ugliness fell away from it; as if all the confusion and chaos fell into place and everything was orderly and had a reason and motive and—and a truth about it. I'm not making sense. But that's what happened. You came right into my arms, and I never wanted to let you go. And I've got to."

The sun was bright, too bright, so there was a mist over everything. "Why must you let me go, John?"

"Oh, my darling," he said. "It's too late."

"Is it because of Linda?"

His face changed; it was a subtle, barely marked change, but the honesty of the past moment was gone. He said, "I can't let myself love you. I shouldn't have told you. I want you to forgive me. And you'll forget—"

Anger caught her; it was like a spur to the strength that had flooded her. "I won't forget. You can't make me forget. Whatever it is—"

Bill Fiske called out heartily, "There you are! Hi, John. This is great—"

He was at the side of the car, bag in one hand, a smile on his face, a rakish hat on one side of his distinguished-looking head, beaming with pleasure. "It's good to see you. And you Monica." He took John's hands; he nodded across at Monica; he tossed his bags into the rear of the car and got in. "How's everything?"

"Everything couldn't very well be much worse," said John, turning around in the seat to look at Bill.

The beaming expression gave way at once to the shrewd, thoughtful look Bill Fiske's handsome, civilized face could wear. His bright tie, his light tweed traveling suit, the topcoat on the seat beside him—everything about him looked like New York. Looked prosperous. Looked safe.

Monica said, "Uncle Bill, what have you done? What about Eric?"

Bill's eyes shifted to her: "Oh, so you told John about Eric?"

"Yes, of course—"

"Anyone else?"

"No, Uncle Bill. What happened?"

"Well." He hesitated. "The fact is that's not too good, either. That's why I came. You've got to stay here for a while, my dear." He looked at John. "Have the police here been notified? Are they trying to send her back to New York? Is that what you mean?"

A car near them started; a party of tourists laden with coats and baggage were shepherded into a limousine beside them; a plane roared from the field. John said, "No. Do the New York police want her—"

Bill said quickly, "See here, can't we get out of this infernal tumult and talk somewhere, quietly?"

"Okay." John reached for the starter. "We'll stop at a bar. Things have happened, Bill." He paused as a car edged ahead of them. Bill, leaning forward, asked over their shoulders, "What kind of things? What are you talking about? Anything serious?"

"Well, yes. I told you over the phone that we're staying at Linda's aunt's place. A man was murdered there last night."

"Murdered! Who?"

"Name was Sproul. Joe Sproul. Nobody seems to know him. The catch is, he was on the plane with Monica."

Bill said nothing, but knowing him so well Monica could see without looking the intent, calculating, reserved look his face always wore when he was confronted with surprise. John went on: "What about Eric Weller, Bill? I couldn't ask you over the phone. What did you do?"

There was a long moment before Bill replied; that, too, was like him; he always took time to survey a situation, measure it, map a course. He said, "I reported it, of course. Had to."

"To the police?"

"Well, no, as a matter of fact. I went to the F.B.I."

"The F.B.I.!" said John sharply. "Why did you do that?"

"I don't know why exactly," said Bill slowly. "It seemed to me a good move, that's all. For one thing, of course, I thought it would probably keep the thing out of the papers; and it did. They are investigating and have the police working on it, too, but there's been no newspaper publicity. So that's good."

"But did you suspect Eric Weller of being a Nazi?"

"I'm not sure what I suspect," said Bill. "But it struck me, thinking of it after I'd got Monica out of the way, that there was something a little phony about Weller. I didn't know him well, only through Monica. I couldn't say just what I didn't like about him. But it was enough to justify notifying the nearest F.B.I. office. I did and they took over at once. I said he'd been killed some time after Monica left, on a business trip for me. Said I had gone to her apartment to pick up some files she had left in her desk, and found Weller.

"I waited long enough to confuse the time issue; so they couldn't tell to the hour just when he'd really been killed. They did the usual things—photographs, fingerprints, all that. Made a lot of inquiries. They've been very decent about keeping the thing pretty quiet. It was murder, though, no doubt of that. The knife—" he hesitated and then went on: "I'd better tell it all. The knife was a kitchen knife; a small one; they think it came from the little kitchen in your apartment, Monica."

IT BROUGHT back to her, vividly, the picture of the small apartment: The chintz, the green rugs, the tall chair with Eric's coat and hat over it, and Eric. And a knife, and blotches of red. And suddenly something else; she turned to meet Bill's eyes. "The drawer was open! There's a little cabinet in the pantry with a drawer for silver. The drawer was open when I thought he was gone and went to make some coffee. It was open—Uncle Bill, *who* could have got in and killed him—"

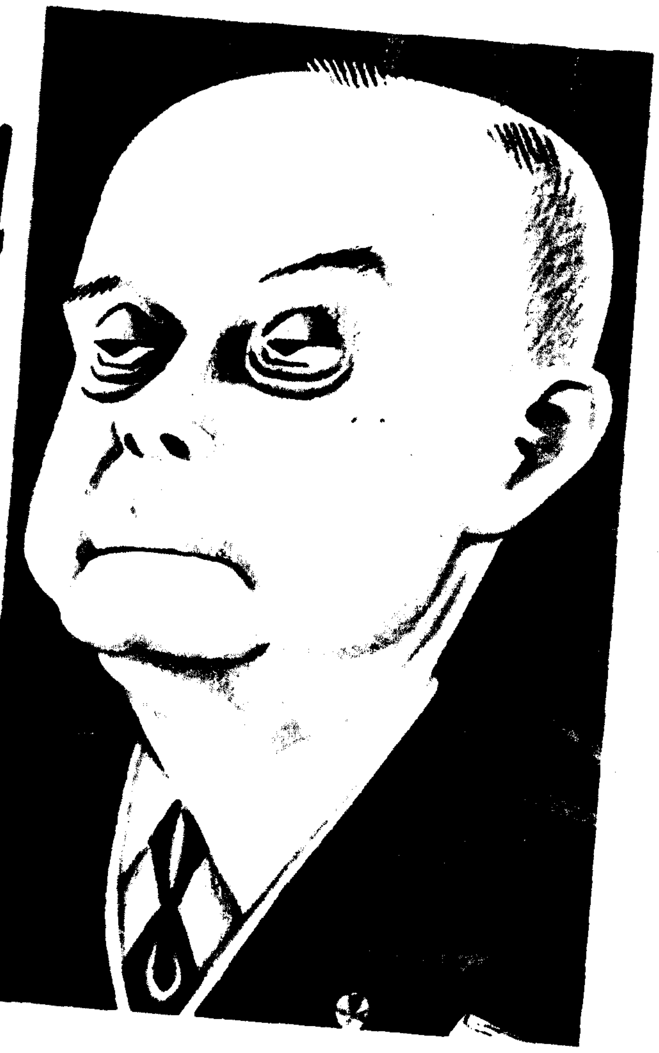
Bill said quickly, "Now, now, Monica. Don't get upset. I mean—well, you see you are in Mexico. There will be a question of extradition, all that. It'll take time. Meantime the real truth about Eric may come out. They're working on it and—"

"That's why you sent me here; I knew it," she cried.

"I sent you to bring John money. I told you that, then. Are you—what's wrong, John? Are you in a jam? Didn't you get the money?"

John said, "First, what about Eric? Have the F.B.I. uncovered anything?"

THE *Guilty*



DÖME SZTÓJAY

XLIX

HUNGARY'S quisling, raised to power in March by Hitler's invading armies, may call himself Döme Sztójay and proudly proclaim his Magyar blood, but there is a record that gives him the lie. His real name is Stojakovich and he was born in Yugoslavia. A mercenary, and descended from a long line of mercenaries, both his sword and his soul have been for sale from the day that he first carried arms. As early as 1933 he was a Nazi agent, and in 1935, the Regent, Admiral Horthy sent him to Berlin as minister, foolishly assuming that Stojakovich's friendship with the Fuehrer would prove helpful. Instead of that, Stojakovich plotted betrayal unceasingly, and the story of his treachery also tells the story of Hungary's unhappy progress from vassalage to utter subjugation.

The outbreak of war confronted Horthy with a painful choice. Either he could lead his small army against Germany's might, a hopeless struggle, or he could "collaborate," saving his country physically if not spiritually. He chose the latter course, and Count Paul Teleki, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, killed himself rather than join in the decision.

Under pressure from Stojakovich, Hitler's demands became more and more intolerable. Hungarian troops were driven to the Russian front, and as fast as they were slaughtered, more divisions were requested. Foodstuffs were requisitioned in larger and still larger amounts, Stojakovich figuring that starvation would force the people into revolt against the Regent, opening the way for his own climb to power.

In one thing only did Admiral Horthy stand firm. He refused to fill his land with torture chambers and concentration camps, and effectually suppressed every Nazi drive against liberals and Jews. In the whole of Europe, Hungary was the single island of safety for those that Himmler hunted in every country. This tolerance was Stojakovich's opportunity. Day in and day out, he dinned it into Hitler's eager ears that the New Order was being mocked and shamed by the spectacle of "Jews and democrats" enjoying rights and even privileges such as life and liberty. Had Austria not been cleaned of its "vermin"? Then why not Hungary? As a result, Admiral Horthy received an order in January for the surrender of 25,000 Jews each month until no more were left. Handed over to the Gestapo, they would be taken to Poland for the proper and necessary treatment.

Whatever the Regent's past weaknesses, he now showed strength, rejecting the order instantly and angrily. Smoothly enough, the Fuehrer asked for a conference to discuss the matter, and on March 18th the Regent crossed the border on his way to Berchtesgaden. Contrary to published reports, he never saw Hitler, nor was there any interview marked by raised voices and table thumping.

In the early morning of the 19th, German troops poured into Hungary, and thousands of paratroopers dropped from the skies. As in Norway and Denmark, scores of innocent-appearing barges on the Danube suddenly disgorged soldiers and machine guns. By sunrise, every railroad center, bridge, airfield, arsenal and radio station was in German hands. Here and there, Hungarian troops offered a disorganized resistance, while others fled into Yugoslavia, but for the most part, a nation sat stunned.

Stojakovich marched into Budapest with the conquerors, but for a while it looked as if he would be denied reward for treachery. Bela Imredy, a former premier and a violent Nazi, was offered the job of quisling, but there was enough decency left in his rotted soul to make him turn it down. Without other choice, the Fuehrer then named Stojakovich and elevated him to the rank of Field Marshal, giving him the same autocratic powers possessed by Hans Frank in Poland, Terboven in Norway, and Seyss-Inquart in Holland.

What happened to Admiral Horthy was not told, and whether he is dead or in prison remains a mystery.

Stojakovich rules today behind a wall of secrecy, but word leaking out through Yugoslavia and Italy reveals that he has lost no time in putting the New Order into full effect. Concentration camps have been established in every district, and until he can develop local talent, Gestapo men have been borrowed from Austria and Czechoslovakia. The Parliament has been dissolved, and any public leaders suspected of anti-Nazi sympathies have disappeared. Jews are either being killed outright, or loaded into trains by the thousands for deportation to Poland. In accordance with Gestapo habit, the records of cities, towns and villages are being searched, and it is Stojakovich's boast that no man or woman with a drop of Jewish blood will be left alive. Estates, factories, stores and all sorts of property are confiscated, and the farmers of Hungary, put under the quota system, slave on starvation rations to produce food for the Master Race. Even the consolation of music is denied the Magyars, for all national airs are banned, particularly the famous Rakoczi March, its first line reading, "God of the Hungarians, destroy the German armies." . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

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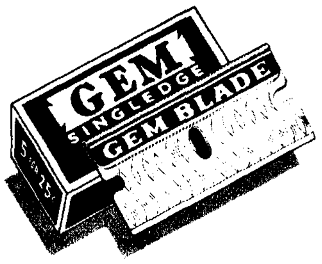

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by

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

"If they have I don't know it. But these things take time."

"They must have asked you why you sent for them and not the police."

"Oh, naturally. I told them the simple truth—that I was about to send for the police when it occurred to me that I had had a queer kind of impression of phoniness about Weller. Nothing really I could put my finger on. But since I had it, in times like these, I thought it better to be on the safe side. I told them all I knew of him—little enough. The only thing I ducked was bringing Monica into the thing. Up to now she's out of it; eventually, I suppose, we'll have to tell the whole thing. But by the time that is necessary I hope they'll have got at the truth." He sighed. "I don't know whether I've done right or wrong, but that's what I've done."

"What about this elevator boy? Pinky? You told me he was making trouble."

"Well, I think I've fixed him for the time being. He saw Eric and Monica arrive together when they came from the Stork Club; he took them up to her apartment in the elevator. And then he came in (the door was unlatched apparently) just as—well, Eric was being offensive and Monica slapped him and Pinky saw it. It was harmless enough; but naturally the first thing they did was to round up the elevator boys. I got to Pinky first; in fact I did it before I reported the murder. Worked on his sympathies; he likes you, Monica. I got him to promise to keep his mouth shut about the whole thing. It worked till he got to thinking and, I regret to say, turned a little mean. I've—as I say—fixed him so far."

"Paid him off," said John.

"Nothing else to do. It may not work for long; he's not really a bad kid; I'm only afraid he's too good." Bill sighed again. "I'd feel better if I could count on his not having a conscience. However, he's all right for the time being. We'll keep Monica here as long as possible; time will help. The F.B.I. or the police may turn up something about Eric's past, probably his murderer, at any moment. We're ahead with every hour that passes. So —now then, what about you, John? And what about this man Sproul? You say he was on the plane. Who was he?"

"Nobody knows who he was. The police are working on it."

"You said over the phone that there were only a few people staying at the house—you and Monica, Gibbs Brooke, Linda's aunt and her husband. Quite a gathering," said Bill. "Must seem queer after all this time to get together again. But I don't think any of those people are likely to have murdered anybody. Certainly none of them could have murdered Weller. Except Gibbs. I mean, you did say over the phone that he came on the plane with Monica, didn't you? So he could have been in New York the night Weller was killed and I take it none of the others could have been. I don't know this Carlos fellow. What's he like?"

"He couldn't have murdered Eric Weller. He was here in Mexico City the night Weller was killed."

"Oh," said Bill. "Well—there's almost got to be some connection. Look here, you two. You were both on the Riviera just before the war began. Could there possibly be something dating back to that summer? Something you happened onto; something you overheard; something you saw; something that was told to you; something you've forgotten? Something you don't know you know? Something that threatens somebody?"

"I'll stop here," said John. "There's a parking place and the Ritz bar is around the corner."

Something you don't know you know, thought Monica, her white pumps keeping a short pace with the two men. Something you overheard; something you saw.

The argument against it was the disappearance of Paul Stanislawsky—he had been in no way connected with that.

THE sun was warm on her bare, brown head; she was glad when they reached the bar and settled down around a table, in a corner, with tall, cool glasses in front of them.

"It's late," said John. "We'd better have a quick lunch here." He ordered it swiftly. "Gibbs will have to wait," he added. "We'll pick him up later." He lighted Monica's cigarette and Bill's.

The little flame touched Bill's arrogant nose, his clipped mustache, his high cheekbones, his lined, shrewd, intelligent face, with points of light. He leaned back and looked appraisingly at John. "You're thinner, my boy."

John held the light to his own cigarette. As so often with him now, there was about him a quality of listening—in case alien footsteps drew near; of waiting—to test the significance of a question and its answer.

Bill said, "You weren't wounded?"

"Once," said John. "In the leg."

"Gunshot? Shrapnel?"

John suddenly grinned. "Matter of fact, I got too close to my own grenade. Handmade. Good stuff, too. Bill—" The grin that for a moment made his face youthful and gay and as Monica remembered it vanished again. He leaned forward, glancing swiftly at the near-by tables. Even at that hour, the Ritz bar, with its cheery red tones, its great vases of bright flowers, was full of people. His eyes, narrowed and intent, returned to Bill. He said, low: "I had to see you, Bill. That's why I wrote."

"I know. It's another reason why I came. I thought you were in a hole; I didn't know just how long the business about Eric Weller would hold me up. I wanted to get Monica out of the way; but I also thought I'd better send her to you with some money. What is it, really, John? More money?"

"Bill—" John's lips were barely moving. "Did a man by the name of Stanislawsky ever reach you? Paul Stanislawsky?"

"Stanislawsky! Of course. Nearly three months ago. What do you mean? Didn't he

—why, John, I gave him the money! I was assured of his credentials. He had that letter from you, asking me to give him money. So I did. I was sure he was all right. He never returned to Poland—is that it?"

John nodded.

Monica cried, "Uncle Bill, why didn't you tell me you'd heard from John? Why—"

He put his hand over hers. "There now, Monica. I couldn't tell anyone. And especially I couldn't tell you and let you think John was alive and all right, when any day we might have heard that he'd been killed, and you'd have all that—over again."

He knew, of course, how she'd felt about John; he knew and had felt sorry for her; yet she thought rather bitterly that he ought to have told her, nevertheless. Just the knowledge that John was alive would have been something. Men instinctively try to save women's feelings, when, sometimes, women would rather not be saved.

The waiter brought their lunch—cold sandwiches and hot coffee. John waited until he'd gone; then he said, his voice low against the murmur of other voices and the light clatter of ice and glass, "Tell me everything, Bill. Had Paul had any trouble? Did he tell you anything at all that sounded as if he were in danger?"

"There's not much to tell. He talked very little. Let me think, though." He drank and put down his glass reflectively, his keen eyes alone betraying his anxiety. "He phoned first; told me he'd been sent to me by you, for money; said he had proper credentials and asked me to have the money ready. Said he'd get in touch with me later but asked me to be ready for him. Said if I were not then satisfied with his credentials, I needn't give him the money. It was all very simple; he was smart and cagey. Told me enough to make me believe he was okay and that he actually was your emissary. I did what he told me to do; it took a few days to liquidate some stock; he turned up one night, unannounced. I was alone; he showed me your letters; I liked his looks, and everything he said held water. I didn't doubt him."

"You are sure it was Paul?" said John suddenly.

Bill's eyebrows jerked upward. After a second or two, he said, "No. Not now."

"What'd he look like?"

"Dark fellow; rather stocky. I can't remember anything special about him. We didn't talk long. I was sure then, John, though."

"Sounds like Paul," said John. He looked for a long moment into his glass and then said very quietly, "How much money did he take?"

"John—if he didn't turn up, and I take it he didn't—" Bill broke off, his face worried.

"Go on. I'm not cleaned out, am I?"

"No. There's still some. But he—took a lot, John. You said to give him—"

"I know. How much?"

"I—I'm sorry, John. I thought it was all right. I asked him how he was going to safeguard himself. He didn't want to talk; but that very thing made me feel better about him. He—I gave him, roughly, two hundred thousand, John. I—it was this way; I sold—"

"It's okay, Bill." John's face had a gray look. He put out his cigarette too carefully, tamping it down until every tiny spark was extinguished. "It's okay, Bill," he said again, meeting Bill's anxious eyes. "Now, then. How soon can you get me some more money? There still is some—isn't there?"

"Yes. You're going back?"

"When I can get more money."

"Are you going to try to find Stanislawsky?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think happened to him?"

"I think he was traced by German agents. Somewhere along the line, they got him—and the money. Bill—did Eric Weller have any way of finding out about Stanislawsky?"

"None. I didn't tell anyone about him, naturally. And if I'd told anyone it wouldn't have been Eric Weller. You didn't tell the police here anything about Eric?"

"No. It seemed to me a bad move. It tied up too closely to Monica."

"You were very smart to take that line, John," Bill said. "It is sheerly a matter of protecting Monica. What about Linda? Why did she send you the message, Monica?"

"She says she didn't," said Monica, and told him Linda's story.

Bill's shrewd eyes narrowed again. "Who did then? How'd she get here?"

John told him briefly.

"So she worked for the underground," said Bill soberly. "Well—that might explain the message. If some Nazi agent were trying to find her, knew somehow that she'd left France and assumed that Monica might know something of her whereabouts—" He looked at John. "You and Linda married yet?"

"No."

"Hi," said Gibbs from the door. His face was flushed, as if he'd been a long time in the sun. He waved at Bill. "I thought I saw you come in here. Hello, Bill. It's been years since I've seen you."

IT ENDED their talk, although Gibbs sat down and, saying it was too hot to eat, had coffee with them while John went to the telephone and talked to Fae and came back saying that Bill was invited to stay at the villa.

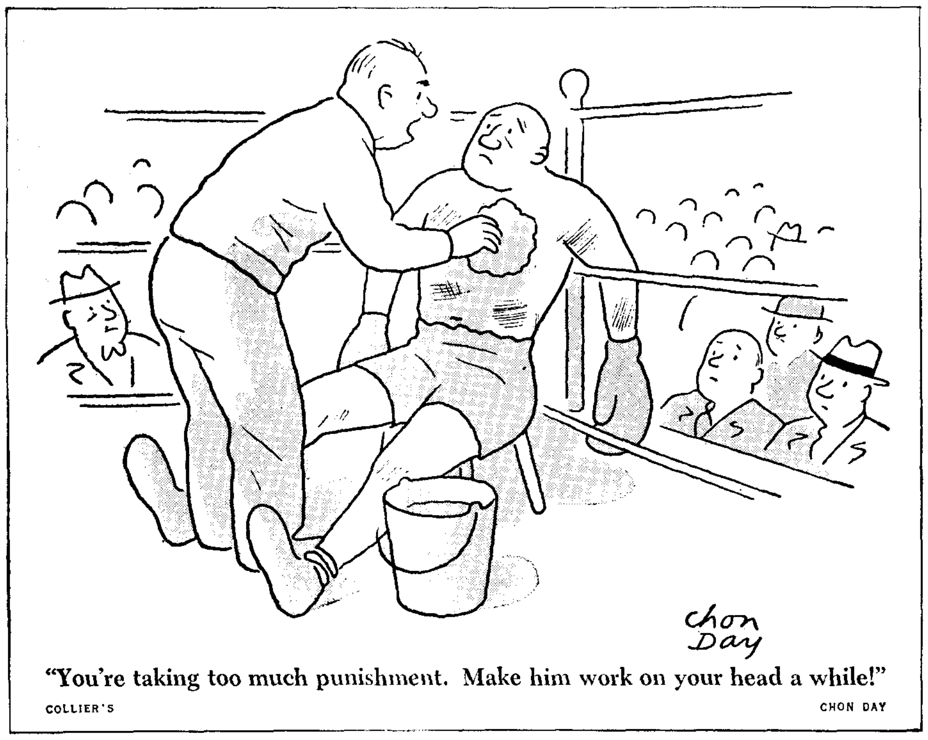
Bill Fiske didn't demur; he was always practical, always sensible. On the way out to the car, Gibbs said, "I've got a package to pick up down the street. Can you hold everything for a second?"

He returned in a few minutes with a large square package done up in corrugated paper—heavy, by the way he carried it—and dropped it into the back of the car.

"What did you buy?" asked John. "Books?"

Gibbs smiled. "Sure. I'm learning to speak Spanish." He got into the back seat beside Bill. Again there were the changing, never quiet, never dull, always fascinating street scenes of Mexico City.

Again for an instant, everything seemed normal and natural—strangers in a strange land being shown the sights. The impres-



"You're taking too much punishment. Make him work on your head a while!"

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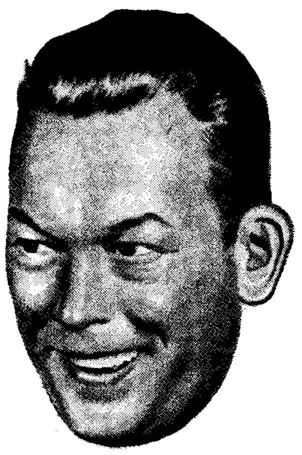

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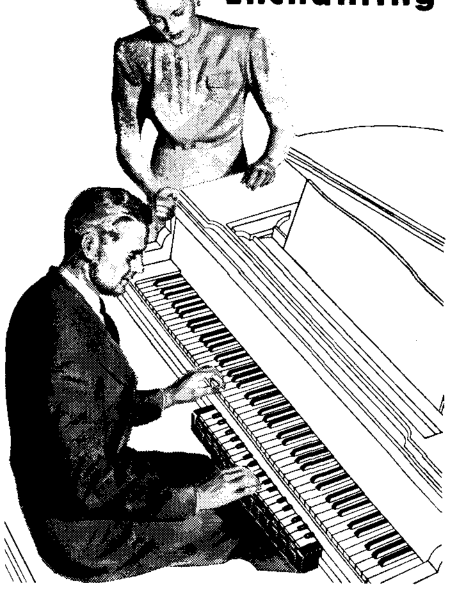

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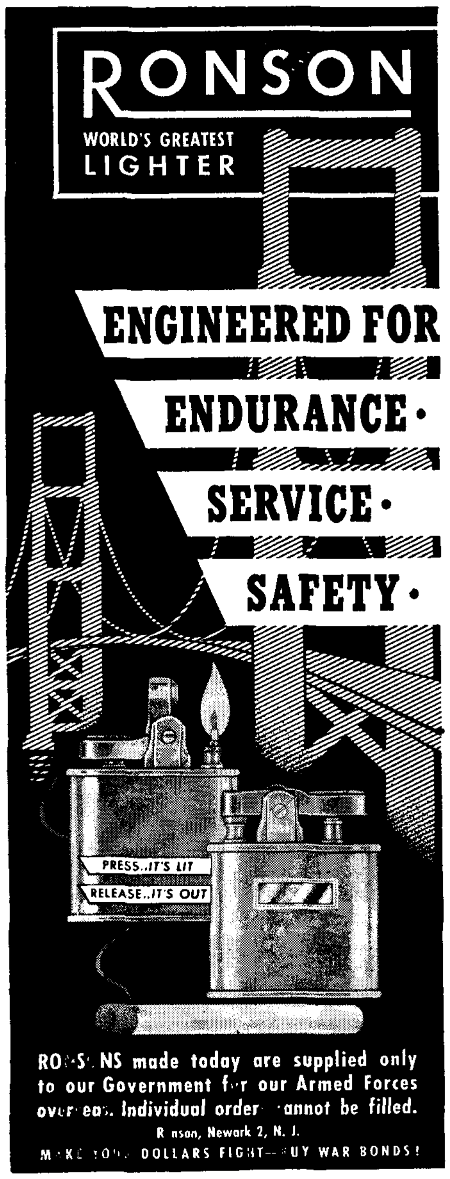

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sion underlined itself when Fae and Carlos met them hospitably at the door of the sprawling, gracious pink villa—welcomed Bill Fiske; saw that everyone was comfortable in the cool patio, and had drinks—and somehow saw that the talk was merely of known facts. It was difficult to believe, looking around the sun-and-shadowed loveliness of the patio that so ugly a thing had walked there the night before.

Linda was not there; she was sleeping, Fae said, and would come down later. But when Monica went to her room, Linda was there. The French doors were open, and Linda was sitting near them, smoking. The thought flashed through Monica's mind that Linda had stationed herself there in order to hear and see what went on in the patio below.

If so, she showed no self-consciousness about it; she put out her cigarette, her white fingers definite and strong. She said, lifting those active blue eyes to Monica, "I was waiting for you. Darling, I've been thinking that the time for John and me to marry has come. Tomorrow—no, that's Sunday—Monday, it would be nice to drive down to Cuernavaca and be married at the little church there. I want you to come, too." She smiled and leaned her head back against the cushions of her chair and said dreamily, "I had planned it that way, five years ago, when John and I first became engaged. You were always my best friend. It would be wonderful for you to be with us. I planned that summer on the Riviera to ask you to be my maid-of-honor when John and I were married." She sighed. "I never dreamed it would be like this. Hurried, secretive, in the shadow of danger. Will you go?"

THE strength that John's words had given her still sustained Monica like the great silver wings and beating heart of the airplane they had watched as they talked. It was as if a new woman, one possessed of courage to fight for her own, had been born in her during that short moment or two, in the blazing sun, with all the tumult and sounds around her. No romantic, moonlighted moment, nothing that had glamor; it had more than that, she thought swiftly; it was truth and reality and was her own. And something she had to fight for; something that meant her whole life would have meaning and reality—or it would be like a shadow passing aimlessly across a screen.

She sat down opposite Linda and reached for a cigarette. "Do you mean that you and John have talked this over and decided it?"

"Naturally. One doesn't plan a wedding alone."

"He didn't mention it to me, just now."

"Why should he? Darling, this is between John and me!"

Her assurance was convincing; more than anything, Monica remembered John's own words. Forget it, John had said. Yet that new woman with strength and courage and determination to fight for her own, said, "I'll go if John asks me to go, too."

She hadn't known she was going to say just that; the implication was unmistakable; it was a gauntlet thrown, a flat declaration of war.

Linda got to her feet and stood there, arms akimbo, face flushed, all pretense gone now. She said, "You still want John yourself. You've always been in love with John. You were in love with him when we went to France five years ago. But you didn't have the courage to do anything about it. It wouldn't have mattered if you had tried to do something about it, though, because I did take him away from you. Like that!" She lifted her white plump hand and snapped her fingers. "I took him away from you then and I've still got him and I'm going to keep him. I need him now; I'm in danger. He couldn't deny my claims even if he wanted to—as he doesn't. He's going to marry me."

"Is he?" Monica was about to say and bit back the small words for she suddenly saw herself and Linda squabbling like two little girls. She said instead: "There's no point to this, Linda. You'd better go."

Linda's whole fair face was suffused in angry color; she looked all at once curiously disheveled and blowzy; it was an odd effect, as if her emotion were a wind, sweeping away her usual look of almost phlegmatic composure. She went away, however, angrily, without saying any more. The scent of the heavy rose perfume she used lay like a cloud in the air. Monica went to the windows and pulled them wider open and took a long breath.

From where she stood, she could see a strip of the patio; she could hear the murmur of men's voices. Bill Fiske's voice said suddenly and clearly: "You should have some kind of report from the police soon, I suppose." Carlos replied: "By night, I fancy, Mr. Fiske. They work very swiftly on occasion."

The air was fresher in the room. She turned back into it. And suddenly she was caught by a wave of fatigue and lay down on the bed, and—thinking of John, thinking of the thing he had said to her—she fell asleep.

It was almost twilight when she awoke. She sat up, bewildered at first, her face warm with sleep, her skirt wrinkled.

She got up; walked out upon the tiny balcony. No one was in the patio. Everybody, probably, was changing for dinner.

A small lemon-colored star shone above the house—and John had told her he loved her.

It changed everything; the sky was beautiful, the star made a promise; the dark and ugly web of murder and death and hidden meanings was only a web to be broken, to be swept aside, to be fought through because love and life and everything that was good lay beyond it. She put out her hand involuntarily in a kind of small gesture of reciprocal agreement and promise to the star; smiled ruefully at her own childishness and went back into her room.

Hot water, the scent of lilac bath salts and soap and cologne; the familiar, everyday, small routine of dressing made everything seem for a few moments quite normal and safe. As if murder had not entered that gracious house only the night before. As if murder had not entered her own green and chintz apartment back in New York. She was putting on scarlet lipstick when she began to hear voices in the patio, and the faint clink of glasses.

She paused to scrutinize herself in the mirror; somehow that night it seemed important how she looked. She touched her hair, making sure the part was smooth and clear, the soft waves of hair smooth, back to the thick knot on her neck. She brushed up her dark eyelashes, she touched her ears and wrists with perfume; every small gesture in her woman's ritual seemed significant and purposeful. She wore again the long white dress, with her shoulders bare, and a scarlet fold which fell to the floor. Scarlet sandals went with it. She smiled a little at the girl in the mirror and went to the door.

She did not look down into the patio before leaving. She went instead directly into the hall and as she did so had a sudden impulse. She did not know whether or not John were in the patio; instead of turning toward the stairs she went along the hall to the right. His room must be along that corridor somewhere, she knew. Perhaps there would be a chance for a minute or two with John; there was so much to be said and so little time to say it.

But the bedroom doors were blank and uncommunicative, and she did not know which one led to John's room. She reached the end of the narrow corridor with its few, narrow windows overlooking the now dusky grounds at the front of the house on one side, and the wall, with its occasional dark, wood doors, on the other side. She must have passed two or three rooms before she reached the corner where the corridor turned right; she followed that for a minute or two.

Linda's room was there, she was sure, for she had seen Linda on her bedroom balcony and it was directly opposite Fae's room. No one came out of any of the doors; she met no one in the corridor; it appeared to end in a rather narrow and steep flight of steps going down, probably to somewhere in the kitchen wing. It was rather dark and shadowy with only an occasional light in a wrought-iron bracket along the wall. She turned and went slowly back along it.

SHE still saw no one; probably everyone was already in the patio. There was no way to discover John's room. She'd better go on downstairs.

It was as she thought that, that Linda began to talk.

Monica stopped involuntarily.

It was Linda—and yet it was not Linda.

The high, musical sound came clearly, yet eerily disembodied, from behind the dark door Monica was passing.

It was not Linda's room; it was the last door before the corridor turned again and passed Monica's room and then reached the stairs. John's room? Gibbs'? Bill Fiske's?

She put up her hand to knock. It was curious really how clear and high and sweet Linda's voice was, coming from behind that door, yet she heard no words. She could distinguish only the rise and fall of phrases. And no one replied or interrupted or seemed to try to do so, for Linda's voice went on and on and on, and suddenly Monica did not knock but turned and almost ran along the corridor toward her own door.

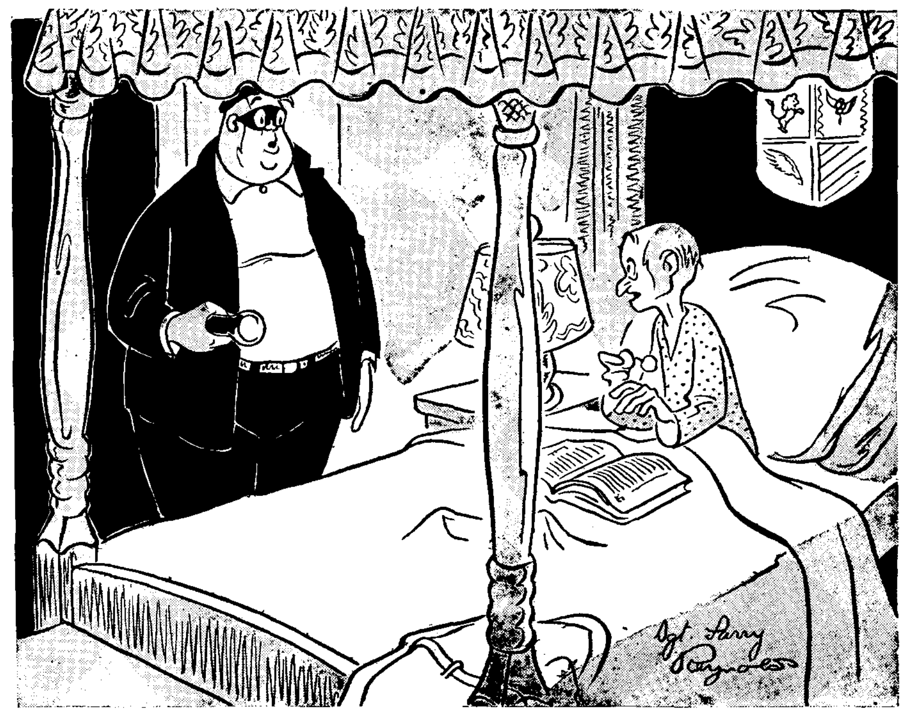
She stopped there. Her heart was pounding. Actually she had done only a bit of eavesdropping—not anything to be proud of and not very successful eavesdropping, if it came to that—but certainly there was nothing about it to make her heart pound like that and her breath came quickly—as if it had frightened her.

That was nonsense.

No one was in the hall and no one came around the corner beyond which lay the room where Linda talked. Yet for a queer, sharp instant it was as if someone, or something incredibly ugly and evil might come into view, outlined against the light in the iron bracket, creeping furtively along that narrow, red-tiled, half-lighted corridor.

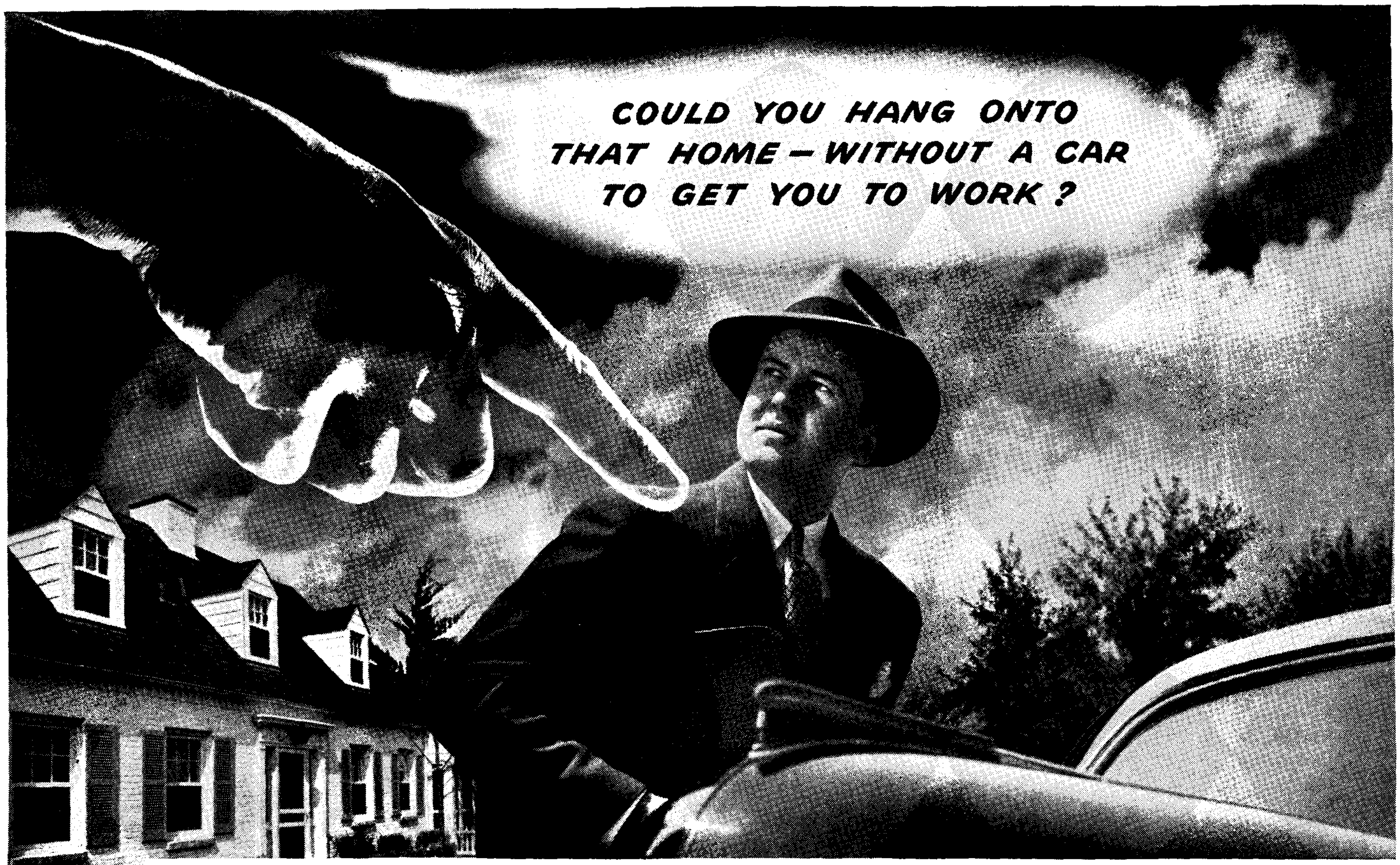
Nothing moved, of course. And at that distance she could not hear the high, sweet, metallic sound of Linda's voice. But she picked up her white skirt and ran to the

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

"How about comin' along while I ransack your house? These big, dark halls gimme th' creeps"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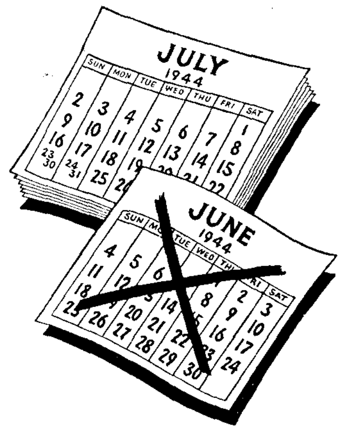

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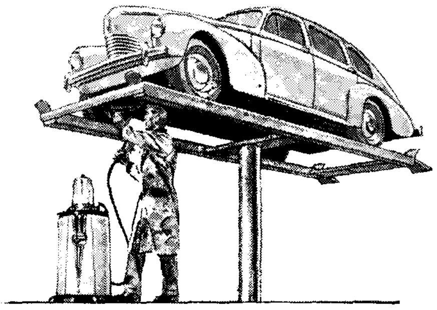

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stairway and down into the hall. The door was open into the patio. She stopped to smooth her hair and catch her breath and then walked out into the patio.

It was again rather frightening in a strange way to see Linda there.

John was there, too, and rose from a chair to meet her. Carlos was sitting at ease in a deep chair, a highball glass in his hand. Bill Fiske was there, standing beside Fae and smiling down at her. Everybody had glasses, she saw. And Linda's glass was half empty.

John's tall figure in its white dinner jacket blocked off her view of the patio, the candles shielded by glass, Fae's slender figure in its thin black chiffon, her charming, slender face and the great emerald on a chain at her throat.

John took her hands. The evening star was very bright now, over his shoulder, in the dark blue sky. Against the background of voices from the group gathered around the table, John said in a low voice, "I came to your room to talk to you. You were asleep. You looked about twelve. The way you looked when I first knew you. Remember? Uncle Bill took us to Rumpelmeyer's and gave us chocolate."

She hadn't remembered exactly that; her mind suddenly flashed back and showed her as through a casement, in a kind of segment, a boy laughing, with dark hair; a girl in a blue velvet coat with a round ermine collar; Uncle Bill looking very much as he did now, his eyes shrewd and remote but smiling, ordering whipped cream on the chocolate.

"It was spring," she said. "Uncle Bill bought violets on the street corner."

"I pinned them on your coat," said John. "We'd been to see the Golden Cockerel. It was your first ballet, and your eyes were like stars."

LINDA came up beside them. Her glass was in one hand; she slid the other through John's arm and smiled at Monica and her eyes were bright and hard and determined. "Come, darlings," she said. "Fae is trying to get us in to dinner."

They dined inside the house; in a long, low-ceilinged room around a narrow, long Spanish table, with chairs that had high backs, carved like miniature thrones, each of them. Fae, at the end, looked lovely, her emerald sparkling in the light from the great candelabra. Gibbs came down the stairs as they moved through the hall and joined them.

Was it Gibbs then, thought Monica, quickly, who had been talking to Linda? Or, rather, listening to Linda? But then how had Linda got to the patio so swiftly? Linda with her half-empty glass on the table beside her, and her look of composure as if she had been sitting there without moving for some time!

Carlos at the head of the table was a charming, gracious host. Uncle Bill met the façade of graciousness, of small talk, of smiling courtesy presented by Fae and Carlos, with equal poise. Linda alone was sulky; saying little; drinking rather freely of the red wine. She wore pink again, with knots of ribbon and blue silk roses at the deep V at her breast. She didn't say much but, again, under those white eyelids, Linda's eyes kept up a kind of secret, bright activity of their own.

The talk was of travel, mainly, and of Mexico City. It might have been any dinner table, anywhere. But as they went out into the patio again and had coffee by candlelight, with the stars now bright above them in the night sky and the air cool, and the shadows of the candles wavering lightly across the thick clumps of shrubbery and the dark banners of vines around the walls, a messenger arrived to speak to Carlos.

He went away carrying his coffee cup in his hand. He was gone for rather a long time; Monica was suddenly sure that all of them—Linda sitting in the chaise longue in her pink dress, Gibbs standing at the edge of the pool of light, his coffee cup in his hand, his uniform making him look very big and erect, John and Bill beside Fae, replying to her light talk—everybody in the patio was listening for Carlos' return.

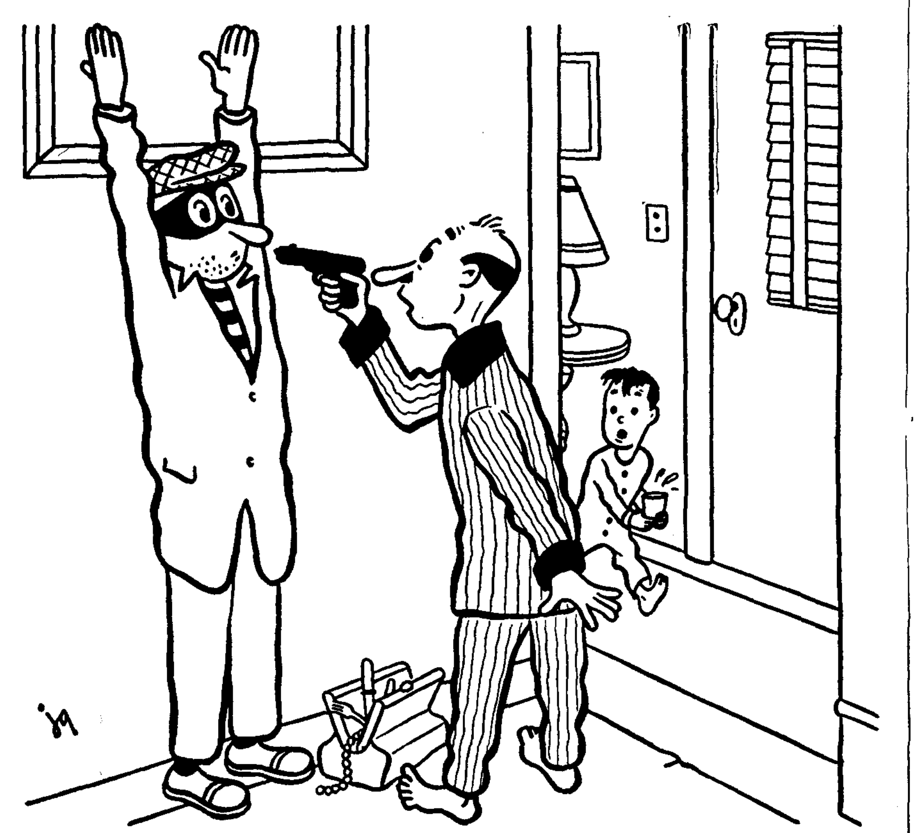
He came at last. Señor Mendeno was with him. Carlos' swarthy face was very grave. His dark eyes went first to Fae and he followed his glance, and standing beside her put down his coffee cup and put one hand upon his wife's shoulder. "You all know Señor Mendeno," he said. "Oh, Ramos—I believe you've not met Mr. Fiske. Mr. Fiske, this is my friend Señor Mendeno."

There was a flash of something like recognition in Señor Mendeno's face; he bowed.

Carlos said, "I like frankness. I'd better be frank and—thereby permit explanations. Mr. Fiske"—he turned his large body toward Bill Fiske—"Mr. Fiske, you did arrive by plane this morning, did you not? No, wait." Carlos put up a quick hand on which a ruby glimmered. "I said I wished to be frank. I'd better tell you then that our police find that you actually arrived here early yesterday morning. I wonder," said Carlos silkily, "if you would mind talking to Señor Mendeno. The police wish to question you, but Señor Mendeno and I thought it would be pleasanter if you tell him, first, anything you can tell him."

There was complete, utter silence; a light breeze from somewhere touched the candles; the flames swayed lightly, and the points of light on Bill Fiske's high cheekbones and shrewd, narrowed eyes moved slightly, too. For an instant, he did not speak, but only looked thoughtfully at Carlos.

And then Linda sprang up from her chair. Both hands were at her breast with its knot



COLLIER'S "Here's the water for the pistol, Daddy" JAMES GIBSON of pink ribbons and blue silk roses; her face was very white in the wavering lights; she cried, "If you mean the police think he came here and murdered that man last night, you are wrong. I know who killed him."

"Linda!" cried someone sharply—a man's voice, John's.

Gibbs put his coffee cup down, slowly, eyes on Linda.

Carlos said, "What do you mean, Linda?"

Linda's eyes slid quickly around the circle of faces. She said, "I saw it. I wasn't going to tell if I—but I saw it. I was on my balcony. Gibbs did it. Gibbs Brooke."

"No!" cried Fae, and stopped sharply, as if Carlos' hand had pressed her shoulder.

John said, "Linda, be careful! This is murder—"

Gibbs interrupted. "It's all right, John," he said wearily, and came forward to stand beside the lighted table. The candles flared up at him. He looked very pale and very tired. "It's all right. She was here. I didn't know it was Linda, but—" He paused, straightened up as if with an effort and looked straight into Carlos' dark, lambent eyes. "Suppose I did kill him—what do we do about it?"

Linda cried, "I hate to do this, but I have to tell the truth, the whole truth, I mean. Ask Monica why he was murdered. Ask Monica why she hid Gibbs' handkerchief." Her bright eyes went to John. "But then she'll not tell you the truth. She'll not tell you why she and Gibbs came here together, pretending it was only accident that they met. She'll not tell you why Sproul followed them here and why they killed him," said Linda watching John, her head and eyes and voice triumphant, her hands at the knot of ribbon and blue silk roses at her breast.

Gibbs said, "I killed him. It wasn't Monica. She had nothing to do with—" His voice broke off; he looked a little puzzled and caught at the table with one hand, swayed—and fell sideways across a chair and clung to that for another puzzled instant.

John sprang forward as Gibbs' eyes closed and he slid down on the flagstones, half against the bright-cushioned chair.

A night wind swooped upon the candles, the lights wavered and the shadows danced closer to the little group. John tried to support Gibbs, Carlos ran to them, and Bill helped John lift Gibbs onto the chaise longue.

Fae cried, "He's sick. He looked sick. I knew it—"

Other people were talking.

Fae said sharply to Monica, her eyes bright and imperative in the wavering lights, her chiffon dress swept by the sudden wind, "Get brandy. In there—in the kitchen. They'll tell you. Quick—" she gave Monica a little push toward the kitchen wing across the patio and ran toward the cluster around John. Linda stood still; Señor Mendeno stood very quietly, too, watching the eerie lights and shadows across his face making it long and sharp and rather cruel.

Monica ran toward the kitchen wing; her sandaled feet were light across the flagstones, the sudden night wind ruffled her hair; she reached the door toward which Fae had pointed. There were no lights beyond it; she opened it upon a short, narrow passage; a light and sounds of dishes were at the end of it.

SHE reached a pantry, very bright and white and glittering, with a houseman washing silver at the sink. He got her the brandy at once, his bright eyes gleaming with alertness and curiosity; she took the bottle and a glass which he gave her and hurried away from the small, brightly lighted pantry. The passage was darker, when she left the pantry. The only light in it came from the open door behind her; her own shadow ahead of her diminished and was lost in darkness. She stopped, bewildered. As she did so, the houseman—or the sudden wind—closed the pantry door with a bang.

Then she realized that the rectangle of light which ought to outline the patio door was not there—was not anywhere. There was nothing but sheer blackness around her.

Her hand felt the wall, and then the screened door. There were no lights at all in the patio. There were voices, an indistinguishable murmur; and she thought that the wind must have blown out all the candles. She opened the door.

As she stepped into the dark, cool night, she knew that something moved near her, and she flung out her hand. She began to scream—yet something happened; something was wrong. There was something tight and hard at her throat, so she couldn't scream; so no one could hear it, so the night rocked around her. Yet somewhere in that blank, black chaos, someone screamed; she knew that. Then the scream and the night, and the blackness faded into nothing.

(To be concluded next week)

Any Week

Continued from page 4

years—all in Kansas and Missouri—and none has even seen an ocean. They have a motto, too: Long Time No Sea.

GURNEY WILLIAMS, who is largely responsible for the best cartoons published in any magazine, has just returned to this office, fetching with him his niece. He also brought back with him her telegram sent from the inner recesses of Oregon when she was about to entrain for New York to visit Mr. Williams. "Will arrive in New York on the five o'clock train," she wired. "Please try to be down at the depot to meet me."

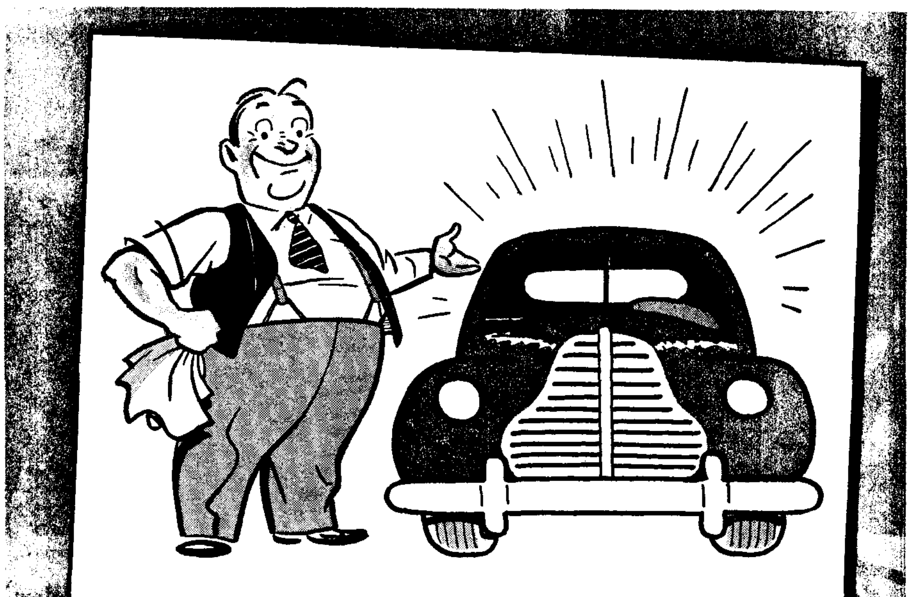
WHILE in New York, she will, of course, have a look at some of our more astonishing sights. We're commending a sign we recently saw over a doorway uptown: "Please Omit Sitting or Playing on These Steps."

BY THE time you've read this, it is hoped that the government will have done something about those allegedly subversive ladies and gentlemen now and then on trial in Washington. A lot of our customers are getting a bit confused. For example, a gentleman in Troy, New York, wants to know why the government doesn't turn the whole thing over to Mr. Billy Rose and make a decent show of it. And a lad who recently returned after twenty-seven sorties as a bomber's waist gunner suggests that they be turned over to the Army Air Forces. "We'd be very glad to drop them into Germany, where apparently they'd be much more at home."

AFTER that spirited beginning, we asked this waist-gunner kid whether he was annoyed by what our sterner orators and writers like to call the complacent and unaware attitude of us noncombatant folk here at home. "Lord, no!" said he. "We don't want you people to get excited or be any different at all. When it's all over, we want home to be like what it was when we left. Keep calm and pay the bills. We'll do the fighting." And Mr. J. S. Kimmel of Davenport, Iowa, too. "It is absurd to say that the public is complacent," says he. "I think it would be a big improvement if the government would start treating the American people as grown-up adults."

AND we have just heard of a lady who will vote for Mr. Roosevelt because, says she, "I for one just haven't the heart to turn a family out of its old homestead." This intelligence comes from Mrs. Irma Brodden of Boise, Idaho, who doesn't quite agree with the tradition-loving lady. "Let the Roosevelt family stay right where it is, provided they agree to let somebody else run things a while. After a family has lived this long in one place, they will have acquired so much junk that it is almost impossible to move. That's been my experience, anyhow."

WE KNOW nothing of the experience or talents of Miss Joan Ellis, the young English telegrapher who flashed forth the first false notice of the invasion. But the excitement was still high when our customers began to telephone. Which movie company, did we think, would be the first to star her in a picture? What dress manufacturer would be the quickest to turn out Joan Ellis gowns? Who would be in charge of her public appearances in America—the Army or the Navy? We tried to speak severely to these light-minded people, but fortunately remembered that America is full of Americans and were kind of glad. . . . W. D.



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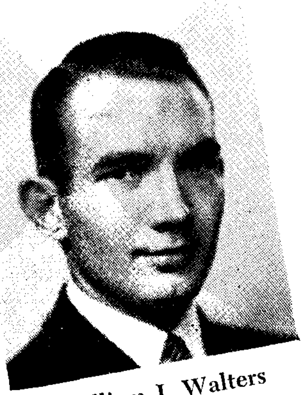
The Week's Work

The crew of the U. S. bomber Mr. Fala, named after President Roosevelt's dog. L. to r.: Sgt. Schneider, Idaho; Sgt. Vermillion, S. C.; Lt. Kahley, Iowa; Lt. Laurie, Kansas; Lt. Phillips, Mo.; Sgt. LaPrise, Mass.

THE good little soul of the President's dog Fala is invited to watch over the lives and fortunes of the crew of the U. S. bomber "Mr. Fala," now, presumably, engaged in the battle of Europe. The plane, shown above, was named after the Mr. Fala of Collier's cartoon series (p. 27), created by Artist Alan Foster. Because the gay little pup displays wisdom in so many directions, perhaps he also understands about winning battles.

Foster's series, now some two years old, is as popular with President Roosevelt as with the Fala bomber boys. The President requested the original sketch of a particular Mr. Fala. You may remember it, the one captioned "The President likes to sleep at the head of my bed." Foster sent it, along with several other originals, and received the President's thanks.

Clare Luce is another Mr. Fala fan, in spite of her anti-Roosevelt platform. She asked Foster for the original of the "Oh boy, I just kissed Congressman Luce" sketch, remarking, "Mr. Fala may be pro-Roosevelt, but I like him anyway."



William J. Walters

INTERNATIONAL

Joe Dearing

AUTHOR William J. Walters says that Sibi-Sibi, in his story of that title (p. 14) is a real person, whom he knew in his lumber camp days in the Philippines. How Walters came to be in the Philippines in the first place perhaps explains how he came to be the excellent writer of fiction he now is. After graduation from Rutgers University, this young man from New Brunswick, New Jersey, set out to see the world, lived for a time in monarchical Spain, where his chief enjoyments were bullfights, cafés and the siesta hour, and then, true to the pattern of all young adventurers, joined the crew of a tramp steamer and worked his way around the world, with a long stopover in the Philippines.

He worked for a newspaper syndicate in Manila during the exciting days of the inauguration of the Commonwealth, and thereafter teamed up with a Spanish-Austrian in a venture into the lumber business.

"Our mill was on the island of Basilan, south of Zamboanga in the Sulu Sea," he relates. "Here we built our own village and store for the 200 Moro laborers we employed. It was here I came to know Sibi-Sibi. For months he was my personal shadow and best friend; he wore my cast-off clothing, took from my room anything which attracted him, and brought me his troubles. It is also true that his father was the only native on the island who dared to pick up live scorpions and carry them around under his rag of a turban."

Walters returned to America and fiction writing in 1937.

A CABLE just arrived from London informing us that Collier's staff photographer, Joe Dearing, was shot in the wrist and the arm during the fighting in France. Dearing went over with the paratroopers, and with them floated down into the battle. He was armed with a camera instead of a gun. The camera was destroyed, but not the film on which he already had recorded the first clashes between America's parachute soldiers and the Germans. You will soon be seeing Dearing's battle photographs in forthcoming issues of Collier's.

The next issue will carry an invasion article by Novelist Ernest Hemingway, who as a Collier's war correspondent accompanied a Rangers detachment on its thrust into France. The segment of the tremendous Allied thrust into the coast of Normandy that came within Hemingway's view will be sharp-focused for you in the plain and powerful style of writing that has made Hemingway famous.

You can expect, also, early articles from our war correspondents W. B. Courtney and Martha Gellhorn. . . . A. P.

Heart's Wisdom

Continued from page 23

She accepted the ring just before he was sent out to the Pacific.

"It may be a long time before we can marry," he told her, "but I can stand the separation, if I know you're mine—and waiting."

"I'll wait . . . always," she told him earnestly.

Yet now . . . That was eight months ago, and eight months could be forever. Her mother had had her divorce and had gone to Canada to visit her own family; everything was over, and the last night she had seen Bob was eternities ago. She could remember him, so darkly handsome in his Navy whites, his ensign's bars gleaming on the starched fabric . . . yet the memory was not quite real. She knew she loved him, but she could not remember the early sharpness of that love. And sometimes . . .

Oh, sometimes you saw a soldier and his girl, in the light of a street lamp, waiting for a bus, hand in hand; or a couple leaning together over a restaurant table, choosing their order, and your heart was bleak, not to be part of anyone who was real and close and could be touched.

She glanced at the sailor again. He was a second-class petty officer by the stripes on his sleeve, and he had a single hash mark. She wished desperately she could put him into an ensign's uniform, transform him to Bob just for tonight. Just for something to go on, something to which she could hold.

SHE leaned back against the pillar near her; a slender girl, with a straight back and straight fine legs. Stags, who had come to the Alhambra to find partners for the evening, passed her, missing none of her—not her figure, or her long, soft hair, full of amber half-lights and russet shadows, or her wide brown eyes, or the full curve of her mouth. They looked, and hesitated, but something in the way she held her slim shoulders, something back of her eyes kept them from speaking to her.

Henry came back, his thin monkey's face beaming. He had been having attacks of indigestion, but he was in high spirits tonight. "I've got us a table by the edge of the floor where we can see everything," he told them. He took Lacey's arm, urging her along before him.

When she glanced past him at the place where the sailor had been, he was gone.

The table was between two benches by the railing.

"This is great," Bess said, settling heavily, "if we don't get kicked in the eye by some jitterbug."

"We're going to do a little kicking ourselves," Henry said, "and we might as well start now." He was on his feet, pulling Bess up, and Bess was saying, "Well, I better take advantage of you while you're in the mood. You're slowing up these days."

"Not so you could notice it." Henry grinned.

Lacey watched them go, watched them glide out onto the floor in the jerky fox trot of their generation, and disappear into the crowd. She sat turning before her the glass that held her soft drink.

"Pardon me." The voice was so close to her ear, she jumped. She looked up and saw the sailor, standing by the table, earnest and unsmiling. "Would you care to dance?"

Lacey said quickly, "I'm sorry . . ." He had not seemed the kind who would approach a strange girl. "Thank you just the same."

"It's all right." The light caught the glittering battle stars on the ribbons across the left side of his blouse. "I didn't think you would. I just thought I'd try."

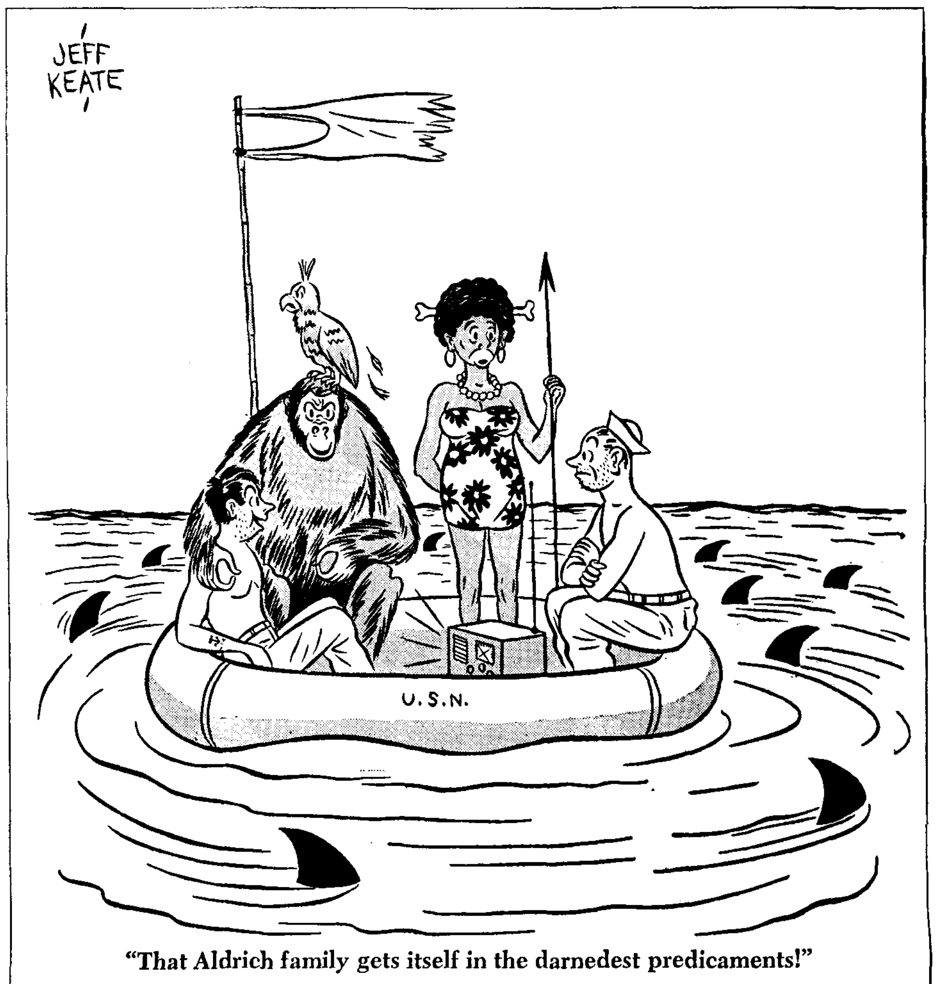
He walked away, his hips swaying a little in his snug trousers. She saw he was sitting now with another sailor against the wall. He carefully avoided looking back in her direction.

I wonder why he asked, she thought. I wonder if I look as though I'd dance with *anyone*. Why doesn't he ask someone else? she thought. Why does he just sit there?

She turned her face back to the floor. The colored, shifting lights had been switched on behind the great glass dome of the ceiling; they stained the smoke, and it drifted in rainbow streamers to the vents; the faces of the dancers, illuminated with green and purple and red and blue, resembled strange kaleidoscopic flowers, blowing and bobbing over the polished floor. It was a make-believe scene, a make-believe world, and somehow the codes that govern behavior in the rest of life did not have a part here. Irresistibly her glance returned to the sailor.

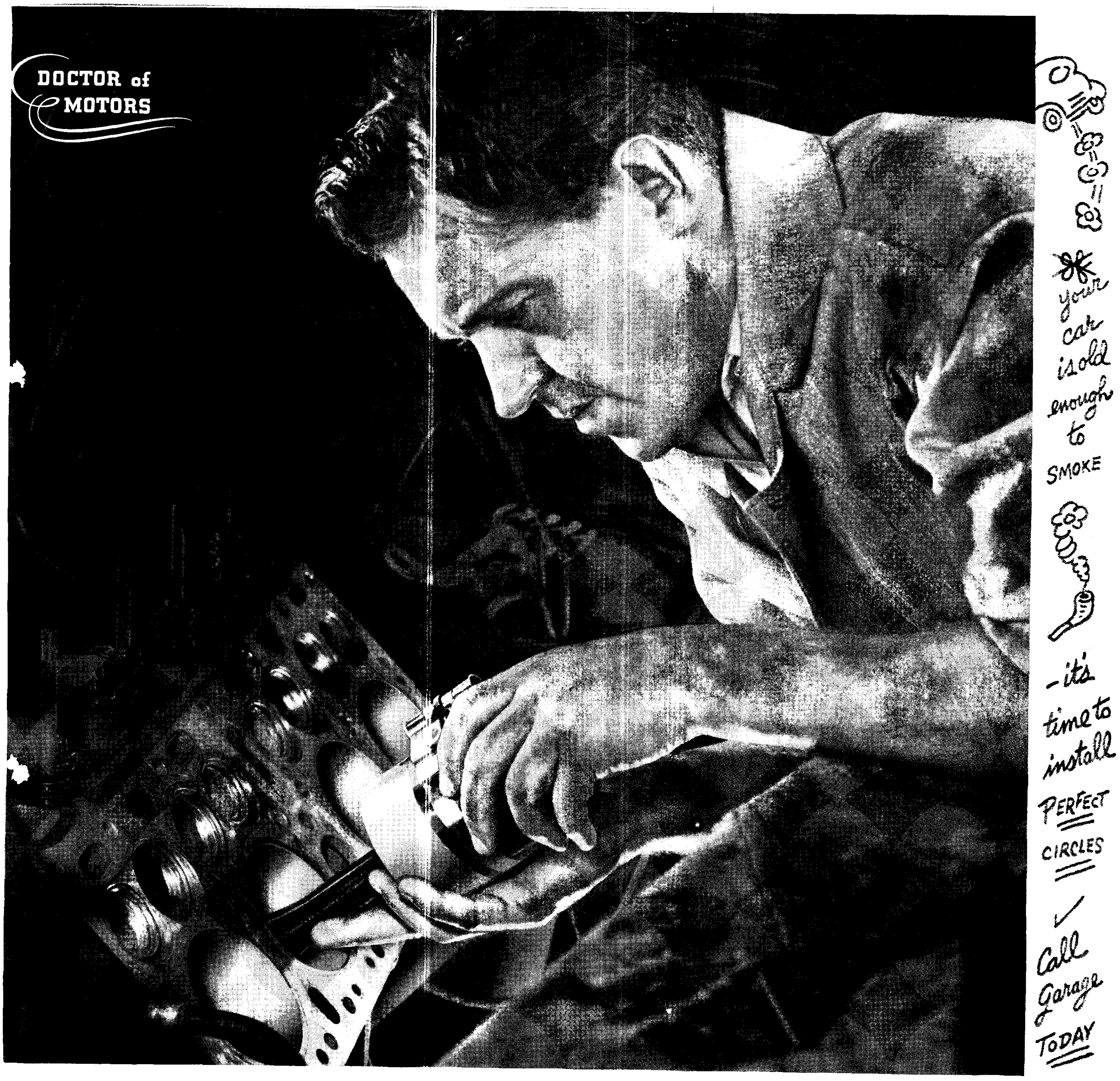
If I could have danced with him once and got it out of my system, she thought. *But how could I?*

She was on her feet before she knew what she intended to do, her heart beating hard and her face growing warm, as she began to walk toward the sailor. She shouldn't; she didn't know why she was doing it. Her cheeks flamed with her surprise at herself, and she could see the sailor catch the sur-



"That Aldrich family gets itself in the darnedest predicaments!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE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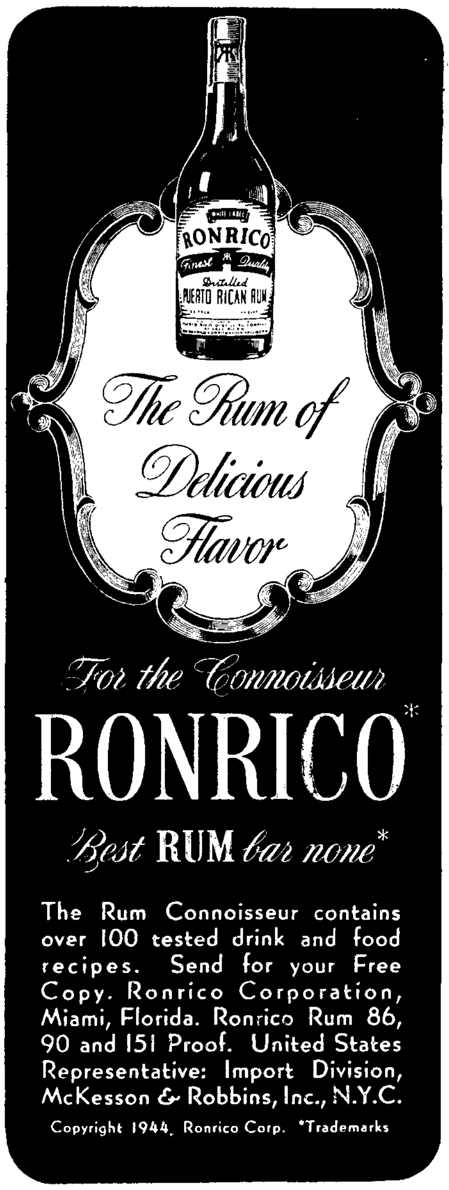
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prise, finding her approaching him, watch it spread across his wide cheekbones, up to his eyes.

He rose awkwardly as she came up to him.

Lacey said bluntly, not knowing how else to state it, "I'll dance with you."

"Why, gosh! You mean it?" He peered at her intently.

"Yes, I do," she said. "My—fiancé is in the Navy, and so are you. So you see—if you still want me to, I'd like to dance with you."

"Sure!" He smiled then and the smile crinkled out about his gray eyes. "The name is David Steele."

"Mine's Lacey Ferris."

He put out his hand solemnly, and she took it as though she were being formally introduced to him at a party.

"And this is Sam Detlie," he said. "We hail from the same town in Illinois."

The stocky boy with whom he had been sitting, rose, grinning, and said, "Hello, Lacey." She liked the air of quiet solidity about him, the honest blue of his eyes.

"You want to dance now?" The sailor, David Steele, looked down at her. She did not come up to his shoulder.

"Yes," Lacey said.

He led her to the floor. He was a good enough dancer, but it was hard to follow him, he was so tall. Her forehead fitted right against Bob's cheek; the sailor had to hold her out from him to see into her face.

"You'll think I'm crazy," he said, "but I'm glad you've got that fellow in the Navy. It makes it . . . Well, I've got a girl back home, and it makes it right somehow."

"Have you a girl? I'm glad," Lacey said.

"I wasn't just looking for a pickup." He was talking fast, eagerly, making her feel it was vitally important she believe him. "I felt like dancing—like talking to a girl. That's all. I saw you and I thought: She looks like a girl I'd like to dance with and that I could tell about Anne."

Lacey raised clear eyes to his freckled face. "Please do tell me."

He smiled. "You know her name—Anne—Anne Morrison—and she's even more of a half-pint than you are. Look." He stopped in the middle of the floor, warding elbows from Lacey with one arm, seeking in the pocket of his blouse with his other hand, pulling out a crushed, leather photograph holder. "Here's her picture."

Lacey studied the snapshot. She didn't know why she had imagined a different sort of girl for the sailor than the one whose round, doll-like face stared back at her from under a shiny, black pompadour of hair.

"She's very pretty," she said.

"She's even prettier than this. The picture doesn't really do her justice, though I suppose every fellow says that about his girl's photograph. I've been going with her since high school, but I haven't seen her much in four years."

"Four years," Lacey repeated. "You still love her even after four years, and being away most of the time?"

"You bet I do," he grinned. "I'm going to marry her when I can get back for good."

He's stayed in love, Lacey thought. People can. He wanted to dance tonight just as much as I did, but he's in love with that girl. So that makes it all right for me to feel the same way.

THE band wound up the set of numbers. They drifted back to the table. Bess and Henry were already there and watched her approach with David with such obvious pleasure, her cheeks grew hot again.

She introduced him as casually as she could. "Bess and Henry Featheridge . . . David Steele. He asked me to dance."

"Good for him," Henry said.

Lacey said firmly, so they would make no mistake about it, "He's engaged, too, to a girl in his home town."

"That's fine," Bess said. "Why don't you sit with us, David?"

He said he'd like to, if he could bring Sam. It was fun having the two sailors at the table, talking and laughing. Sam showed snapshots of his wife and baby, and both boys talked about their homes, while Bess and Henry looked and listened and glowed. When the music struck up again they commanded David, "Take Lacey out and dance her around again. We'll watch Sam for you."

This time Lacey found she could dance more easily with David. "I'm getting used to you," she laughed up at him.

"I take some getting used to." He bent his towhead over her. "Lacey. I can't tell you how you made this evening for me." He held her a little more closely. "I wish I could see you again."

She pulled out and away and met his eyes. They were still as cloudlessly gray, as frank, but somehow in the moment of meeting hers they changed, became more personal, and he was, abruptly, not just a friendly stranger with a girl at home, dancing with an equally friendly stranger whose fiancé was in the Navy. The glance made them individuals, gave them a bond with each other, apart from anyone else. Something inside her withdrew cautiously and threw up a barrier.

She said slowly, "It would be nice . . . but I couldn't see you. Don't you understand? Tonight's one thing, but if you saw me again, it would be deliberate, and that would be different."

But I want to see him again. No, her mind told her, no you don't; you're just lonesome.

He said after a moment, hesitantly, "I know it would be different. I might start falling for you."

She stiffened, set herself against the small thrill of delight the remark gave her.

"You couldn't, if you really love Anne."

"No. Oh, I don't know. I'm all mixed up. I thought I'd never be mixed up about it and tonight I am."

"You can't be." She almost shouted it. "It's just not seeing her in so long."

"I guess that's it." He spun her, suddenly, into a series of whirls that stopped her thought, left her breathless, and then caught her back again. "You really won't let me see you again, Lacey?"

She shook her head. "No. Please, no."

At once, he said, "I'm sorry. I don't understand what's got into me. I swear I don't. We'll be shoving for San Pedro soon and I probably never will see you after tonight, but I'll remember you, Lacey."

"I'll remember you, David."

He gave her hand a light squeeze. "Thanks. You make me ashamed. This way it's okay. I know I don't want anyone else but Anne, and you're right. It's that I haven't had a chance to see her in so long. After tonight, I think I'll be able to take it better."

Lacey smiled. "Goodby, then, David."

"Goodby, Lacey."

The words were sad and sweet between them. Lacey felt an upsurge of strength in her; she had wanted to see him and she had refused. She was not weak after all. Love was safe if you made it so. She could wait for Bob and have love intact for him, for both of them, when he came back. She knew it now.

Sam was on his feet, as they came up to the table. "We'd better be on our way, Dave."

Bess put out a hand and patted Sam's sleeve. "Now, don't forget, Sam."

"You bet I won't."

Bess was smiling on David. "I've asked you two boys up for dinner next Sunday. Sam says neither of you has had a home-cooked meal in months."

Lacey said, "Oh." She was furious at Bess. She felt she had been tricked, trapped.

David didn't speak. Neither looked at the other. The poignancy of their goodby was destroyed.

Lacey wanted to cry out, "Why did you have to do that, Bess? Now I have to see him again."

But she decided that week that she would not be in on Sunday. She read Bob's letters again and again. The words in his strong hand, clearer than her image of him, would serve, she thought, to blot out another face.

"I lie in my bunk," one letter said, "and think of you. I *know you'll* be *there*, waiting, when I get back and that keeps me straight. But there are times, I must admit, when you seem very far away, when my memory of you grows dim . . . your face seems far away. . . ."

The letters were not much help.

Henry had another attack of indigestion. It proved to be quite severe and kept him home all week, out of bed but underfoot, and cross. Bess bickered with him endlessly over his refusal to see a doctor, until Lacey wanted to shout at both of them to stop. She wanted to be shown a marriage that had both love and peace, and it seemed to her there was none, anywhere.

But when I marry Bob, I'll make what I've dreamed come true, she kept telling herself.

Yet she was there when David arrived on Sunday with Sam. She had told Bess, determinedly, "I won't be home," and Bess had laughed at her. "All right, if you think that sailor can beat Bob out, you'd better not be here."

Stung, Lacey retorted, "Of course, he can't beat Bob out," and stayed.

DAVID was ill at ease at first, sitting in Bess' tiny living room, his elbows on his knees, *spinning his cap on a finger*. Henry, still in his bathrobe, got Sam into a game of chess. Bess, busy in the kitchen, called out, "Lacey, why don't you show Dave our patio?"

David was on his feet at once. "I'd like to see it."

Lacey rose wordlessly and led the way. There was little to see in the patio. It was only a trodden earth circle, bordered by roses and morning-glories.

David whistled, "Back home in March, everything is still bare. This is beautiful. I don't think I'd ever get used to it. It would hit me the way some music does, every time I saw it."

Lacey knew what he meant, and liked him for it. Some steps Henry had built up from the patio led to a trail that ran to the top of a high ridge. David nodded toward the trail.

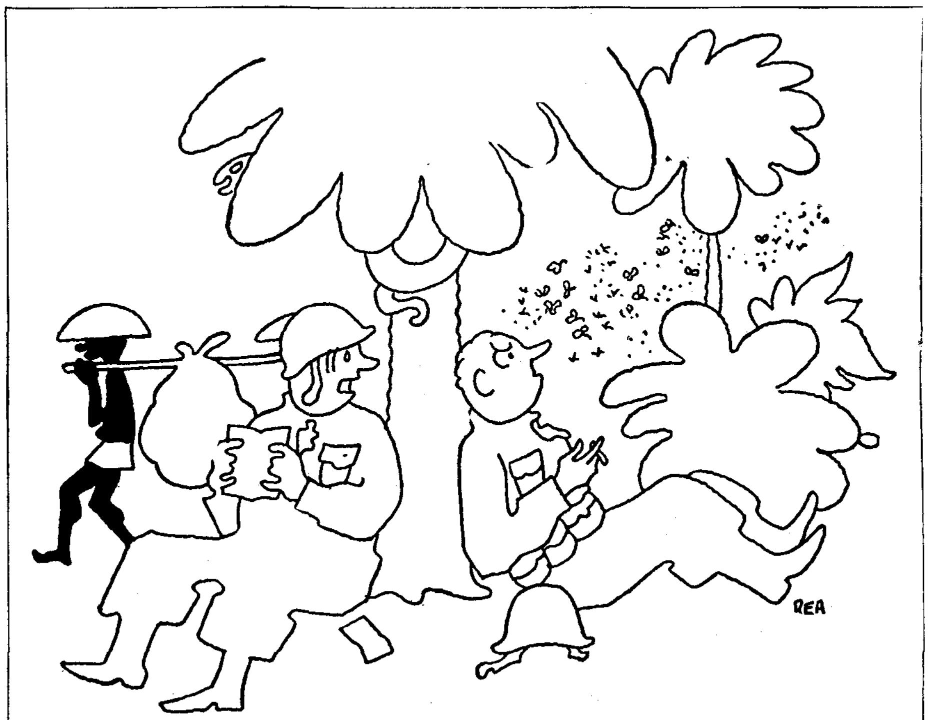
"Can we go up?"

"If you want," Lacey said. "But it's hot climbing, and you'd muss your uniform."

"I'm game if you are." He laughed and went past her, climbing ahead of her.

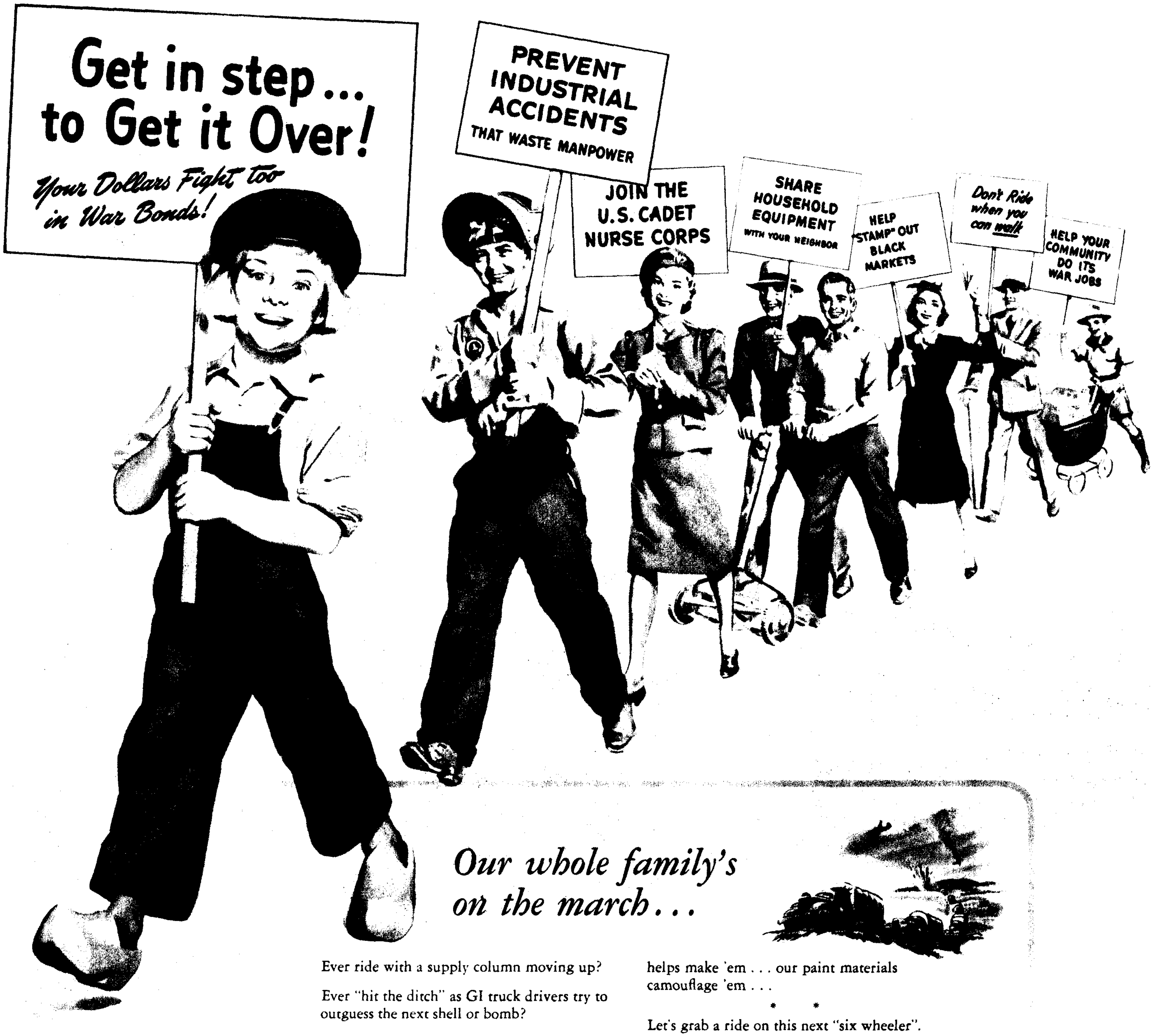
Lacey's sandals were slipping on the loose stones and he lent her an occasional steadying hand, a hard hand, calloused and sure.

Within yards of the crest, she had to stop



"You know where I'd like to be? Where my brother is—in England. And do you know where that dope would like to be? Right here!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA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* *

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* *

Duck! That noise you hear is *bombers!* Wait! — they're *American!* Our Kirksite die metal helps make 'em... our paint materials camouflage 'em...

* *

Let's grab a ride on this next "six wheeler". *Let's not*... the driver says she's loaded with high explosive shells. That's where some of your wife's kitchen fats went — and also plenty of the special sulfuric acid we produce...

* *

What about this *next* truck? It's bringing up cans of aviation gas. Many a bomber load of that stuff started life in wells that our Baroid compounds helped to drill...

* *

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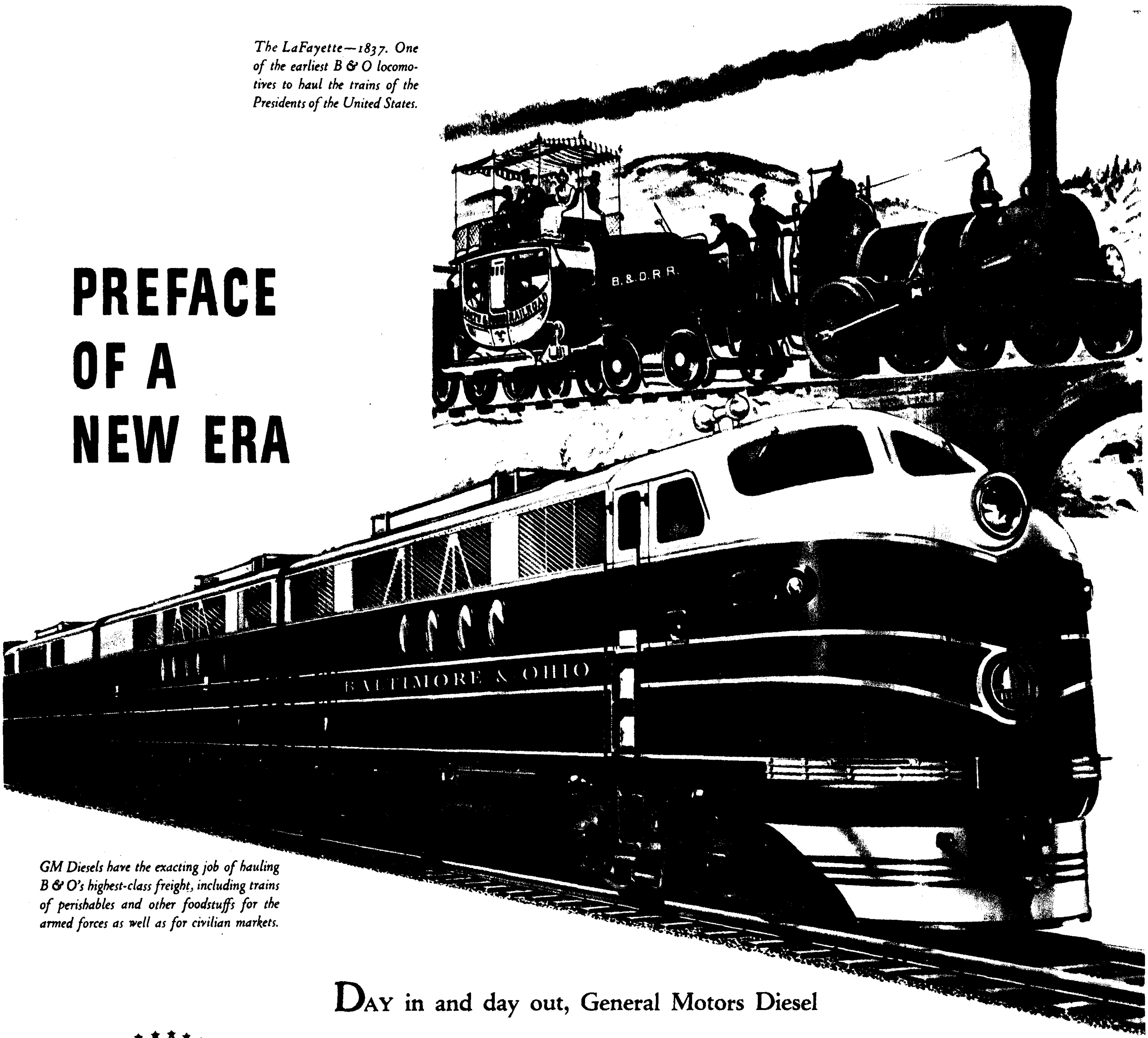
PREFACE OF A NEW ERA



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to rest. David climbed on to the summit, where he stood upright, shading his eyes against the sun.

"It makes me feel like a king!" He called to her. "I can see the works . . . the world."

He came after her, took her hand, pulled her tired body after him. When he was on the top, he bent and put strong hands under her arms and lifted her the last few feet.

She stood waiting for the red mist of exertion to fade from her eyes. Slowly it did, and the blue mist, always locked between the mountains, took its place. Looking down from here into the valley was like looking down through clear water to a land at the ocean's bottom. She caught her breath. She had forgotten it was so lovely. David was silent behind her.

After a long moment, she became aware that he was still holding her. She could feel the pounding of his heart against her shoulder, yet she did not move. The minutes spun out into a fragile thread of time. . . .

There was a special quality to this, to David and herself and the mountaintop, that was not in any of the memories she had of Bob.

The nearness of their bodies held them electrified in immobility, until David's hands tightened on her arms. "Have you ever been here with anyone else?"

"Henry came with me once. Every other time I've been alone."

David said vehemently, "I haven't any right to be glad, but I wouldn't have wanted you to come with . . . Oh, Lacey, I ought to be shot. I haven't been able to get you out of my mind since last Sunday. I don't know how."

Lacey jerked from his grasp. "Don't say that!"

His face was miserable, but he said in a voice as stubborn as his brushy, light hair, "I can't help it. I know it's wrong. I know there's that other fellow, and there's Anne for me, and nobody could ever take her place before. But that's how it is. All I seem to care about is making you say you've thought of me."

"I haven't." It wasn't true, and she knew *he* knew it. But she said fiercely, "If you can't keep *on* loving one person, how could you ever believe in love? My father couldn't. I don't see how he'll ever believe again. But I have to. I don't want to have to think the only good kind of marriage is one like Bess and Henry have . . . because they're so old they don't really care any more."

The freckles stood out, rusty, in his tan. "I want to believe just as much as you do. But there's something, Lacey, if we can be together in a place like this and it feels good . . . if a thing *is* good, and your heart says it is, it must be right. My heart can't be wrong."

SHE looked into the clear openness of his sunburned face. Her eyes slid to the stars that told the battles he had seen. Those stars could not describe the battles to her, but they said he had gone through much since he had seen the girl he loved at home, and that he was tired and she, Lacey, was here.

She made a hopeless little gesture. "It's not wrong. It's just fooling you. People let themselves get worn down. It's so hard to wait. But you can't give in. Or how would you know you could wait for anyone?"

"Okay. I can't argue around that," he said hotly. "I just feel this is how it should be—even if that makes me a heel."

Lacey turned away. "You aren't a heel," she said flatly.

"Then say you'll be my friend, at least. You can make it easier for me to wait, if I know you're a friend of mine."

There was wisdom enough in her to know when friendship was possible and when it was not, and she knew she could not be David's friend.

But she heard herself saying, "All right—if we don't do anything to spoil it; if we both promise we won't forget the people we belong to."

"*I* promise."

She said swiftly, "So do I. And promises are to keep."

"We'll keep this one."

It was like a reprieve. They could see each other, yet still it would be right. The relief made them lightheaded. They stayed for a few more minutes on the crest, then started down, sliding on their heels, bringing an avalanche of stones with them.

When they came into the house, that was rich with the appetizing smell of roasting chicken, to brush the twigs and dust from each other's clothes, they were giggling like two children.

Dinner became a noisy, laughter-brushed affair. Everyone was in a buoyant mood, and Lacey felt free and happy, as though she had swallowed pure dancing sunlight, there on the mountain.

When Henry went for his nap after dinner, Bess pressed Sam into helping her with the dishes.

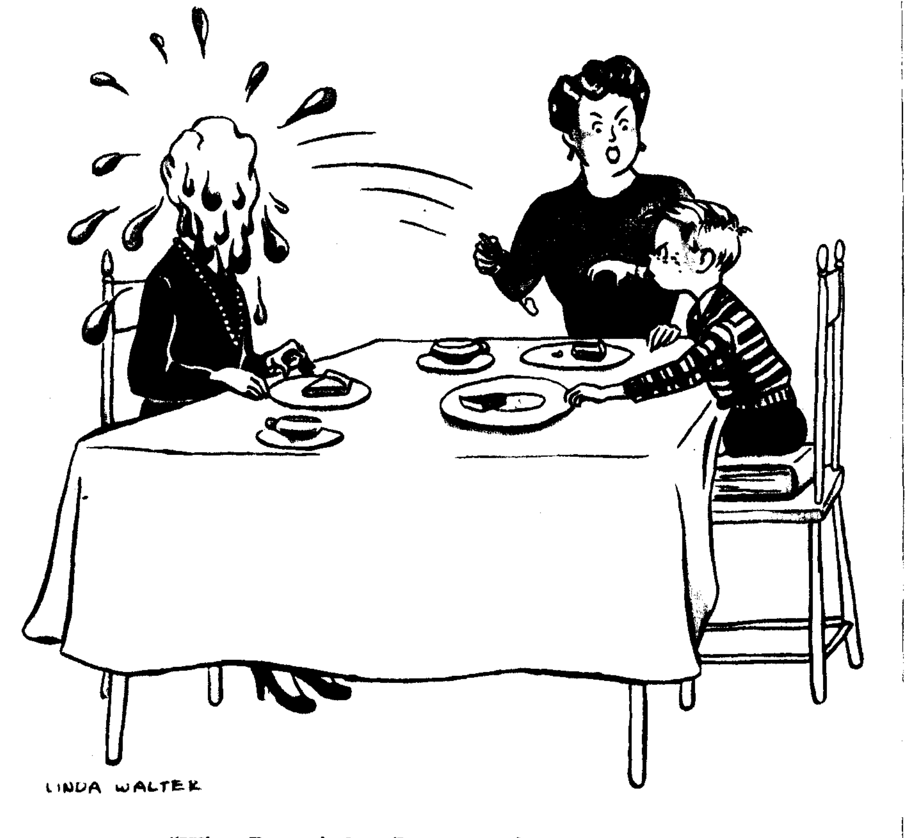
"You're a family man, Sam," she said. "You won't mind."

"It'll make me homesick, though, for sure," Sam said. "Sally and I used to have races. She'd wash and I'd see if I could keep up with her, drying."

David and Lacey were left in the living room, looking over an album of cartoons. They sat on the floor, leaning against Henry's overstuffed chairs, knees drawn up, the book resting against their legs. The clock ticked softly on the mantel of the stone fireplace, and a breeze swung itself in the folds of the curtains; the violets Lacey had picked that morning were clusters of blue shadow in the Mexican pottery bowls. An inertia drugged her limbs, tranquillity flowed with her blood.

As though it were a brittle pane of glass, David broke the quiet. With a swift movement, a half-cry, he turned and buried his face against her throat.

"I'll never keep that promise, Lacey. I'll make you love me before I ship again, if it's the last thing I ever do."



COLLIER'S "Why, Ronny! Say 'Excuse me' to Mrs. Burgess!" LINDA WALTER

Through the break, emotion rushed in an irresistible gust. Lacey bowed before it, like a sapling in a storm, her cheek pressing down against his rough hair, her arms going about his solid body. He clasped her tightly and raised his head, taking her mouth glancingly on his own.

"Say you'll fall in love with me, Lacey."

FOOTSTEPS were coming from the kitchen—Bess' voice and Sam's. David let Lacey go, and rose uncertainly. She sat frozen for a moment, both lassitude and emotion gone, and coldness seeping through her. Then she, too, was on her feet, crying out to him, not caring who heard. "Get out! Do you hear me, David? Get out—and never come near me again."

"Don't worry. I won't." His mouth was ringed with white. "But let me tell you this: I don't think it's I who's the mixed-up one. I think it's you. You don't know what you want and you're only trying to kid yourself into thinking you do. You ought to grow up and figure out that sometimes you can hurt someone more in the end, if you won't hurt him a little in the beginning. It wouldn't have been like it has with us, if it was right for you to marry that other fellow. But don't get excited. If you like it this way, you can have it."

He snatched up his cap from the table. "We're leaving, Sam," he said, and plunged out the door without waiting for the other boy.

Lacey, standing numb and still, saw Bess' face and it seemed to her there was triumph on it. She felt sick. Bess was laughing at her—laughing because she knew that all Lacey had said about waiting for Bob was thin and empty, and that she had meant to show Lacey that all along; show her love was never steady, always prey. And she knew she could never have surety again—for the agony of losing David was greater than her concern for anything she might have done to Bob.

"Excuse me . . . please," she said brokenly, and pushed by Sam and Bess.

IT WAS only when Sam caught her arm and stopped her that she realized her cheeks were wet.

"Lacey, don't feel like that, kid," Sam was saying.

"How can I help it?" She tried to pull free of him. "He has Anne and I have . . ."

"Don't think about *her*. I've been trying to tell him for months and not having the nerve because he was so stuck on her, mooning over her all the time. She's not waiting for him. Sally writes me. I know. Anne plays around with anyone and everyone, and keeps Dave on the string because he's not there to see. Anne's like that. I think he even has felt it, but he won't let on. You can always tell if a girl doesn't love you enough. He just hasn't wanted to admit it. She never could be half the girl for him you could."

"I'm not!" she cried. "I'm engaged to be married." Her lips were trembling.

"Lacey," Bess said. "You're engaged to Bob because you had to prove something to yourself, not because you want to be. I've watched you. It's no more fair to him than it is to yourself."

"No," she said. "You don't know anything about it."

She spun, walking blindly toward the door to her room.

But before she could reach it, a moan from behind the closed door to Bess and Henry's room stopped her.

Bess was across the floor, her stout figure flashing. "Henry!" She had pulled open the door. "What's wrong?"

Forgetting herself, Lacey was beside Sam in the doorway. Henry was sitting on his bed, doubled over, his arms dug in across his stomach. "Bess . . . sorry to break up the party."

Bess bent over him. "What is it? Weren't we showing you enough attention, you old faker?"

He lifted his head, and the skin was gray and drawn tightly over the bones, but he winked at Lacey. "It must have been something I ate."

"You can't talk like that about my cooking," Bess said. "This time you're having a doctor."

"Nonsense," Henry said, but his voice was weak with pain.

Bess turned to Sam. "We haven't a phone. Can you boys go after a doctor? Have you time? I can give you the address. It isn't far."

"Sure," Sam said. "Sure, we can get a doctor."

Bess went with him to the other room, and Lacey moved awkwardly to Henry. She did not want him to know how frightened she was, how suddenly the thought of being without him was panic to her, that she was lost in the vision of the breaking of the circle that was Henry and Bess and herself.

She said, "You'll be all right when the doctor comes."

Henry smiled at her. "It's nothing." But she saw the fear in his own face and she put her hand on his shoulder. "Lacey," he said. "Lacey, I won't kid you. I'm scared and that's a damn' fool thing for a man as old as I am to be. I don't want to see the doctor. I've had these pains a long while and I don't like them. I'm afraid of what they may mean . . . not for me, but for Bess. We haven't had much time. We should have married a long time ago. Now we've missed so much . . . the kind of thing young Sam has. I don't care for me. It's Bess."

"I know," Lacey said. "You'll get better, Henry." She did not know what other comfort to give.

BESS returned, saying bluffly, "If I've sent those two on a wild-goose chase, Henry, just because you want to put on a show . . ."

She sat by him, and he smiled at her, as he had smiled at Lacey. He patted her hand, and Bess covered the hand with her own. And it came to Lacey with a shock, as any discovery youth makes of older people always comes: They love each other.

She said, "Do you want me to go away?"

"No, stay," Bess said.

She went to Henry's other side and sat. It was right for her to stay. It was right in these moments, when all three were holding the same fear in their hearts, for them to be together.

It was an eternity before the boys returned with the doctor. Lacey's heart kept whispering, "Don't let him die. . . . Don't let it be anything he can die of."

For this would be more than the loss of a belief; this would be the loss of love itself. She accepted that simply and quietly. She saw the hands of those two together and she knew they loved each other as her mother and father had never loved. She belonged to them as she had never belonged to her parents, because their love for each other gave them more for others. In this moment she could forgive her father and hope for him, and know there was more hope for her mother without him.

And then at last they came, the doctor with Sam. The doctor went in to Henry, and Lacey left. She came out and stood uncertainly by the door and raised her eyes and saw that David had come back. He was looking at her.

She put out her hands and said easily, softly, "David," and he came to her, taking her hands.

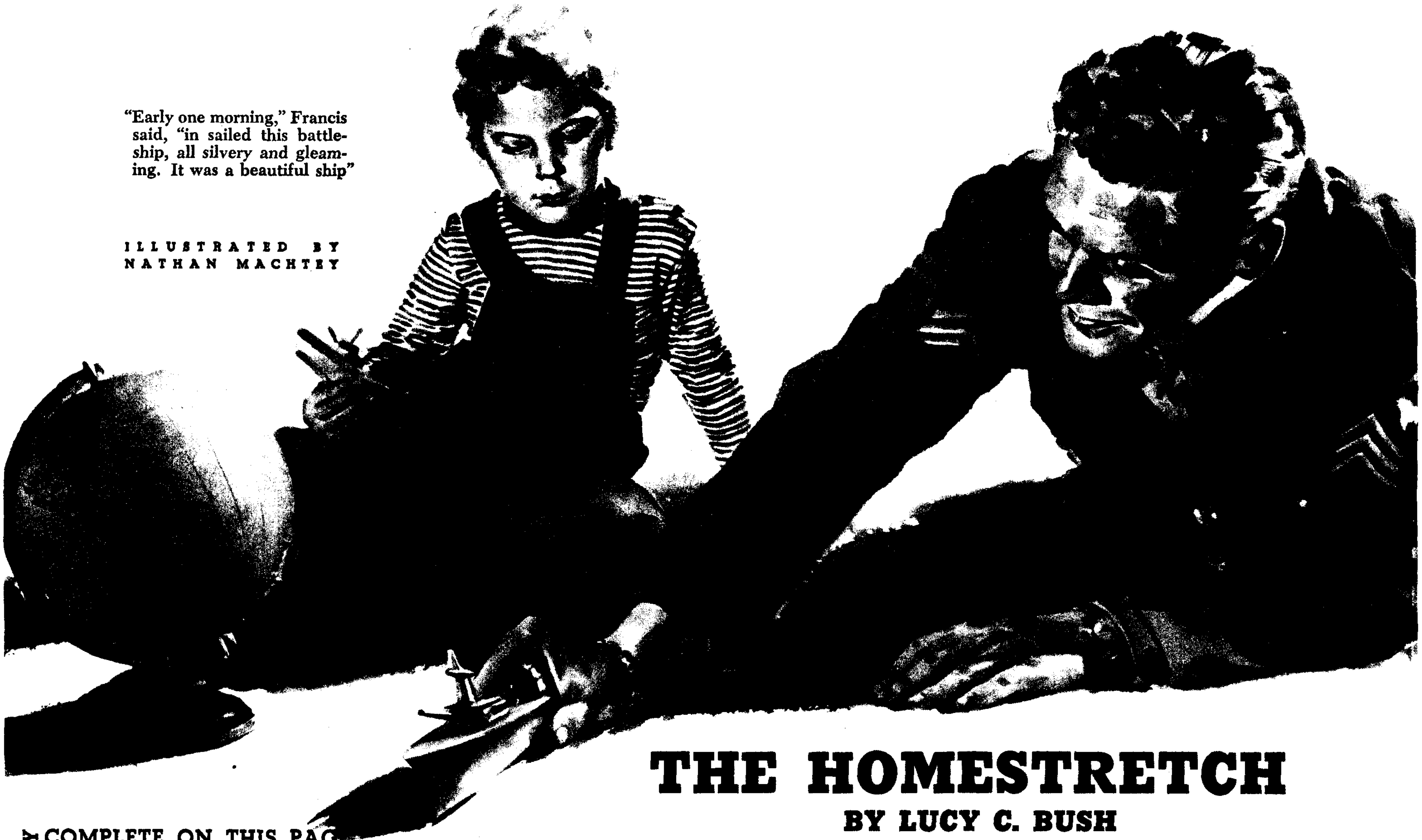
"It's okay, honey. He'll be fine."

The doctor came out, presently. He patted Lacey's shoulder. "Don't be upset now. We're taking him to the hospital for an emergency operation. It's his appendix. It wouldn't have been this bad if he hadn't neglected it, but we've caught it in time. He thought he had something else. The appendix can be a tricky thing. It doesn't always show the same symptoms. But Henry will pull through. He's strong as an ox."

Sam and David carried Henry to the doctor's car. There was confusion, but in the midst of it, Lacey found one minute for David alone. Only a minute. It was all she could have, for she was going to the hospital to wait with Bess, and there was not time to say everything.

She could only catch his wrist between her fingers and, in the sweet-smelling dark, standing close to him, whisper, "Come back, David. Because your heart *is* right. It will always be right."

THE END



"Early one morning," Francis said, "in sailed this battleship, all silvery and gleaming. It was a beautiful ship"

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

THE HOMESTRETCH

BY LUCY C. BUSH

A SHORT SHORT STORY

COMPLETE ON THIS PAG

SERGEANT FRANCIS TOWNSEND of the Medical Corps was tired. His tiredness had been with him for a long time now and had become as much a part of him as the beating of his heart.

Seven times he had gone out with the great convoy ship and seven times he had returned safely to port. Seven trips across the seas with the saloons and decks of the former luxury liner a close press of khaki-clad men and boys, all sound and whole of mind and body. And seven trips back, bringing the sick and wounded.

Francis got off the subway at the 59th Street station. It was more than twenty blocks below his home, but he thought the walk up might clear the fog of weariness from his mind. He looked at himself in the mirror of a slot machine. He tried smiling. It was more of a grimace than a smile; it was a hell of a face to show to Katherine and Sandy.

In the old days, he had always waited until he got home to have a drink with Katherine. He stopped now at a bar a few blocks below his apartment. He had dropped in there on the way up ever since he had begun making the trips. The bartender recognized him and came forward.

"Hullo, there, Sergeant! Back again, eh? What kind of trip did ya have?"

Francis pushed his cap back and forced his mouth into a grin. "Lots of ocean, Joe," he said. "Worked up a terrible thirst. Rye and water, Joe."

Joe put the glasses in front of him. Francis swallowed the drink in one gulp.

Joe rested his arms on the bar. "Where did you go this time? Africa?"

"Yeah. Africa. All over the damn' place. How's business, Joe?"

"Business okay." Joe shook his head and clucked thoughtfully. "Just the same you guys get to see the world." He sighed. "Africa. Gee, I'd like to see Africa!" He fixed his pale blue eyes eagerly on Francis' face. "Tell me. What's it like?"

Francis tried to force back his irritation at the man's childlike pleading. "You wouldn't like it," he said. "It's hot. The damn' ship would be like an oven all day, all night. You have to gasp for air. Even at night the decks were so hot they burned your feet, right through the soles of your shoes."

"Yes, yes. But didn't you see nothing? Lions, savages, funny-lookin' scenery? Them hotsy-lookin' Frenchwomen?"

Francis put forty-five cents on the bar. "No," he said shortly, "I didn't see anything. I was too busy wiping the sweat out of my eyes." He turned to leave.

A girl, sitting alone near the door, held out her hand and said, hesitantly, "I heard you talking. You been to Italy, too?"

Francis nodded.

The girl put her hand to her cheek and rubbed it nervously. "My boy friend's in Italy." Her fingernails dug into her cheek, leaving it streaked and red. "Listen, Sergeant," she said in a rush of words, "is it very bad? I mean, are there many wounded? Is it bad in Italy?"

Francis saw the tight lines of worry about her painted mouth. He felt the fog pressing closer against his brain. He hated the girl. Why couldn't she keep her miserable troubles to herself?

He said, "Sure, there were wounded. And killed. Plenty. What do you think those pictures are—the ones released by the War Department? Dummies? Don't you read the papers?"

The girl flushed. "You don't have to be so nasty. I only meant—I only wanted to know—I mean you've been there—"

Francis put his hand on the girl's arm. "Sorry. Yeah, I've been there. I'm kind of tired. Don't worry. Your boy friend'll come back. Most of them do."

His legs carried him swiftly out of the bar and sped him up the few short blocks to his street. At the corner of his building, Mr. Grebel, who ran the stationery store, was outside stacking up the evening newspapers. Francis paused, and Mr. Grebel looked up.

"Well. Hullo, Sergeant. Back again? Have a nice trip?"

"Sure. Regular pleasure cruise. Champagne, name bands, Dorothy Lamour!"

Grebel snickered. "Ha-ha. No, I guess it wasn't much like that. Want a paper? Your wife had me stop delivering it."

Francis' voice rose sharply: "She did? Why?" But he knew why. He had only to glance at the headlines. Naturally, she would stop the papers. She probably didn't even go to the movies any more. He thought, with shame, of Joe, the bartender, and the girl with the boy friend in Italy. He'd done a fine job of smashing them, hadn't he? Now he could go home and smash Katherine—frighten Sandy. He rubbed his hand across his face. Again he shook his head, but the terrible heaviness was still there, in his brain.

FRANCIS turned to Mr. Grebel. "Got any toys?" he asked. "Something for the little fellow? An atlas, ships?" There hadn't been time to get anything on this trip, except a few post cards for Sandy and a pair of earrings for Katherine.

"Sure thing. Come on in."

Grebel brought out a small cardboard globe and a number of brightly colored plastic ships. Francis turned the globe in his hand. He grunted. "They always look the same, don't they! War and peace. All pretty and shiny and smooth. They don't put in the dirt and the gashes."

Grebel snickered. "Guess that's right, Sergeant. You seen plenty. That's a nice little atlas. Your little boy'll like that."

"Okay." Francis picked up a toy battleship, painted a gleaming silver. He ran his hand over its smooth surface and pressed a finger against its side. "Ought to be a hole here. I saw a ship come limping into Palermo. It had a big hole in its belly. Right here. And here," he touched the funnel, "this was all twisted."

"Yes, Sergeant. Some sights. That submarine's nice."

Francis sorted out a half-dozen of the ships—a flat-top, a couple of battleships, a transport. Grebel wrapped them and handed the package to him. Francis stepped out into the street and raised his eyes to the second floor of the apartment house. He could make out two faces pressed against the window of his living room. One tall, dark-haired figure and a smaller one whose bright head came only to the sill. He waved, and suddenly his legs spurted beneath him. His legs carried him up the two flights of stairs, three steps at a time. He heard a door open down the hall and the sound of Katherine's light step and Sandy's delighted squeals.

Katherine was in his arms. His package fell to the floor. The globe rolled out, and the ships scattered over the floor. He held Katherine close to him and thought how thin she was.

Sandy was clinging to his legs. Francis picked him up and kissed him and put him down. Sandy gathered up the toys from the floor. The three of them went into the apartment and closed the door.

When he had taken off his coat and put on his slippers, Katherine fixed two highballs. She lifted her glass and smiled at him. "Good to see you home, mister."

She didn't ask him if the trip had been bad, if there were many wounded. She didn't say she had been worried, that her nights had been sleepless.

He smiled back at her. "Good to be home. But you look awfully thin, Kath."

"Been trying to reduce. Too fat." She evaded his eyes.

Francis took a long, deep breath. he let it out, he felt some of the fog rising slowly from his brain. He forced back his shoulders. "Gee, Kath," he said, "you ought to see Africa. The jungles grow right to the water; you can hear the roar of the animals all night long. And Italy—the prettiest hills."

Sandy brought him the globe and the ships. Francis found Sicily and showed it to him. He pushed the gleaming silver battleship across the floor.

"Right here, off Palermo, Sandy. Early one morning." He took a long swallow of his drink. His eyes met Katherine's, and they smiled. "Early one morning, in sailed this battleship, all silvery and gleaming." Francis' voice came out strong and clear: "It was a beautiful ship, Sandy. You should have seen it."

Good and Faithful Servant

READY whenever you are, to share the joys of a day in the country or just tag along on a Saturday afternoon shopping 'aunt . . .

Waiting for you at the station when you come home, tired from work, on the 5:15 . . .

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Your dog? No—your car. If that faithful servant had a voice, it would undoubtedly bark with joy every time it saw you. But because it hasn't — you sometimes forget about it and neglect it. For the faithful service it gives you, doesn't it *deserve* your best attention?

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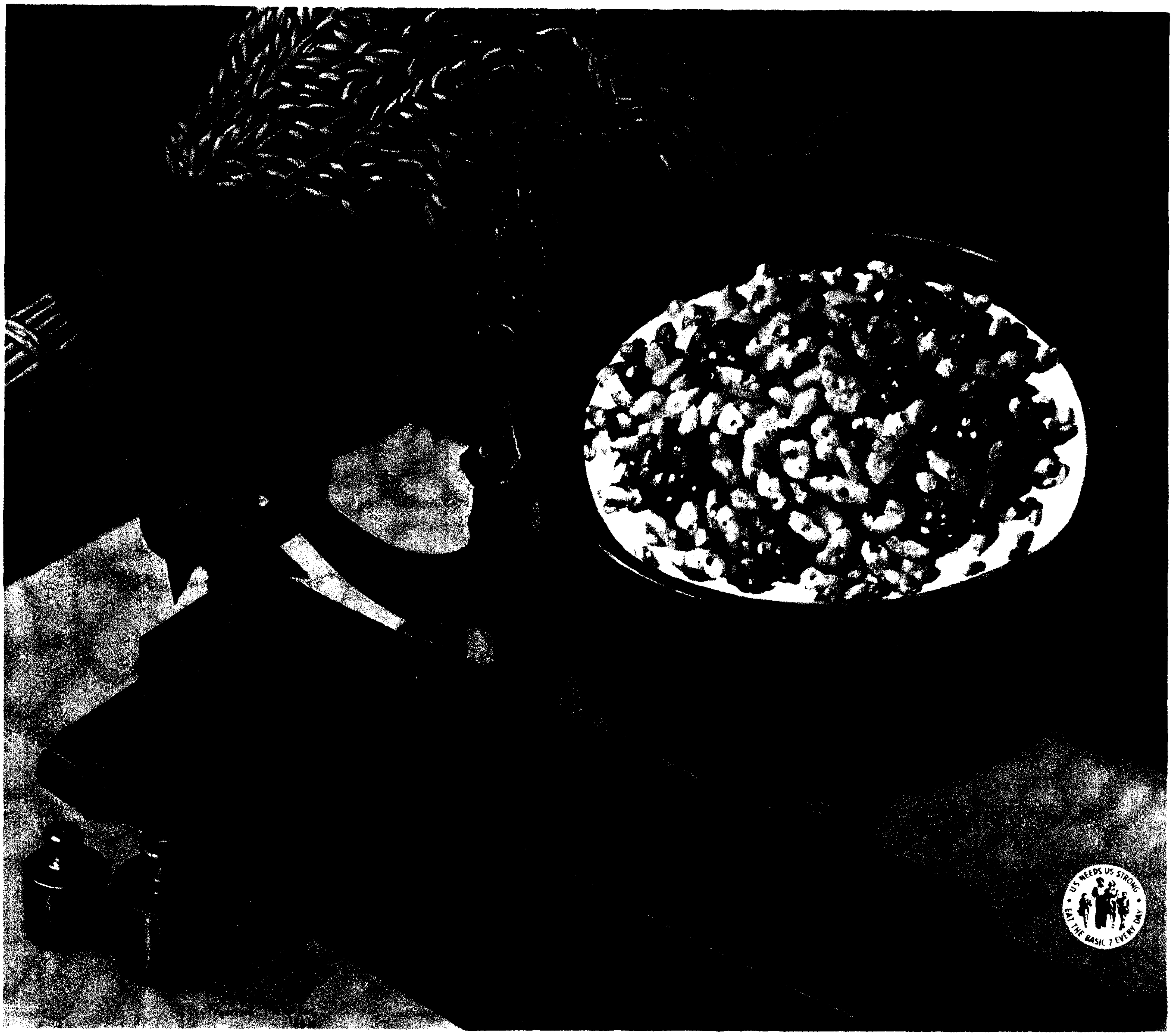


Something the Scales Can't Show

Did you ever see crude rice as it comes from the field? Pretty rough-looking stuff; even the grains themselves are brown and scratchy.

That such a coarse-looking grain could ever be made into a cereal as light and bubbly and golden-crisp as Kellogg's Rice Krispies is surprising enough. And reason enough to demand it — topped with fresh fruit—for breakfast.

But what is downright astonishing is the fact that this incredibly delicate and delicious cereal is the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly every protective food element that has been declared essential to human nutrition!

If you are interested in food values, we suggest that you read that statement again. It's a good thing to remember these days if you have a hungry family to feed.

"The Grains are Great Foods"—W. K. Kellogg

"Not Guilty!"

Continued from page 12

should be settled by collective bargaining." In the same breath, however, forty-eight minutes was put forward as the total daily travel time of a miner, a figure gathered from a report made six years before by a college professor, and covering only a few mines. And this in face of admission by the operators themselves that the average travel time was one hour and twenty-five minutes!

But did the Board order the operators to resume collective bargaining? Not by so much as a whisper! With contract negotiations suspended for a second time, the miners laid down their tools. Straightway the President commanded a return to work by June 7th, and Secretary Ickes wired a request that I "direct" such return. I answered that I had no power to "direct," but that I would be glad to recommend.

At a stormy meeting, the Policy Committee voted a return to work at once, but on these two conditions: (1) that the government order the operators to obey the law of the land and enter into conference with us; (2) that the government retain control of the mines until a contract could be drawn and signed. Anything else would have meant rebellion, for our membership had grown increasingly bitter and distrustful.

Grudgingly enough, the operators sat down with us on June 5th, but before a mouth could be opened, the War Labor Board ordered an adjournment. And the reason? Because the miners were not yet back on the job! Not important, perhaps, although it lost two days, but it showed the animus of Chairman Davis and his strutting little men. Permitted to assemble on June 7th, the operators presented their usual sullen, stubborn front, dominated by ex-Senator Edward Burke, the $25,000-a-year spokesman for the Southern Coal Producers Association.

New Hope for Agreement

In mid-June, the first timid ray of light broke through our gloom. The Central Pennsylvania operators, tiring of the intransigeance of their associates, broke away from the combine and offered us a contract. By its terms, portal-to-portal pay was fixed at $1.25 a day, to which was added the increased vacation compensation authorized by the WLB, free tools, safety devices, etc., making a total of $1.50. Not the increase for which we had hoped or to which we were entitled, but the Policy Committee accepted, trustfully expectant that it would open the way to peace.

And then, before the contract could be signed, "hell broke loose," to use the words of one unhappy operator. Railroads, steel companies and other principal customers of the Central Pennsylvania group, kept the wires hot with threats and, under this compulsion, the offer was withdrawn.

Other evidences of ill-faith added to the anger and unrest of our membership. Some months before, a six-day week had been agreed upon, and to take care of the overtime expense for this sixth day, the OPA had permitted an increase of from 10 to 23 cents a ton in the selling price of coal.

Instead of making good on their bargain, however, the operators blithely pocketed the increase, and either refused to let the miners work the extra day, or else staggered employment so as to stay within the limits of the old five-day week.

Now for a proof of the miners' faith that was not mentioned at the time by press or radio, and which has gone unnoticed to this day. Secretary Ickes, while admitting that portal-to-portal pay constituted a legal obligation under the law and court decisions, insisted that he was without power to make such payment. On June 20th, therefore, the United Mine Workers voted to waive such payment from that date on until the end of government operation. A gift of millions, as it turned out!

The days went by, each more profitless than the other, but on July 21st came a second break in the phalanx formation of the operators. The Illinois operators, frankly confessing a desire to settle portal-to-portal compensation by compromise rather than litigation, presented a contract much the same as that offered by the Central Pennsylvania group: $1.25 a day for travel time, plus the extra 25 cents permitted by the WLB. In addition, however, there was a pledge to work the six-day week. And once again the War Labor Board took upon itself the responsibility of continuing strife, forbidding signatures to the contract on the ground that it provided for wage increases in violation of the Little Steel Formula.

July gave way to September and October, and still the operators sabotaged every approach to agreement. Many of them crept to our doors with expressions of regret and dissatisfaction, but Senator Burke and the Southern operators held them in line by assurances that the War Labor Board stood behind them, and would never surrender to John Lewis and his gang. On October 13th, Secretary Ickes, doubtless sick of trying to administer under the burden of handcuffs and leg chains, turned back the mines to private operation.

Now for the capsheaf to bureaucratic meddling and sly malice. On October 26th, two months after its rejection of the Illinois contract, the War Labor Board pontificated the reasons for it. There is no point in any discussion of its details, for I myself, after repeated readings, am unable to make head or tail of its tortuous, hair-splitting legalism. About all that stood clear was the Board's opinion that the $1.50 offer represented a wage increase of 37½ cents a day, and could not possibly be allowed. "The Board could approve a daily wage of $1.12½ but no more." By the same twisting and turning, anthracite miners were *ordered* to accept a 32.2 cents increase per day, less than half of what had been asked.

On November 1st, 530,000 bituminous and anthracite miners "took a holiday" of their own accord. No single order issued from any official source, either nationally or locally. It was the unanimous protest of men who were tired of serving as guinea pigs for Washington's campus theorists, and sick of sabotage and double-crossing. More than that, it was the answer of the rank and file to the repeated charge that they were not behind their elected leaders, and that our demands were "purely political," put forward by me to embarrass and harass the Roosevelt Administration.

Again the government took over the mines, but this time with a difference. The President's order authorized and directed the Secretary of the Interior "to offer to the duly constituted representatives of the workers' own choosing a contract or contracts governing the terms and conditions of employment for the period of the operation of the mines by the government." Here, at long last, was what we had been fighting for! The chance to sit down at a table and work out an agreement by collective bargaining. It was what Secretary Ickes had urged in May, and what the War Labor Board had blocked out of vanity and venom.

Two days of conference followed—frank, vigorous discussions, but with both sides searching for agreement—and on November 3d a contract was signed between the United States and the United Mine Workers of America. Well knowing that the War Labor Board, backed by the White House, would stand on the $1.12½ a day authorized in the Illinois decision, we accepted that dishonest figure, but upped it to $1.50 by consenting to take fifteen minutes away from lunch time and add it to "productive time."

On November 5th, the War Labor Board approved the contract, but in language so grudging that it opened the door for further contention by Senator Burke and the Southern operators. As a consequence, this group persisted in recalcitrance and refused to join with other operators—representing 70 per cent of coal production—when a contract was drawn up between the UMW and the employers. This 70 per cent, however, hailed the terms as fair, and expressed regret that the agreement had not been reached months before.

Slow-Moving Bureaucracy

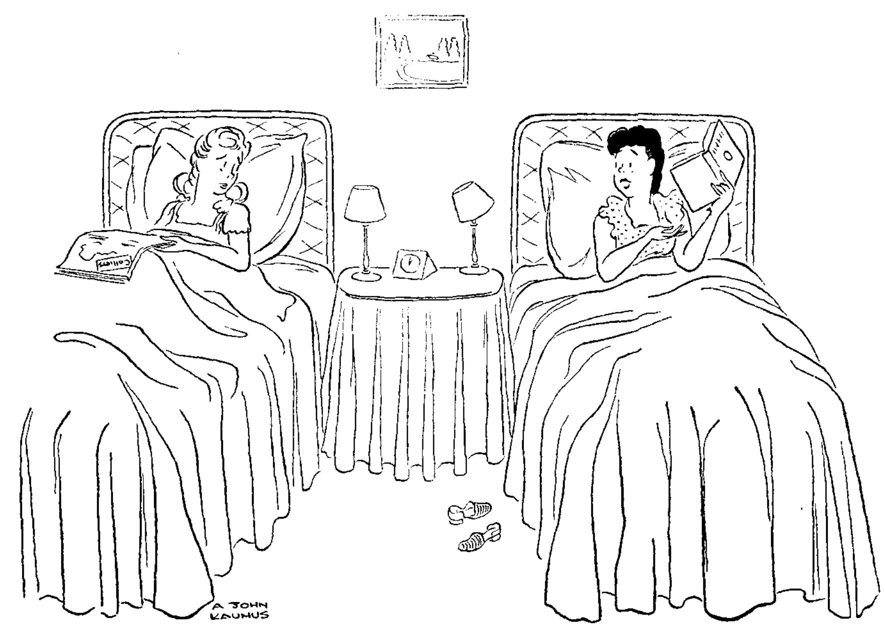
But did the War Labor Board take quick action on this contract? No indeed! Although the contract was signed by both parties on December 17th, it was not until May 20th, of this year, that approval was finally given. For five months the Board sat on the agreement with all the dull persistence of a hen trying to hatch a porcelain egg.

With what result? The Southern group was encouraged to balk, boggle and muddle, and the operators as a whole were permitted to welsh on an acknowledged obligation. On October 26th, Secretary Ickes, with the unreserved approval of the War Labor Board, had fixed on the payment of $40 to each miner as settlement in full for travel time between March 31, 1943, and June 20th, the date when we waived payment by the government. Taking advantage of the WLB's procrastination, the operators withheld the payments, and at this writing are still retaining possession of $18,000,000 of *our* money.

There, then, in brief, is the story of our "treason"—the fight of more than half a million Americans, working in the world's most dangerous and arduous industry, to win a daily wage that is above subsistence level! A fight carried on against political power and employer sabotage, aided by press and radio with their campaigns of misrepresentation! A fight to uphold collective bargaining as opposed to bureaucratic fiat! And, tragically enough, a fight settled on terms that could have been had at the very beginning but for malign interferences that put the destruction of the United Mine Workers above the national interest.

Today, under a contract far from meeting our ideas of fairness, we carry on in the darkness of the underground, faithful in observance of that contract down to the last detail, doubling production. Meanwhile, other industries are disrupted and bedeviled by walkouts and work stoppages in insolent disregard of contractual obligations. But they are not stoned and execrated as were the United Mine Workers.

THE END



"If I fall asleep while reading, wake me up—I must know how this mystery turns out"

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They're NOT Expendable!

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Prolonged combat flying can wreck men's nerves and minds, but the Army sees to it that it doesn't. Here's the cure for "Messerschmitt meemies"—something new in military affairs

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM INTERNATIONAL

Skeet shooting may seem a busman's holiday, but it restores Gunner Roland Yates' nerves

Families join airmen at Atlantic City. Here Lieut. Thomas B. Dyer strolls on the beach with his wife

THE bombardier was small and dark, with a Greek name, and he came from Lowell, Massachusetts. On last August 1st, he was in the nose of a Liberator dropping bombs from treetop height on the oil refineries at Ploesti—that day of great success and great losses when "big Libs were falling like flies," as Killer Kane said. Now he was sitting at a table in Atlantic City, and Ploesti was just another mission to him. "Something different," he said.

The tall, blond pilot across the table, sitting next to his wife, was one of the Tokyo fliers, but since the day Madame Chiang Kai-shek pinned his decoration on him, he had flown fifty missions across the Mediterranean, and Tokyo itself was merely an incident by this time. There was an 8th Air Force pilot who had been over Schweinfurt the day we lost sixty Fortresses and knocked out the ball-bearing works. There were others, and they were all grouped around a table in Atlantic City, because the town of boardwalks and beauty contests is now the site of a U. S. Army Air Forces Redistribution Station—something new in military affairs.

The A.A.F. has adopted a policy of rotating men in combat. In the first World War, fliers were kept flying till they were used up. In this war, it's different. After serving a very roughly defined number of combat hours (varying with the theater of war) they're being brought home—not for good, merely for a few months. Most of them will fight again later. They'll fight a lot better and a lot longer, too. The strain of modern war, especially air war, is such that no man can take it indefinitely.

After a certain number of hours of operational flying, a flier's efficiency curve starts to fall off. Morale is also involved. In ground warfare, a man can at least hope that chance will work on his side. But the flier goes out on missions week after week; he knows what the rate of loss is in his outfit, and can figure on his fingers about when it may catch up with him. It's a deadly mathematical process, and that's not good.

Furthermore, if he stays in combat too long, he is so burned out by it as to be useless even if he survives. These are the ugly facts of war. They can be minimized, however, by something the Air Force calls "conservation of combat personnel." In the words of Brigadier General James M. Bevans, Assistant Chief of Air Staff for Personnel: "We believe in taking them out of it before they reach that stage, because their experience and training are of the greatest value to us over here. In that sense, they are not expendable."

So Atlantic City is swarming with "returnees" from every theater of war. Their chests are blazing with ribbons and starred with Oak Leaf Clusters; practically every one has at least the Air Medal and the D.F.C. Of course, they're the same home-town kids who went over there a year or more ago—in a way. But every one of them has seen more death and hair-raising adventure than forty ordinary Americans will meet in a lifetime. Now that they're back for a couple of months out of it, you would hardly know anything had happened to them, only for the fact that their faces twitch sometimes when they talk.

Nostalgia by Another Name

After a long enough time in combat, they get what medical officers call "operational fatigue." A synonym might be nerves or jitters or, in severe cases, shell shock. But the best definition I heard came from a small, blond major: "Operational fatigue is when you want to go home."

He had been leader of a P-38 squadron in the New Guinea area, where bombers and long-range fighters flew together on 6-hour, 1,100-mile missions. Losses, as he estimated them, were "70 per cent due to the weather, and 30 per cent to the enemy," and the fighter pilot's No. 1 nightmare was getting lost. It was a question of immense distances and glassy seas; of towering thunderstorms that could neither be flown over nor flown around, of running out of gas and bailing out over sea or jungle and never getting back. There was also the understandably sickening dread of being taken prisoner by the Japs.

After enough of that sort of thing, a man gets to yelling in the middle of the night. In the morning he wakes up hoping for bad weather, so he won't have to fly. He knows that if he stays long enough, it will get him. In a factory, when hours of work are unduly prolonged, the accident rate rises. Fatigue is the deadly enemy of efficiency. And that's the reason why the A.A.F. sends its fliers back home.

Two of the big boardwalk hotels at

(Continued on page 69)

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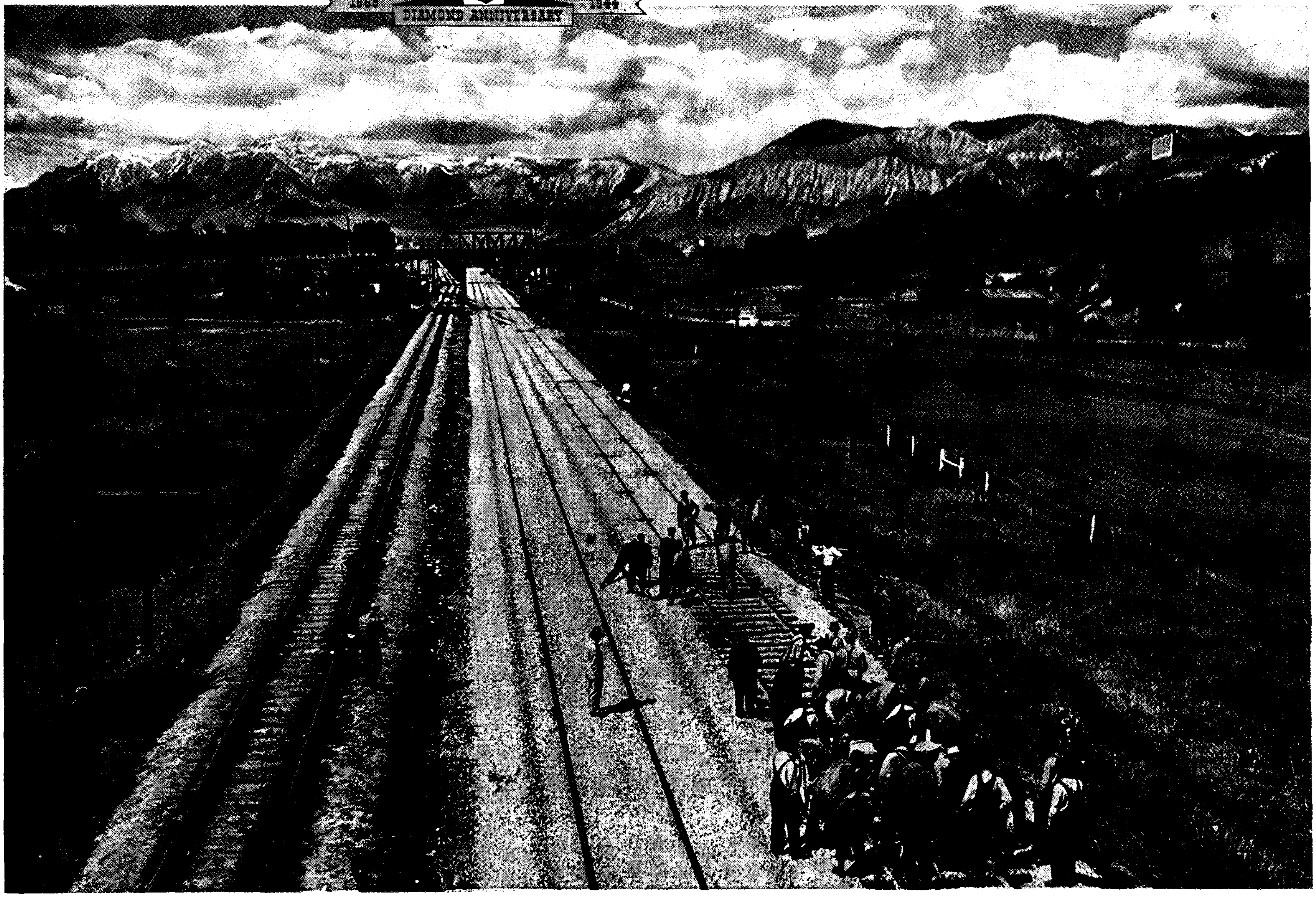

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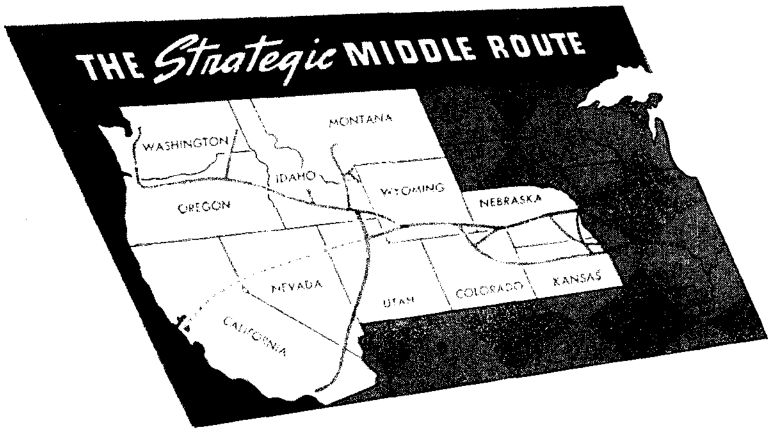
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The Party

Continued from page 11

"Tom? No."

"I thought I saw the Vegas bus stop," Ma said. "Tom went into town."

"What in the world for?"

"He wanted a new hat."

Jude laughed: "Tom! Doesn't he know Uncle Sam thought of it first? They give all the pretty soldiers hats and pants and assorted doodads."

Ma said: "Do they?"

Jude said: "Come on, lady; don't make it harder for Tom. Did I ever tell you," she added softly, "you're beautiful?" She touched her mother's shoulders, looking at her: "Good girl?"

"I'm trying," Ma said.

Judith swung past her mother, leaned over and snapped the radio on. From the speaker, sibilant at first, a man's voice rose in volume: "From the South Pacific, General MacArthur . . ." Jude twisted the dial, caught the hum of music. She whistled along for a moment.

"You look nice in blue," she said crisply to her mother. "I approve."

Ma looked up, smiling. She was wearing a new dress, soft blue, and she had her hair combed up so that the gray in it seemed young and fresh and not old. She was a neat woman, small-boned and compact; she had a natural, easy air of grace.

Jude said: "That's the girl. Make with the smile."

At the door, Dodie listened impatiently. She was a little angry at Jude. She wished she could look in a mirror right now; just once more. The red pinafore was new. And her hair! She puckered her brow, frowning. All right for Jude! She started to open the screen door.

"Where you going, monk?" Jude said.

She turned then, quickly, standing in full view. She stood there silently waiting for Jude's words. Jude was shaking an almost empty cigarette pack; she slid one out and then over the flickering flare of a match she looked at Dodie and said impersonally, once more: "Where you going?"

Dodie swung smartly around again.

"Out!" Dodie said.

DODIE walked through the familiar landscape of the trailer camp; through the open doors seeped the odors of food and the small noises of families awake. Mrs. Everett was out again with her pail, pouring water prodigally over the single vinelike growth that edged cautiously out of the earth in front of her trailer. In a small, dust-caked plot of ground, the three Litton kids, all blond, all dirt-streaked, were playing an intent game of mumblety-peg with a huge. wicked kitchen knife.

Davey Litton said, "Hello, Dodie."

Dodie paused, spraddle-legged, watching Effie Litton whirl the kitchen knife. "Hello."

"I hear Tom's goin' in the Army," Davey said.

"Oh, sure," Dodie said. "We're making him a party tonight."

"My brother's in the Army," Davey said. He added significantly, "He's a corporal."

"Tom's a corporal, too," Dodie said.

"He ain't even in the Army yet," Davey said scornfully. "He ain't even a nothin' yet."

Dodie didn't reply. She scuffed her foot in the dirt and watched a little cloud of dust rise, swirl, settle with a tired pirouetting grace. Davey Litton! What did he know? They came from some place called Gawgia and no one ever even heard of it before. Dodie never heard of it. She stared at Davey, unmoving, and then very slowly she turned her back and moved off to the edge of the trailer camp where the desert began again. In the bewildering variety of Dodie's lives, she happened to be just then the suffering martyr, friendless and alone, a lady whose tragedy was mystery, even to Dodie.

An instant later, at the desert edge, she was a cowgirl watching her invisible cattle move, despairing and gaunt, across the burning sands; she shielded her eyes, squinted and looked for the next water hole. Unfortunately none was evident, but off a bit in the distance a stand of Joshua trees beckoned with menacing gestures. They looked, Dodie decided, like giant Indians, one hand upraised for the scalping. Instantly the cowgirl was discarded; Buffalo Bill Dodie reached for the six-shooters.

The Joshuas properly dispatched to their happy hunting grounds, Dodie momentarily relaxed into a more prosaic role: herself. Well, she was no fool; she had an eye for a place. And this one pleased her. That was important; you get some places, shapeless and hopeless, looking always the same, where a tree is a tree—why, then you might as well stay cooped up in your own room, looking at the walls.

She squatted, critically sifting a specimen of Nevada dirt through her hands. It swooshed through in a satisfactory stream; wet, if ever it got wet, it would make good mud; dry, it had a pleasant silky texture. A smooth-skinned lizard darted across the sand in front of her.

Dodie said, "Hello."

The lizard stopped motionless on the ground, the color of it softly fading into the color of the desert.

"Going somewhere?" she said casually.

The lizard flicked its tail.

"Going in the Army?" Dodie said.

The lizard inched forward a microscopic millimeter.

"Are you a corporal?" Dodie said.

It was not at all strange for Dodie to speak to the lizard. Under proper circumstances Dodie had had long conversations with rocks, bushes, streams, birds, worms, cats, dogs, telephone poles and a particularly sympathetic hydrant. True, the lizard wasn't as talkative as some of the others had been, but one made allowances.

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DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 3

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations and foreign words commonly used and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

1. att.
2. B.W.I.
3. cu.
4. R.P.O.
5. mo.
6. Ltd.
7. tinct.
8. dup.
9. Fah.
10. B.P.O.E.
11. incl.
12. C.P.A.
13. C.B.I.
14. gloss.
15. emb.
16. cml.
17. B.E.F.
18. vox pop.
19. v.t.
20. synop.
21. paren.
22. regt.
23. Lit. B.
24. vols.
25. ad inf.

(Answers on page 69)

—Charles Prout

CAL. WASH. PT. LB. QT. O.K. K.O. OZ. MET. A.A.A. INC. Y.M.C.A. Y.W.C.A. K.C. K.K.K. DIV. WT. CTS.

O. BK. N.O. N.D. A.M. P.M. M. MINN. ETC.

So Dodie felt no concern because the lizard had not broken immediately into a high-pitched gibberish. She was pleased enough by her immediate success. In due time she might tame one, loop a pretty ribbon around its neck, lead it about. In time, she might even gather two or three of them and if they took to it, they might learn a few simple maneuvers like the turtle she once had that pulled its head in if you tapped three times on its shell and popped it out again when you tapped twice.

She looked critically at the lizard still motionless on the ground. Struck now by the eventualities so swiftly and surely foreseen, Dodie lifted her eyes happily to this amazing, wonderful country where every rock and every vista could begin a train of incredible possibilities. Oh, this was a place; yes, this was a place.

When she looked down again, the lizard was gone.

"Dodie! Dodie!"

For one amazing second she almost believed that it was the lizard calling to her from behind some rock; but then the sound hung familiarly in her ear and, with a startled gasp, she turned and rose and ran, laughing and arms outstretched, to the man waiting for her by the gate.

"Tom!" she called; and relapsing back to a childish conceit she had still not completely forgotten, "Tumkin!"

The slight, lean figure in the new tan hat was bent to catch her and he swung her in a high arc, sending her body arching against the sky. He set her back on her feet squealing and a little flushed and then he stood off from her a moment, inspecting her gravely.

"We look pretty in red," he said. "Don't we?"

She pirouetted delightedly in front of him.

"New shoes?"

"They squeak," Dodie said. "Listen."

She rose up on her toes slowly; unmistakably the new leather squeaked, like the sound of Cellophane crinkling.

"And they're dusty," Tom said.

He slipped a handkerchief out of his pocket and knelt before her, running the white cloth over the sand-crusted shoes. She lifted her legs in turn, holding onto his shoulders, her eyes caught by the jaunty feather that rose from the narrow leather band of his new hat. She touched it experimentally.

"Can I have the feather, Tom?" she said.

"The feather?" Tom said.

"The one in your hat. Jude says you won't need it anyway."

"Does she?" he said soberly.

Then he grinned and slipped the feather out of the band. She stowed it carefully in the pocket of her pinafore. A small scurry of movement on the sand just a little to the left of them caught her eye. She gasped, "The lizard. There it goes. Did you see it, Tom?"

"No."

"Oh, you!" she said in mock exasperation. "And it came all the way from Gawgia."

"Did it? You mean from the north?" Tom said gravely. "Across the Impelweiss River?"

Dodie hesitated for a moment and then nodded seriously, "Yes. Across the Impelweiss River."

Tom grunted. "That's an awfully long way."

"No, it isn't." And then she said proudly and irrelevantly as if that explained everything, "Besides, I know all the states except Minnesota."

Tom grinned a little. "You just said it."

Dodie exploded into laughter. "That's the joke. That's what you told me. Remember? Isn't that the joke, Tom?"

"That's the joke," Tom said.

DODIE slipped her hand in Tom's and they walked together toward the trailer. The sun was red now, plump and slack in the sky, sliding imperceptibly to the waiting mountains saw-toothed against the horizon. The dirt alleys of the camp were empty except for the men trudging in from their shift at the plant. On the ground, in front of the Litton trailer, the kitchen knife lay gleaming dully, disregarded and forgotten.

"Tom," Dodie said, "are you a corporal?"

"What?" Tom said.

"Davey Litton's brother is a corporal."

"No," Tom said. "I'm not."

"Oh!" Somehow, vaguely, she felt disappointed.

Tom said, "I'm a lieutenant colonel major general factotum poobah."

"Is that better than a corporal?" Dodie said.

"Much better."

Dodie grinned. "That Davey!"

Inside they found Pa was home. He was shaving and, with the lather still on his face, he burst into the kitchen waving a bottle, his enormous bulk almost filling the narrow room, crying, "Here it is, Tom. Here's luck and faith and hope and a man's guts!"

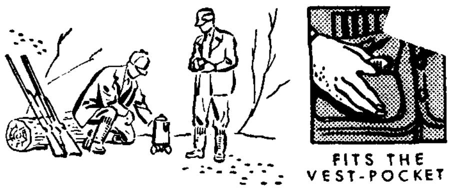
Jude said quizzically: "Well, we have all the makings now. We're sending you off in style, anyway."

"Yes," Tom said dryly. "The fatted calf."

"Don't be ridiculous," Judith said. "The conquering hero."

"Thanks," Tom said.

For a moment, then, they were all silent; the sudden quiet filled the room like air rushing into a vacuum. They were all looking at Tom; Jude murmured something under her



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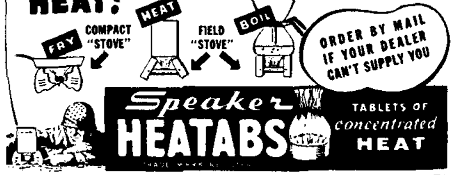

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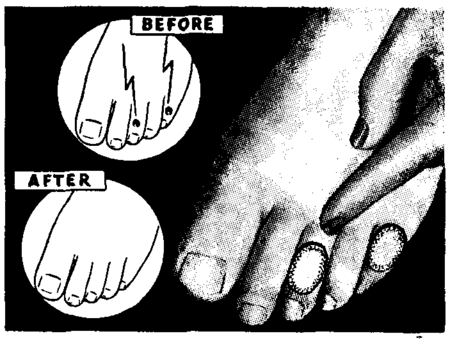

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breath—oh damn, hell—but no one noticed. Ma said finally, briskly: "Well, they'll be coming soon. Get shaved, Ed."

Dodie said, "Ma, can I stay up for the party?"

"Of course, Dodie."

"Can I stay up till the end? Till the very end?"

Ma said, "We'll see."

Dodie swaggered out; if Ma didn't say no, it always meant yes. In the back room, the main room, of the trailer, she looked back over her shoulder. Jude was still in the kitchen. Dodie walked swiftly to the little box where Jude kept her things. She found the small bottle of brilliantine and she shook it experimentally. It still sounded almost full. Tom had liked her; hadn't he said so? Tom knew. Ma and Pa and Jude, they were always thinking of something else. But Tom? Tom would see. She tilted the bottle; slowly, carefully, she began to pour the thick, viscid liquid into her hair. Then she began to comb it furiously. She wished she had a mirror, but she knew just how she wanted it, anyway. You know what Tom would say.

Oh, yes, Tom knew.

DODIE found the party a little strange. It was true she knew all the people. But pressed into the confines of the narrow trailer, with all present at once, and somehow different from the people she knew in their own yards, in the air of the trailer camp, she found herself a little shy, ill at ease. But with all the noise, the smoke, the ringing voices raucous in her ear, she couldn't down the persistent bump of excitement that possessed her and she kept running between the kitchen and the large room, trying to see it all at once, until her mother placed a bowl of fruit in her hands and she had to walk carefully, nervously aware that the least jolt would send the smooth round bowl skittering out of her hands.

She wished it wasn't fruit. She had seen movies and she knew what a party was like; there was always a long table and on it were things you couldn't recognize at all but everyone ate them and somehow that made a party. You couldn't really have a party with fruit; you ate fruit every day. Still second best was better than none.

Someone was saying, as she entered the room: "Why're you taking the early train, Tom? Stick around. The trains run all night, don't they?"

Tom's voice said patiently: "No, that's the only train."

The room was hazy with smoke and filled with the sound of men talking. She saw Pa with Mr. Dennison and both of them were wearing ties and that made it seem like Sunday or almost like a party, anyway. Dodie passed politely about, intent on her job. A large man, with a raw, sunburned face, reached for an apple and bit into it heavily while his other hand plucked a peach. Dodie didn't say anything but on her next circle of the room she avoided the man completely; Dodie didn't believe justice lay in words, it lay in action. She skipped the man the third time, too.

She circled the room once more and finally came upon Tom, standing in one corner. She tried to catch his eye, but he was talking to Tod Evans. She looked for Jude; usually if you saw Tod around, Jude was somewhere near, but this time Tod seemed to be alone. She stood quietly by Tom's side, holding the heavy, empty bowl in her hands, looking up at him. Pa came charging across the room, his tie a little undone and his eyes bright and sharp.

"Hey, Tom," he shouted. "Hart says the bottle's too heavy for him."

Hart Dennison grinned unevenly. "Did I drink to you yet, Tom?" he said. "I can't let you go without drinking once with you."

Pa poured from the bottle into small glasses. Hart Dennison was jigging a little, shuffling his feet in a slow rhythm, humming to himself:

"Came out of Kennebec runnin' and gruntin',
Big as a mountain, broad as a plain—"

Pa raised his glass and said: "To Tom!" Tom grinned a little and nodded his head. Tod Evans said slowly, after Pa, "Here's to you, Tom." Hart Dennison was still jigging slowly; he reached for the glass and chanted:

"I'm tired, said Paul,
And sick of it all.
I'm tired of tryin',
Said old Paul Bunyon . . ."

Pa roared: "To Tom! He'll win the war for us!"

"I thought you did that for us the last time, Ed," Hart Dennison said.

"I sat on my fanny," Ed said. "I won that war sitting on my fanny in a trench. They're smarter this time. They keep them moving."

"Don't they, though," Hart said. "Free wheeling."

"They gave me a shovel and a tin hat last time," Ed said; "and by the time I was finished, I had that shovel trained better than a bulldozer. I pushed more dirt than they ever did scooping out the dam."

Hart stopped jigging and said almost soberly: "Here's luck, Tom. Here's to you. Wherever you are."

Dodie watched it all with a silent and growing excitement. It was as if the men were repeating a strange and awesome ritual, as if suddenly, for one blinding moment, she was peeking into the forbidden realm of the adult world and had overheard the password. The four men were standing now with arms upraised, poised for a moment before their glasses met and clinked. Dodie was overcome with a fierce burning pride for Tom. She called suddenly and shrilly, raising her hand high:

"Here's to you, Tom!"

Hart Dennison laughed; he bent double, whooping with laughter. Pa looked down at her and she knew he hadn't seen her before. He was frowning and he said heavily: "Dodie—"

She knew he didn't want an answer and she kept silent while his eyes traveled over her from the tip of her head down to the gleaming shine of her shoes.

He said, "What did you do to your hair?"

She half smiled. "Do you like it?"

He bent down and sniffed. "You smell like a sick cow. Wash it off."

"Pa," Dodie began.

"Wash it off," he yelled, impatiently, angrily. "Now!"

For a moment she looked up at all of them, at Mr. Dennison and Pa and Tod Evans and Tom. Then very quickly she turned and ran, bumping into legs. It looks nice, she thought, it looks nice. Besides, it was a party, wasn't it? Tom was going away, wasn't he? Wasn't it a party?

ONLY when she was out of the room and perched over the kitchen sink, looking up into the mirror with the small crack along the edge, did she begin to cry. She turned on the cold water tap and you couldn't tell the sound of her tears from the sound of the running water.

Tom found her there, bent over the chipped enamel sink, weeping great tears while slowly and with effort she rinsed the clear, cold water through her hair. He touched her arm and she stiffened, refusing to look at him, stubbornly scooping the water into her cupped hands, dashing it grimly and steadily against her hair.

"Hey," Tom said gently. "What's the idea, lady?"

"It was pretty," Dodie said. "It was."

"Sure," Tom said, "it was beautiful."

"You didn't say so. Not once."

"Didn't I?" Tom said. "That's funny. I was thinking about it all the time."

She turned to him. "Were you?" she said. "Really?"

"Honest."

She felt a surge of uncontrollable emotion and she flung her arms about him, burying her head against his shoulder; not quite knowing what she felt, she sobbed: "Tom, Tom!" His hands tightened around her for a moment, holding the slim, childish body and then he was saying softly, "All right, lady, it's all over. Let's get washed and combed now. What do you say?"

Outside the noise welled up into a gibberish of sound, very loud and insistent. Someone called, "Tom!" The noise of a horn cut through the sounds, held in the air.

Tom said: "Are you tired, Dodie?"

"Oh, no."

He ran the comb through her hair, frowning a little, and then he swept it back neatly the way she usually wore it. "Would you like to take a ride? Into town?"

"Now?" Dodie said incredulously.

"Down to the station."

She twisted her head a little while the comb bit into a knot of tangled hair. "Oh, yes," she said. "Can I?"

"Sure thing," Tom said.

The horn shrieked outside.

They hurried through the door and down

the two steps to the desert outside. A crowd was gathered around the car and Tom climbed swiftly into the front seat of the old car that belonged to Hart Dennison; Dodie perched in his lap. The crowd shouted good-bys, and Pa stood up in the back seat waving his hand; beside him, Ma was trying to get him down.

"Mademoiselle from Armentieres," Pa yelled; and then abruptly he fell back into the seat as the car jolted to a start. "You'll never get the Croix de Guerre—" Pa was singing and then his voice was drowned out by the blasting exhaust of the old engine.

On Tom's lap, Dodie squirmed until she could look out through the window. In the darkness, the landscape scudded by like one enormous shadow; the bleak, black hills that rimmed the desert seemed no longer part of the earth; they floated ominously in a misty, jagged sky. Ahead of them, like many bits of colored confetti, the lights of Las Vegas beckoned. Suddenly Dodie was wide awake; she thought she would never sleep again. She wanted to ride on forever through the dark surprise of an endless night.

Oh, this was a time.

THE waiting room of the station, circular and yellow with light, was full. At the sweep of the information desk, an officer with a captain's two bars on his shoulders was leaning patiently on the smooth top, his hands propping the round tired circle of his face; a woman, holding a baby in her arms, was leaning half asleep against the plump roundness of a post. Around the door a group of young soldiers were standing quietly by their piled duffel bags.

"Listen, Tom," Pa said hurriedly, "you'll take it easy? Don't let it throw you. No matter what happens, don't let it throw you."

"Don't worry," Tom said.

"Tom," he said urgently again. "You'll get scared. One time or another they all get scared—"

Dodie was pulling at Tom's sleeve. Ma was standing by his side and Tom's arm was flung over her shoulder. Ma hadn't said anything; she was quiet.

Dodie said in a high-pitched voice, "Will you send me something, Tom?"

"Listen, Tom—" Pa said.

Jude said casually, "Give my regards to the colonel. If you get a minute, write."

"Sure," Tom said.

They heard the whistle of the train, very near and very loud. Tom turned quickly and then in a rapid gesture he slipped the new tan hat from his head and pressed it into Pa's hand; Pa took it, his eyes on Tom, crushing the new felt between his huge, broad-planed palms.

"What will you send me?" Dodie said.

"Keep your head down," Pa said. "Damn it, remember. Keep your head down."

"What will you send me?" Dodie said again, insistently, almost shouting.

Pa turned to her; and again she had the feeling that he hadn't seen her before. He said in a hard, tense voice: "Dodie!"

Tom bent to her; but he was looking up at the rest of them, at Pa and Ma and Jude. He said almost harshly: "Don't! She doesn't know. Don't make her know."

There were people hurrying past them now, flowing toward the wide doors. They could hear the hiss of the engine.

Tom said, "What do you want, Dodie? What would you like?"

And now, suddenly, she couldn't remember anything at all that she wanted. She could only shake her head and bite her lip, trying to remember, and say finally: "Oh, you know."

Oh, yes, Tom knew.

"The train's in," Jude said softly. "Come on, Tom."

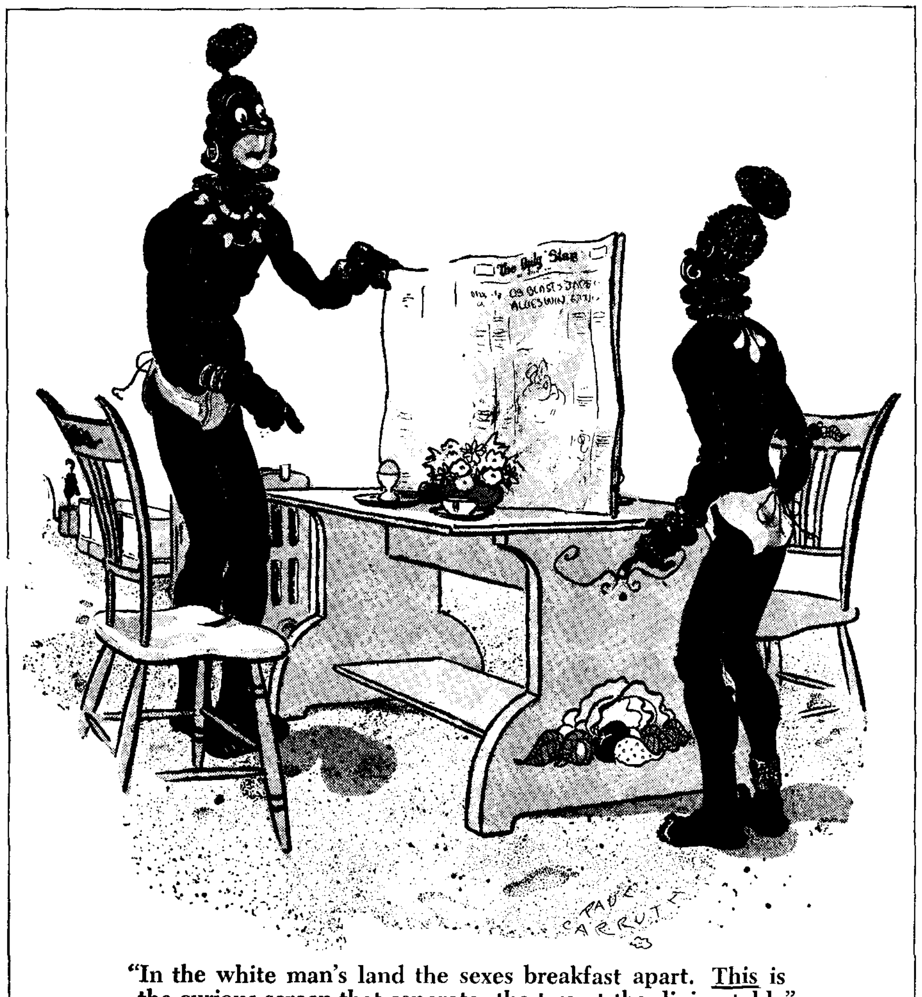
They swept out onto the station platform. Ma kissed Tom, and then suddenly he was gone, walking swiftly to one of the rear cars. Ma stood at the back of the platform trying to watch him. Almost before they knew it, the train was moving once more. They saw Tom briefly through one of the passing train windows, the bulk of his body framed abruptly in the square of glass. Dodie saw him look out and wave, and then she remembered.

"A medal, Tom," she called out. "Bring me a medal."

Her voice was shrill with all the dazzling movement of the day, a thin piping lost against the heavy wheeze of the engine, and suddenly Dodie was tired. Pa lifted her in his arms and they turned away toward the street. She tried to keep her eyes open, watching the brightly lighted stores they were passing, but her head dropped, cradled in the arch of Pa's shoulder. The day fled in fragments through her mind: the fruit; St. Louis, Em Oh; Davey Litton's head, the lizard, the Impelweiss River, the feather, her hair, Tom.

"Nice," Dodie said sleepily. "Tom's in the war."

THE END



"In the white man's land the sexes breakfast apart. This is the curious screen that separates the two at the dining table"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

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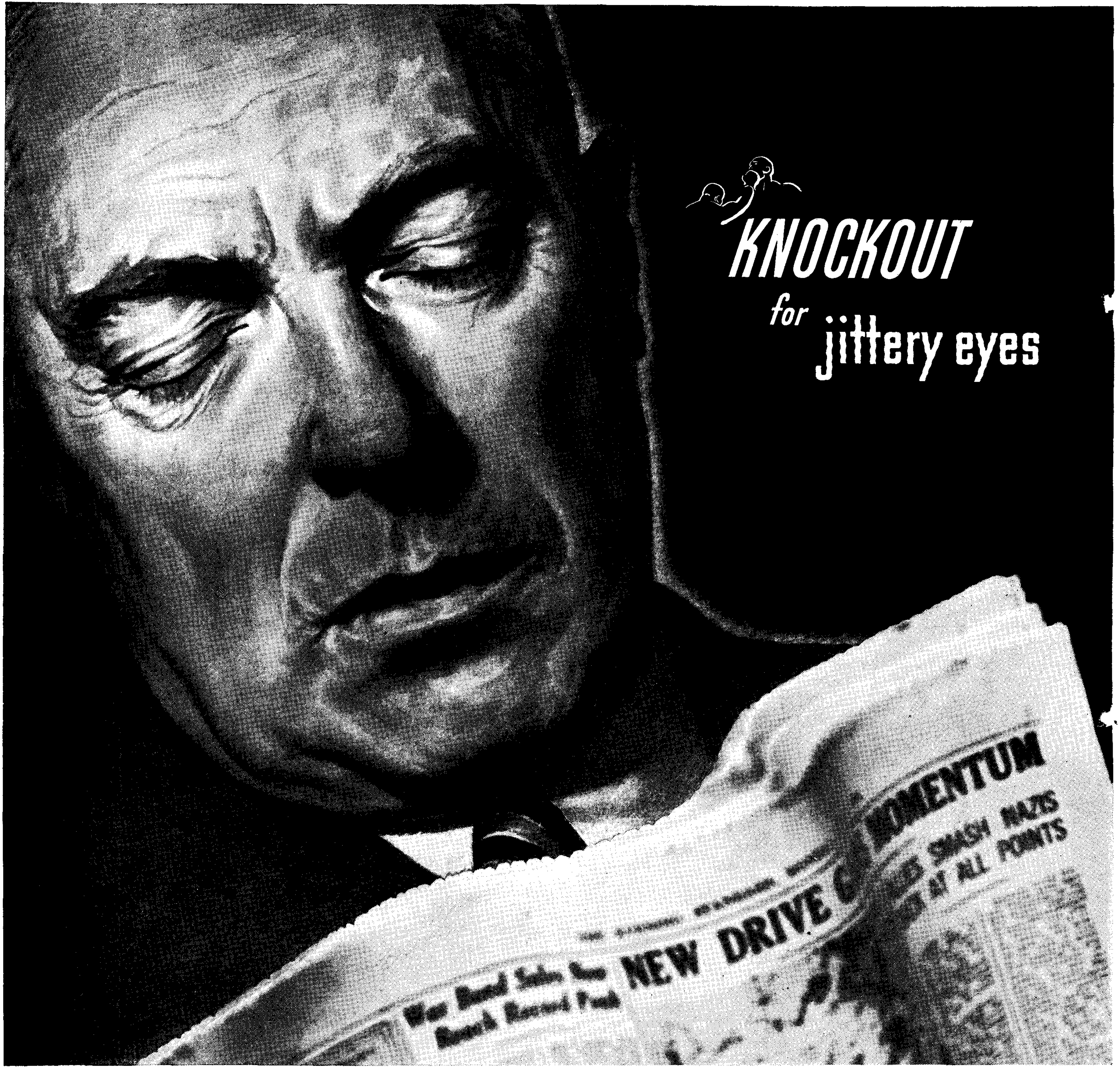

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BVI

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO SUPERMAN

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Joey loved Mabel—better even than taxi driving. But love and marriage were two different matters, and Joey discovered that a man wasn't safe, not even in the Army

MAYBE you heard the old sayin' that goes, "There are more things in heaven and earth than a lot of guys ever figure, Horatio." This is by Shakespeare, and even if it ain't word for word, exactly, it'll give you an idea about what happens to me this time in the Army, which, like it says here, shouldn't happen to Superman.

I remember the last civilian night I spend with my girl friend, Mabel Stooler, up at her house. Up to this time, I been leadin' a healthy, normal life in Brooklyn, drivin' a hack, until my number comes up in the draft. This, like a lotta people know, is an upsetting occurrence to a man's life.

The lights are dim at Mabel's, the way I like, but the mood ain't like usual.

"Gee, Joey," she says.

She's been sayin' it all night, and I know how she feels. We're sittin' around her parlor, on the couch, and I'm kinda lookin' through one of her kid brother Sherman's magazines, to cover up the way I really feel. Sad, I mean.

"Gee, Joey," she says.

I turn over a couple of pages in the magazine. It's about a character they call "Wonderbar, the Man of the Future, and his Force X," and what he can't do just ain't in the books, includin' knockin' people over without even touching them, by usin' this Force X he invented. It's kinda interestin' to see how they work it out. Their imagination, and all.

"Joey," Mabel says.

It ain't "Gee, Joey" this time, and it's got a sound in it to go with her red hair.

"Yeah, baby?" I says, puttin' the magazine down right away.

"I'm sittin' here, Joey," she says.

"I know, baby."

"I'm glad you know, Joey. Maybe you also know this is your last night with me, not with Superman."

"Wonderbar," I says.

"It's the same thing, and if that's all you can talk about, then all right."

"I'm sorry, baby," I says. "I guess I just ain't myself tonight."

She tucks her feet up under her, the way she does, and looks me square in the eye.

"Joey," she says.

Maybe I oughta explain to you that I been goin' with Mabel a long time, and a guy gets to know what a girl is thinkin' from the way she says things. I know this "Joey" from way back. It's with rice and old shoes, if you get what I mean.

"I guess I better be goin', baby," I says kinda quick. "I gotta go to the camp in the mornin' tomorrow."

"And you ain't got nothin' to say to me before you go?"

"About what?" I says, knowin' all the time.

"About us, and the future," she says.

Now I got definite ideas about guys goin' into the Army gettin' married, and it ain't in favor. Mabel got the same kind of ideas—definite—but they ain't similar.

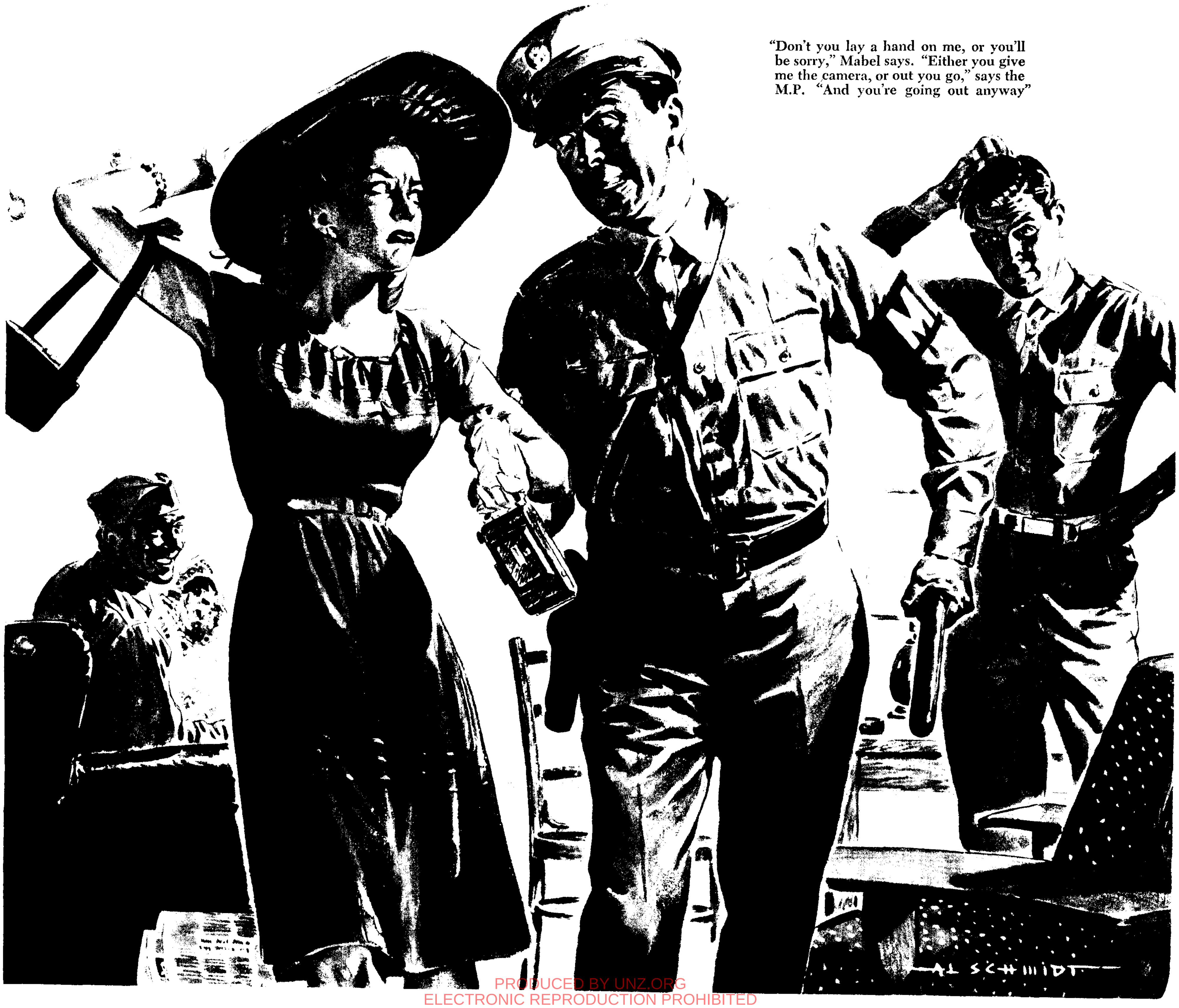
"Mabel," I says, "when I come back, marchin' down Fifth Avenue with the winnin' Army, and you're standin' there cheerin' and proud, then I'm gonna have somethin' to ask you." I figure this has a nice sound to it, and maybe she'll like it.

She don't.

"Joey," she says, "listen to me."

I do that for about the next hour and a half, and I still ain't sure how I manage to give her a good-by kiss and get me out of there still bein' single. Even so, I don't get no better than a draw, because Mabel says she's gonna come out and visit me in camp, to continue the discussion.

There's no use givin' you no details on



"Don't you lay a hand on me, or you'll be sorry," Mabel says. "Either you give me the camera, or out you go," says the M.P. "And you're going out anyway" the first day in the Army. It's the works, I'm tellin' you. The thing that gets me most is these veterans who been in the Army maybe three days, with the tags still stuck on their clothes, hollerin' at us all the time, "Watch the hook! Watch the hook!"

"The hook," the guy ahead of me in line tells me, "is a long needle with a hook in it, that they stick into you for an injection."

"Thanks for the explanation," I says, "and nobody asked you."

To tell you the truth, by the time I get in the line for these shots, I'm sweatin'. I'm kinda high-strung, see, and with everybody hollerin' about the hook, and workin' it up like that, and me bein' tired out from everything else . . . well, I ain't exactly solid in the knees, if you get what I mean.

The line for the shots keeps movin' up slow, and up ahead I see them stick the needle in a guy. He takes one step, and falls on his face. They carry him away.

I try concentratin' on other things, like my girl friend Mabel.

The guy five places in front of me takes the first shot, and the second. He says somethin' like "Whup!" and slides down to the floor. They carry him away.

The guy in front of me cracks, "Watch the hook, eh, Doc?" He's grinnin' when they slip it to him. The next minute he's out like a mackerel. I'm next in line. My heart is bangin' like a jalopy on one cylinder.

I hear somebody sayin', "I'll relieve you now, Hotchkiss." I open my eyes a minute, and there's a new guy standin' there with the needle. He's got thick glasses, that catch the light, and make his eyes look big and swimmy.

"Professor Krosnikov!" I says. It's the superscientist from Wonderbar, or one of them reasonable facsimiles. My head feels light, like a dozen beers on an empty stomach.

"What's that?" he says.

"Professor Krosnikov!" I says. "Now wait a minute . . ."

RIGHT then he lets me have it in the arm. I can feel the needle scrapin' on my shoulder bone. The floor comes up like an elevator, and clouts me one in the face. That's all, brother.

I'm only out for a couple of seconds, I guess, but it's long enough for some fancy dreamin'. The dream is about me bein' Wonderbar, the Man of the Future, and flyin' around faster than a speeding bullet. And there's this Professor Krosnikov, only he's dressed up like a preacher, and he's makin' Mabel marry me . . . not me, Wonderbar, but the real me, Joe Sparton. And Wonderbar, which is me in the dream, comes swoopin' in to the rescue. Only I don't rescue Mabel, but I rescue Joe Sparton . . . in the dream. It's complicated, and it only lasts a couple of seconds.

The thing is I come outta the whole thing feelin' definitely strange. It's hard to explain, but it's important for what happens later. What I mean is, I got this strange feelin'. Like I ain't normal, exactly. Strange.

I'm a soldier only a couple of days, when I get a letter from Mabel, confirmin' the fact that she's comin' out to visit me.

"Joey," she says in the letter, "when I come out, we can have a long talk, just the two of us. Everybody says there is going to be a big shortage of men soon, so maybe I will have to propose to you. P.S. This is just a joke to keep up your morale, like they say we should for the soldiers. Ha-ha."

It don't do my morale any good.

Neither does the time they put me on the K.P., which they waste no time in doin'.

K.P. ain't a picnic, like you probably know. I'm up at three o'clock in the mornin', and by the time it's daylight I washed more pots and pans, the size of bathtubs, than I ever knew there was.

By the time it's afternoon, I ain't exactly in no holiday mood. And I ain't got over feelin' strange from the shots, neither. So when the K.P. pusher—a junior Gestapo with pimples on his face, and stripes on his arm—comes over and starts ridin' me, the situation gets kinda tense.

"Keep those pots coming," he says, "and make it quick. There's a war on."

"I don't need you to tell me," I says.

"Don't give me any of your lip, soldier," he says, "or you're going to be sorry."

"Oh, yeah?" I says.

"Yeah," he says.

Not meanin' anything, I put down the pan I'm workin' on, and take a step over towards him. I really ain't nowheres near him. I feel a funny buzzing feeling inside me, like a six-bit alarm clock going off.

He kinda takes a step backwards, and falls over flat on his back. His head rings like a gong through the whole kitchen. He's up on his feet hollerin', but he looks like he's got the measles, where he's pale under the pimples.

"You pushed me," he hollers.

"I never laid a hand on you," I says, which is the truth.

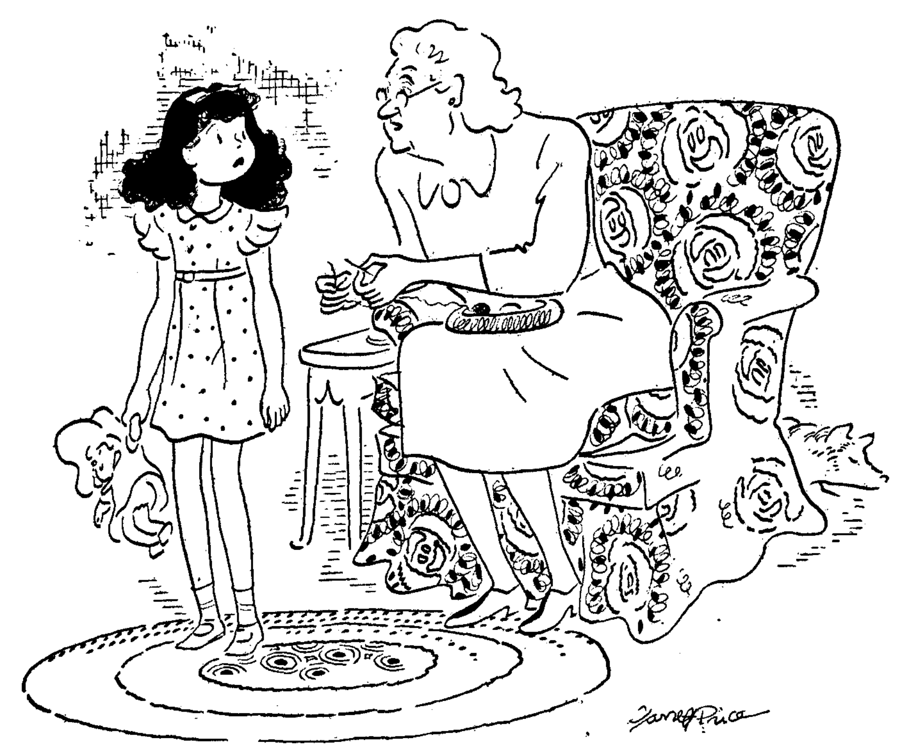
"Wonderbar, the Man of the Future," says one of the K.P.'s like he believed it. "Wonderbar and his Force X."

"Shut up and get back to work," the K.P. pusher yells. Then he gives me a week's K.P. But I notice he stays away from me after that.

IT WAS funny the way it happened. I'm just tellin' it to you, so you'll get the picture. I never laid a hand on him.

Well, in the natural course of events, like they say, I work off the K.P., and I get my second shot, a week after the first. I take this one standin' up, but it's just like the first time. Professor Krosnikov is there, and I get this same feelin' like before, only more so. Then Mabel comes out to visit me.

I tell you, she really looks good. We're sittin' around the Service Club, talkin', and it's almost like I wasn't in the Army no more. Like we were home, on the couch in her house. Except there was a crowd in the place, and an M.P. in the corner.



"Would you mind threading this needle for your old Granny? She's got a hang-over"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

She asks me how I like the Army. I tell her fine, which is an exaggeration. She tells me how things are going back in Brooklyn. It's interesting. Then she gets down to the subject.

"Joey," she says, "I been thinkin'."

"I know," I says.

"Whaddya know?"

"What you been thinkin'."

"Don't be smart," she says. "I'm talkin' serious."

"Sure, baby," I says, seein' I'm off on the wrong foot. "I been thinkin' about it, too. It's a subject that is very close to my heart."

This foot is even worse than the first one I got off on.

"That's good," she says. "Then we can stop being foolish, and get married right away."

"Mabel," I says, "nothin' would make me happier, if I was only in a position to . . ."

"If I hear that once more, Private Joe Sparton," she cuts in, in that low voice that sounds like five thousand volts, "I'm gonna scream, right here in the Service Center, with my new hat and all, which you never even said looks nice on me."

"It's a beautiful hat," I says, "and very becoming to you. Turn around and let me see how it looks from the side."

"Don't change the subject," she says.

The subject continues, and I'm on the hot seat. I give her all my arguments a long time ago, and she's got answers for everything, and a couple of spare arguments she throws in. I keep thinkin' how it would be if they'd only ship me out of this camp, which is too near Brooklyn. I know if I can only get a little bit away, I can straighten the whole thing out by mail. Even if you lose the argument, you can't get married in no envelope. But I'm sittin' there, and I ain't shippin', and I can't see no way out.

"When a girl gives the best years of her life to a man," she says, "goin' out with him on dates, and everything, like a steady girl, and then he decides he's goin' into the Army and leavin' her . . ."

"The draft board decided, not me."

"Then did the draft board decide you can't get married to your steady girl for four years?"

That's what I mean. She's got the answers. I can see in another coupla minutes either it's a proposal or I lose my girl. Both ways I'm a loser.

"Joey," she says, "I'm talkin' to you."

It's the pincers, like we say in the Army. I gotta talk up one way or the other. I look around kind of desperate, and I see this M.P. standin' in the corner, lookin' at his watch.

"If it was Wonderbar," I think, the way you think in them times of stress, "he would give the M.P. the old Hypno-Eye, and the M.P. would come over and tell Mabel it's time for visitors to go, resolvin' the situation temporarily." But it's still a half-hour to the end of visitin' time.

"We gotta come to an understanding," Mabel is sayin', "like two grown-up people. Now."

I look at the M.P. again. He looks up at me kinda strange, and starts walkin' over. My insides are buzzin' like the alarm clock again.

THE next thing I know, he's standin' by where we're sittin', and he says, "Lady, I'm sorry, but you'll have to start leaving."

It's just what I wanted, but I can feel cold shivers goin' up my spine.

"We still have half an hour," Mabel says, "and you're interrupting a very important conversation."

"I know," the M.P. says, "but we have to start clearing out the place a little early, so everybody will be out by four o'clock."

"That's okay," says Mabel. "You start with the other people."

"Lady, I'm asking you in a nice way," says the M.P.—who, bein' an M.P., acts like an M.P. "You better start going."

"Joey, are you gonna let him talk to me like that?" Mabel says to me.

"He's an M.P., baby," I says, quiet.

"I'm a citizen," she says, not so quiet.

Sure, I don't like this M.P. talkin' like that to Mabel. But even then, when I was a green rookie, without no rank, like I got now—Pfc.—I knew better than arguin' with an M.P. And, the guy's doin' what I want, even if he don't know it.

The M.P. is burnin'. "Lady," he says, "I notice that is a camera you're carrying in your hand."

"That's right," says Mabel, very formal. "And thank you for reminding me, even if you ain't got very good manners. I still have to take some pictures of Joey."

"I'll take that camera," says the M.P. "No pictures are allowed on the post."

"Don't you lay a hand on me, or you'll be sorry," Mabel says.

"Either you give me the camera, or out you go," says the M.P. "And you're going out anyway." This ain't the right approach with Mabel, but they don't pick the M.P.s for their tact and diplomacy.

"I like to see you put me out," says Mabel, foldin' her arms. "Right, Joey?"

He's got her by the arm and halfway to the door before I know what's happenin', but it ain't smooth sailin'.

"Get your hands offa me, you palooka," she hollers, letting him have one in the shins that sounds like she's choppin' him down like a cherry tree. "Joey, do something!"

A crowd starts gatherin' to watch the excitement. Mabel loosens a coupla molars on the M.P. by givin' him a right cross with her pocketbook.

"Joey," she hollers, "are you gonna stand there and let this gorilla humiliate me? Do something!"

What can a guy do? The Army's got discipline.

"I'll write you a letter, baby," I says. It's the only thing I can think to say, but it don't improve the situation.

It's only a matter of time and trainin'. On the way out she makes it clear what she thinks about a guy who won't do nothin' when his girl is gettin' the heave-ho.

"Joe Sparton," she says, at the end, "I'm never gonna speak to you again as long as I live." She takes another swing at the M.P., and almost falls on her face when he ducks.

It ain't what you'd call a dignified exit. But it's an exit all the same.

I HANG around for a coupla minutes after she's gone, because the M.P. drops a hint he wants to talk to me after he's got Mabel on her way. And anyways, I want to talk to him, too. He didn't have to get so tough, M.P. or no M.P.

"You didn't have to get tough about it, Jack," I says when he gets back. After all, I just lost my girl.

"Listen, soldier," he says, "I'm telling you, for your own good, you better tell that dame that you're in the Army, and . . ."

It's that word "dame" gets me. Mabel ain't no dame.

I guess I woulda plowed the guy anyways. But I just take a step in to him, he takes a little step back, and bang! He's down flat on his back, with a floor lamp on top of him.

Later on, in the guardhouse, he swears I pushed him. I never laid a hand on him.

Prison, or the guardhouse, is supposed to be a place where people get big ideas. Some old-time writer is supposed to have thought up some great stuff in the clink, and Hitler got the ideas for Mein Kampf in the same place, a book I'd like to let him have where it would do the most good.

I sit in the guardhouse for a week, doin' nothin' but thinkin'.

I got plenty to think about. And in between, I read the only literature they got around the place. A lotta back copies of "Wonderbar, the Man of the Future, and his Force X." For a man in my condition of mind, it ain't healthy reading.

Every time I read what else the guy can do, I can picture me doin' the same thing. When the guy jumps over a big building, I see me doin' it. When he goes faster than a speeding bullet, I'm doin' the same thing. It ain't a good feeling.

And all the time, in all the stories, there's this Professor Krosnikov, the superscientist, givin' Wonderbar shots in the arm to keep up his Force X. It's all in the forty-seventh century, which is a long ways ahead.

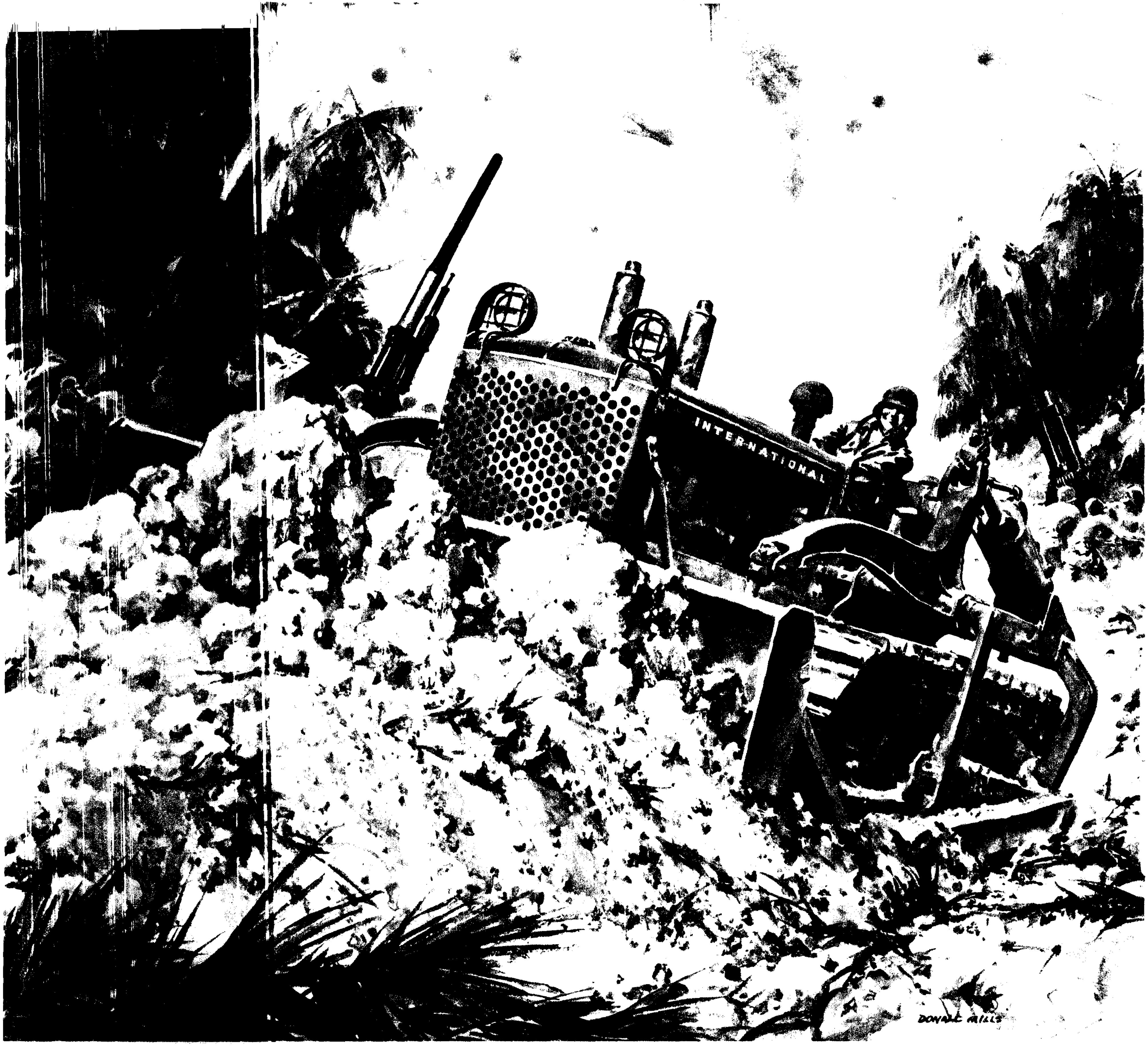
Don't get the idea I think I'm gettin' like Wonderbar, or even Superman, which is a copyrighted feature, anyways. All I know is I don't want no more of them shots.

The day before I'm supposed to get out of the clink, the M.P. on guard comes in.

"You've got a visitor," he says.

It's Mabel. I never been so glad to see anybody in my life. I tell her this.

"Tell him," she says to the M.P., "it's too



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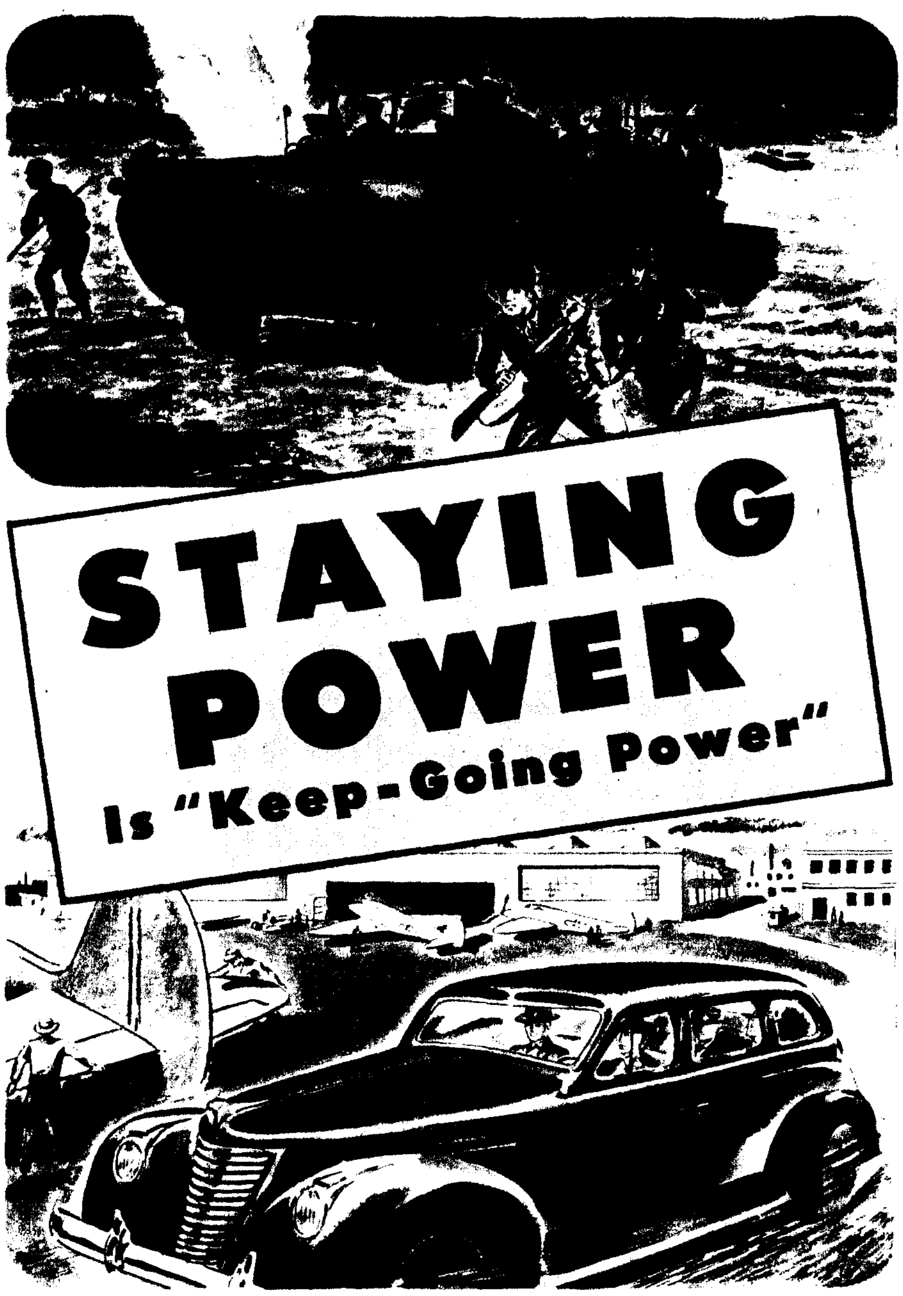

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bad he can't keep out of jail, even in the Army."

"It's okay, baby. You can talk to the prisoners," I says. "Only that ain't a very nice thing to say."

"Tell him," she says, with a dead-pan look I seen before, "I ain't talkin' to anybody I says I ain't gonna talk to. If he don't like the conversation so far, I can leave any time."

I remember the last thing she says on the way outta the Service Club. She ain't talkin' to me.

"But, Mabel," I says, "I figure if you come all the way out to see me . . ."

"That's just because of morale," she says to the M.P. "Tell him I said it's just for a soldier's morale."

"For cryin' out loud," says the M.P.

"Are you gonna tell him?" Mabel asks, givin' him a hard look.

"She says she's just here for your morale," the M.P. says, lookin kinda dazed.

"I heard what she said," I says, gettin' a little mad.

"For cryin' out loud," says the M.P. He takes a walk.

It's an unusual situation, but Mabel is an unusual girl.

"Look, baby," I says, "I wrote you I'm sorry about what happens and all."

"If a certain party is interested," she says, lookin' up at the ceiling, "it seems to me that it takes more than an apology to make up for what he done."

I get it right away. You know, in their own special subjects, women are sometimes so smart that it scares you.

"Baby, you ain't bein' fair about this."

"Fair, he says!"

"You can't rush a guy into a decision like this."

"Rush, he says!"

"Okay, then," I says. "Whatever it is, it ain't fair."

"I hope the keeper will say goodby for me," she says, and starts walkin' out.

I'm thinkin' fast. The only answer I can see is to stall a little bit more. If I can only ship out, maybe I can still save the day, from the bachelor point of view.

"Wait a minute," I says. "How about this? What if you let me get recovered from bein' locked up . . . for a week, let's say. And then you come back, and we'll make a decision."

She stops for a minute, and thinks it over. She's runnin' out of ways of talkin' to me without talkin' to me, too.

It don't stop her long. She turns to the guy in the next cell to me, and says, "Would you mind telling the soldier in the next compartment that it's all or nothing at all?"

That does it. The whole guardhouse full of guys starts singin' all at once, like this Frank Sinatra, All or Nothing at All. The place is in an uproar, and the M.P.s come runnin' in.

I feel like sinkin' into the floor. Mabel just smiles sweet at me, and walks out. This time with dignity.

I GOT a week, and I start sweatin' it out, waiting. I'm readin' the bulletin board like it was the Racing Form, from beginning to end, lookin' for my name on the shippin' list. Three days, four days, and it's no soap. I'm beginning to appreciate how a cornered rat feels, cornered. Every time I hear a bell ring, it's wedding bells. Five days, and I'm still in the same place, only deeper, if you know what I mean.

Mabel is coming out on the seventh day, and on the sixth day I see my name on the bulletin board. No, I ain't shippin'. I'm ready to get my next shots.

I don't know if you know how I feel about this. Like I say, I ain't nuts enough to think them shots turn me into a guy from the forty-seventh century, or anything like that. I just figure that the day Mabel comes is gonna be a big day, and I can't take any chances on no more coincidences, from them shots. I take it up with the Medical Department.

I see this major, who's in charge up there. I tell him the whole story, just like I'm telling you. And then I ask him:

"Major," I says, "I ain't had a sick day in my life. All I want is for you to say it's okay not to take the next shot." I follow this up with "Sir," to make it stick.

"Son," says the major, "sit down."

I sit down.

"Son," the major says again, "I'm a doctor first, and a major a long way after that. I've brought a lot of fellows your age into the world, and I've watched them grow."

A real nice guy, the major. I figure I come to the right party.

"Take my advice," the major says. "Just go along with the Army, and don't fight it. You'll find it's not such a bad place to be, in these times."

We seem to be drifting away from the subject.

"It ain't the Army, Doc," I says. "It's them shots."

"Yes, the shots. Son, you've cooked up a pretty good story there, I'll admit." Here he grins at me. "But we both know you're as sane and rational as I am. Let's forget all about a medical discharge, and just concentrate on doing the best we can. Your country needs young men with your imagination."

I manage to get a couple of "Yes, sirs," and throw him a shaky salute before I get out of there.

It's no use. I take the shots in a sort of daze. My arm feels as sore as always. And the same old feelin' comes stealin', like they say in the song.

THE next day I read the bulletin board from top to bottom. I ain't on it. I'm a dead pigeon.

Mabel comes in on schedule, and I'm waitin' for her. I know I only got one answer for her, and it's bound to be the wrong one. Maybe you get the idea I ain't crazy about Mabel, from the way I act here. But you're wrong there, because, outside marryin' her when I'm goin' off to the war, and all, I'd cut off my right arm for the kid.

I almost do it, too. I'm waitin' near the gate, and I see Mabel comin' off the bus across the street, and down a ways. She sees me, too, and starts runnin' over. I can see she's happy. I can also see that she's runnin' right in front of a six-wheeler that's comin' like the Super Chief down the company street.

I ain't got a chance to get to her in time. I holler, "Mabel, look out!" and start runnin'. I'm halfway down the block, and this truck's right on top of her. Someplace inside me, a six-bit alarm clock is ringin'.

The next thing I know, I hit right into her, and we roll into the ditch. The truck goes by, givin' us a face full of G.I. dust.

All she can say for a while is, "Gee, Joey." She's got dirt all over her good dress, and on her face.

All I can think is "Gee, Joey," too. All I can think is "faster than a speeding bullet." I'm shakin' like a leaf.

Finally Mabel catches her breath.

"I guess you saved my life, Joey," she says, kinda shy, and lookin' at me with her big eyes, which are blue and shiny.

"You shoulda watched where you were goin'," I says.

"You saved my life," she says again, only with special feeling. "I guess now there's nothing neither one of us can do about it."

"Whaddya mean?"

"I'm yours," she says.

If you know a good answer to that one, you can keep it to yourself, because it's too late to do me any good now, anyways. I didn't know no answer.

We got the company commander's permission. We see the chaplain. Everybody's so good to us, and accommodatin', I could scream, the way Mabel says. The wedding is set for the next day.

All night I have nightmares, the few times I'm really sleepin'. And then in the middle of the night, I take the last chance.

Lyin' there on my cot, with the whole barracks quiet except for the guy in the second bunk who snores like he's stranglin', I say to myself, like Wonderbar, the Man of the Future, "Up, up and away!"

I tell you, after what happens already, I'm scared green to even say it. But it's my last chance. I says, "Up, up and away."

The next day I ship.

YEAH, that's the whole story. Mabel is still my girl, because, even if she's disappointed, she can't blame me for the Army shippin' me out away from Brooklyn.

The only reason I'm tellin' you this story at all is that I just seen a notice on the bulletin board sayin' that next week I'm due for what they call the "booster" shot. You get it after you been in the Army a year, which is what I've been.

I ain't sayin' nothin's gonna happen. I just want it on the books what happened the first time. Just in case.

You see what I mean?

THE END

I Rode a German Raider

Continued from page 22

lea to die. I did not want to go through life ll smashed up.

Several of the ambulance men carried me p on deck in a blanket. Somebody handed e a lighted cigarette and I felt better. The feboats were away. Jimmie Stewart, another of our group, yelled at one to come ack to me. They tied a rope under my rms. Stewart picked me up and held me ver the rail.

The sky was a pale blue, and the sun was ıst coming up over the horizon, flooding e scene below me in brilliant light. The feboats dancing on the water made me think f a picnic. I was being lowered. I kicked gainst the side of the ship with my right oot as I went down, and then I was hauled ver the stern of a boat. For the moment e pain was bad. It wasn't a picnic—not for e, anyway. It may have been a picnic for he enemy to shoot fifty or sixty shells at a efenseless neutral ship that—as they well new—would have stopped if they had asked er to.

Then I saw our attacker looming over us. he was a German raider and was lowering er flag. I took it for a Dutch flag until I aw the Swastika in the corner. The German ailors let down a stretcher and I was tied in t and hauled up topside and carried into he raider's hospital and laid out on the loor. An ugly redheaded German in purple horts grinned at me with a mouthful of old teeth.

The German doctor came in, and I asked or a cigarette. He said in English that no moking was allowed in the hospital. Somebody gave me an injection of morphine. hey were bringing in other stretcher cases. Ned Laughinghouse, a tobacco buyer from he Zamzam, was walking around though his ead was split wide open. And then I was n the table and they were giving me ether.

It must have been late afternoon when I ame to. The glare of the overhead light was eflected by the white sheet around me. It rt my eyes. I was all tied up. My left r was in a splint suspended by a cord rom the deck overhead. My left leg was in n angular splint with wires and dangling veights. I was surprised to find that my ight leg and foot were in a plaster cast. I adn't known until then that the shell broke ny right ankle as well as my left thigh.

McCarthy came in the next morning and old me that all the Zamzam passengers vere being taken off on a German supply hip. A doctor came in to tell me that I ouldn't be taken off but that I would be put board an American vessel in a few weeks. I did not believe he would keep his promise. I had learned in France that it is a habit of he Germans to make promises they have no intention of keeping.

Somebody said he had just seen the Zamzam go down. I thought of all that beautiful equipment in her hold—the twenty-two ambulances and the two trucks and the rolling kitchen and all the supplies. I went to sleep.

When I awoke again, I saw that Robert Starling was in the bed next to mine and hat Laughinghouse was in the bed next to his. Starling was an Englishman who had studied hiropractic in Iowa and who was on his way to Cape Town to open an office. He was hurt in much the same way I was, hough not so badly. Ned Laughinghouse, he American tobacco buyer, was also on his way to South Africa.

The Captain Offers Regrets

In the course of a few days I got used to my surroundings and to the doctors and the orderlies. Doctor George Reil, the chief, was a genial German, a clubman type. Doctor Hans Sprung was a harsh and severe person. I could not eat the black bread and greasy sausage they gave me. I finally asked Doctor Sprung for an apple. He said that the apples on board were reserved for the crew. If I had known enough to ask Doctor Reil for an apple, he would have given me two. But though I did not like Doctor Sprung, I must admit that he knew his business. I have been told by American doctors within the last few weeks that the operation Doctor Sprung performed three years ago was a good job—that I should have lost my leg if it hadn't been.

The commander of the raider, Captain Rogge, came down to see us one evening with a bottle of champagne. He was a tall, rather good-looking man of forty-five, but his smile was much too smug for me. While we drank the champagne he told us that he was interested in yachting. He said that he and Doctor Reil had been together at the yacht races at Cowes before the war and that, while there, he had seen a vessel that looked like the Zamzam and he thought the Zamzam was a troop carrier. The lie did not go down well. Neither did his regrets that we had been hurt. He said he was sorry but "This is war." It was difficult to be polite to him.

The orderlies went on celebrating after the captain left. I found out later that they were drinking to Hitler's birthday and I felt bitter over having drunk their champagne.

Death of an Innocent Bystander

It was about ten days after we had gone aboard the raider that Starling told me Laughinghouse had died while I was asleep. Doctor Sprung said that the commander would hold burial services at sunset. In the late afternoon I broke down and cried. Laughinghouse was a man I had never seen before I boarded the Zamzam, but he was an American on a business trip aboard a neutral ship. The Germans murdered him without the slightest excuse.

The captain and all his officers came trooping down after the funeral, all wearing their white dress uniforms and their medals. I could hardly look at them. I wanted to mow them all down. The captain said again that he was sorry but "This is war." It wasn't war, so far as Laughinghouse was concerned. It was a little different with me. I had volunteered for service in a war, and if I got wounded contrary to the laws of war before I reached the front, I could shrug my shoulders. But Ned Laughinghouse was an innocent bystander.

Life aboard the raider was monotonous for a month, and then one night Doctor Sprung came down to give Starling and me sleeping tablets. He said there would be action shortly and we would be better off asleep. I refused to take my tablet because I wanted to know what went on.

The alarm buzzer sounded just as Sprung left. I could hear the rush of feet overhead. One orderly hurried in to get some life preservers. The ship put on a burst of speed. Another orderly was hauling out stretchers and first-aid kits. Suddenly the guns opened up. The fire was continuous. An orderly came back. He was giggling—probably from nervousness, but he made me furious. I could guess what was happening. The raider was shelling a merchant ship. It was killing people needlessly. I was tied down. If I could have moved, it would have been easier.

The guns ceased firing. The raider slowed and stopped. I could hear the launch going over the side and putt-putting away. Presently it came back, and the stretchers began to come into the hospital, bearing men covered with blood and oil and coal dust. Sprung and Reil put on their surgeons' aprons and washed their hands. The smell of burnt flesh was nauseating. The wounded men were spitting and coughing and crying for water.

I heard a burst of machine-gun fire. I know now that the raider was firing into the captured ship's lifeboats in order to sink them, so they would not drift ashore and reveal the fact that the ship they came from had been sunk. Then the raider put on a burst of speed and got out of there.

I could not go to sleep. I did not want to watch the doctors at work, but I could not help myself. The hospital beds were filled one by one. Two men died and were carried out. I went to sleep finally out of exhaustion.

When I awoke, I thought at first it was all a bad dream, but the smell of burned flesh and blood lingered. I knew I hadn't been dreaming. Doctor Reil came in and told us he had found an orderly for us among the prisoners. He was an Englishman named Fred—a clean-cut young man in ragged clothes and bare feet. He went right to work and served breakfast, and I got a chance to talk to him.

His ship was the Rabaul, a British freighter of about five thousand tons. They were changing watch when they heard firing; a

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shell hit some chemical they had stored on deck, and the ship was almost instantly afire from stem to stern. The captain ordered the crew to abandon ship. Fred was in his bunk. He was the naval gunner. He went to the gun, but it was surrounded by flames. He couldn't get near it. So he ran to the mast and hauled up the flag.

"At least," he said, "she went down with her flag flying."

Fred had not told the Germans he was a gunner. On the contrary, he had said he was a steward. He had thus escaped being confined below with the other prisoners, except at night, and he laid himself out to take the best care he could of the wounded in the hospital. He was incomparably better than any of the German orderlies. Indeed, with one exception, Fred was the only really kindly person I met in seven and a half months aboard the raider.

The exception was a German who worked in the galley adjoining the hospital. His name was Teddy, and, as he is now dead, I may say how simple and human and thoughtful he was, without running the risk that any harm will come to him. Teddy had been a farmer before the war. He had a wife and two children and he wanted nothing in the world except to take them to the United States. He had no more use for Hitler or the Nazis than any good American, and out of his simple warmheartedness he did what he could to make life easier for us. He was always sneaking food to us. He neither asked nor expected anything in return. He knew we had nothing to give him and that we did not even receive the forty pfennigs a day to which Captain Rogge's aide had told us we were entitled.

It wasn't long after the sinking of the Rabaul that we noticed that the crew of the raider was feeling high. They told us that the Bismarck had sunk the British heavy cruiser Hood. We didn't believe it. Doctor Reil came down to the hospital and gave us the whole story.

"This," he finished, "is a great victory for us."

Members of the crew came in to shout the news to us. It is the well-known fate of liars that they aren't believed when they tell the truth, but the Germans were so happy that we could not doubt they believed the Hood had been sunk. We began to believe it in spite of ourselves.

The crew wasn't so happy the next day. Men went about their work quietly, talking in whispers. Doctor Reil came down and told us why.

"The British Navy has sunk the Bismarck," he said. "For us, it is a great loss—a great tragedy. The Bismarck was our best and largest battleship."

Of course we tried to retaliate for the day before. We asked every German who appeared if he had heard the great news, but we didn't get far. No German stayed long enough to hear the rest of it.

The Raider Makes a Killing

Two nights later, the alarm buzzer suddenly went off. It was the same performance as last time. We heard running feet overhead; an orderly came in to take our life preservers, and another to get first-aid kits. Doctor Reil came down to tell us there would be some action. The raider put on a burst of speed and fired a broadside. When she ceased firing and stopped, the launch went over and brought back two stretcher cases. Both men died before they could be put on the operating table.

I lay awake afterward, wondering how I could put the German ship out of action. Many fantastic ideas went through my head. But I could not think of anything that would work—not as long as I was tied down in a hospital bed with weights hanging from a steel pin through the bone in one leg, and the other leg anchored with a plaster cast. I had to admit that I was helpless. I could not hope to do anything until I could walk.

When Fred came up in the morning, he told us what had happened the night before. The raider had shelled the Trafalgar, a small British freighter from Liverpool, without warning. Several members of the crew were missing, but the only known casualties were the two men who had died in the hospital.

It was exactly two months after the sinking of the Zamzam that Doctor Sprung took the weights off my leg. Starling and I were carried up to the boat deck. Doctor Reil gave us each a package of cigarettes. The weather was mild and the sun hot. I had a book that I pretended to read, but of course I was busy seeing what the raider was like.

She was well designed for her purpose. As a matter of fact, I think she was intended to be converted into a raider when she was built as a merchant vessel, shortly before the war. She had Diesel engines, so she left almost no smoke trail. She carried four 5.9-inch guns forward, hidden under a flush deck. Aft, she had a 6-inch gun hidden by a series of wooden panels hinged together to look like a pile of wooden crates when in place; but they could be pulled away quickly.

The raider had two thwartship torpedo tubes, hidden by hinged panels. Up forward was a large box containing machine guns. On a kind of after bridge, there were two antiaircraft guns hidden by canvas panels, so they could not be seen except by an airplane over the ship.

The port and starboard lights were rigged so they could be reversed, thus showing a green light to port and a red light to starboard, and creating the impression at night that she was going when she was coming. The ship had one funnel, but there was a second funnel of canvas supported by steel rings, that could be erected in a few minutes. Finally she had a pair of searchlights that could be raised and lowered. When attacking, the searchlights were let down as near the surface of the sea as possible in order to give the victim the impression that the raider was a submarine.

There was a small seaplane under the No. 1 hatch, forward. The plane carried a 20-millimeter cannon, a rack for small bombs, and a steel grappling hook on a cable. The hook was designed to catch and break loose the wireless aerials of ships, so they could not send messages telling where and when they were attacked.

The crew of 300 had been specially picked. I learned while I was aboard that the raider had been out for more than a year. She had sunk sixteen ships before attacking the Zamzam, besides laying a mine field off the coast of Cape Town.

A Surprise for the Germans

It was a good three weeks after the raider sank the Trafalgar before she caught up with another ship. The raider's plane had been out a good part of the day, but it wasn't until eight o'clock at night that the alarm buzzer sounded. We knew then that the plane had found something and that the raider had been following it. We heard the rush of feet overhead, and then two broadsides, but after that there was silence. One of the orderlies came into the hospital, muttering under his breath, and carried out some life preservers. Then Doctor Reil came in. "What do you think they did?" he asked. "They fired on us!"

He took out a cigarette. It was the first time he had ever taken out a cigarette in the hospital. His hand shook as he lighted it.

"What do you think?" I asked. "Is this a one-way war?"

The raider put on speed and opened up with every gun she had. She fired broadside after broadside, while the whole ship shook, and dishes fell off the tables and jars off the shelves. After ten minutes of firing, she stopped. The launch went over the side as usual. Presently one wounded man came in. He was just a boy of seventeen, with one arm shattered. Doctor Sprung went to work to perform the amputation.

We could hear the swish of air as the raider fired one torpedo after another to sink the ship that had been shelled, and then the sound of the machine guns sinking the empty lifeboats. The raider departed at top speed.

We learned the next morning that the ship which had fired back was the British freighter Tottenham. Her gun crew had been practicing that afternoon. When the ship was fired on, the gun crew went into action without waiting for an order from the captain. The raider sent up flares and rockets, lighting the sea in order to get a clear view of the target. The British captain immediately gave the order to abandon ship. I couldn't help wishing he'd had more nerve. If he had let his gun crew go on firing, they might have done real damage to the raider. But he was outgunned and probably thought he was being attacked by a submarine.

A week later, the alarm buzzer sounded again about six o'clock in the morning. Again the raider put on her burst of speed and opened fire. This time the casualties were high. When the launch came back, wounded were sprawled all over the place. The hospital looked like a slaughterhouse. One man leaned against my bed, and the red stains crept up the white covers. Two of the men died, and that left room for two more. Toward noon Doctor Reil was busy working over a British fireman named Ferguson whose leg had just been amputated, when the radio blared out that Germany was at war with Russia. Doctor Reil held up his bloody hands and moved over to the loud-speaker.

"I thought I heard that we were at war with Russia," he said to me. "Is that true?"

I nodded.

"That is terrible for us," he said.

Doctor Reil sent an orderly up on deck to verify the report. The orderly came back to say that the report was true.

Captain Rogge came down to see the new victims after dinner, but he no longer wore his smug smile. He was furious with the Russians. "The Fuehrer told us and wrote in his book that we could never trust the Russian Bolshevists," he said.

I was happy to see him so angry and so worried. After all, it was not the Russians who had declared war on Germany. Hitler had declared war on Russia.

Fear Hits the Nazis

Later in the day, the Germans aboard the raider had recovered themselves. The gunnery officer, Lieutenant Kasch, came in.

"It will only delay the war three months at the most," he said.

He spoke too late. I had seen the first reaction of Doctor Reil and several of the others to the news. They were afraid of the Russian campaign. They saw for a moment what it might mean, what we all know now it has meant, to Germany.

We learned the next morning that the ship the raider had sunk was the small British freighter Balzac. She was coal-burning and she left a long trail of smoke that the raider's plane had spotted.

There were many signs that the raider was not hunting blindly in the South Atlantic. Captain Rogge must have had reliable information from spies telling him where to look. On one occasion, he asked a British captain how it happened that his ship was a day late in reaching the point where it was attacked.

The raider headed south after sinking the Balzac, probably hundreds of miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and into the Indian Ocean. It is likely that having sunk four British vessels, besides the Zamzam, in the South Atlantic, it was time for the raider to go somewhere else. British warships were undoubtedly looking for her.

She sailed for weeks without finding any more victims, though she did meet a German supply ship. We crossed the international date line on August 10th. A month later, the raider stopped the Norwegian freighter Silva Plana. The Norwegian captain got off three radio messages, expecting every moment to be fired on. But the Germans wanted his food and stores. They boarded the Silva Plana, held a gun to the radio officer's head and forced him to send a denial of his previous messages.

Captain Rogge decided to send the Silva Plana back to Germany with a prize crew. He put Starling and the other prisoners aboard her. Up to the last moment I thought I was going too, but the Germans found a copy of an American news magazine aboard the Norwegian ship. It mentioned my name in connection with the Zamzam. They decided I must be a more important person than I admitted. Keeping me aboard the raider was, of course, illegal. The United States was still neutral. I could not be a prisoner of war. Therefore, I was a guest of the German navy.

My only consolation was that I was now alone in the hospital. I could smoke as much as I liked, regardless of the regulations. My hope was that the raider might meet a British cruiser and be blown to bits.

(To be continued next week)

"Sibi-Sibi"

Continued from page 15

were inordinately proud of Asadie, although, being males, they naturally could not show it. She was tall for her race, with delicate features and slender hands and feet. Her breasts were high and full; her back was straight, and her waist and hips were narrow. When she smiled, she showed even, white teeth, for she did not use the buyo which turned them black and she refused to have them filed, as did some of the more uncivilized Samal Moros from the interior.

She was Taraje's second wife, and she had been very expensive—a red *luuan vinta* complete with sail, a young female carabao and fifty laying hens. No one else in the village, probably in the whole island, could afford to pay so dear for a wife. Sibi-Sibi was often thrilled by the thought that his father had loved his mother sufficiently to pay so high a price for her. That spoke of affection indeed!

But now Asadie was sad and listless. For some months—ever since she had been impressed into service at the big house—she had not been herself. She did not dance at the *daling-daling* dances, though she was more graceful than any of the others, and she had no time for sewing. This bothered Sibi-Sibi because he felt he had outgrown sarong, and in her sewing box his mother had the material to make him a pair of skin-tight trousers, and the brass buttons with which to trim them.

Asadie came up to the fire, walking gracefully on her slender bare feet, nodded to her husband, patted Sibi-Sibi on the shoulder, and then made her preparations for the evening. First, she took a five-gallon gasoline tin from which the top had been cut and the edges hammered smooth, and hurried to the river. Sibi-Sibi followed her, because he knew that his mother would wash in the fresh stream before getting water for the evening meal, and he loved to watch her.

When she reached the water's edge, she unfastened the shiny brass buttons of her jacket and, underneath it, raised her sarong from her waist to above her breasts, where she again folded it and made it fast. She took off the jacket and hung it neatly on a near-by shrub. Next she carefully arranged a fresh sarong, already folded and tied, and balanced it on top of her long, gleaming hair. Then she waded shoulder-deep into the clear water of the river and washed herself thoroughly with sand.

When she was finished, she shucked off the soiled, wet sarong; and as she emerged from the river she modestly and surely shook about her the clean garment from her head. There was no moment in the process when Asadie's body was not covered by the printed cotton, no instant when her movements lost their grace and purposefulness.

After she had once again put on the ornamented jacket, she filled the can with water and started back to the village. But she seemed tired rather than refreshed; her step was slow and her eyes cast down.

"Thing?" Sibi-Sibi asked her. "What thing troubles one?"

"There is nothing."

The boy had to be content. "The father Taraje captured a scorpion today," he said.

"That is good." She said the words without enthusiasm, for in her heart she worried about the bravado her husband showed toward scorpions.

"When one is a man," Sibi-Sibi said, trying to comfort her, "one will bring a scorpion to the mother."

UPON their return to the village, Asadie prepared supper—boiled rice and dried *lapu-lapu* with some green lemon-bananas to cut the oily taste of the fish. When the meal was finished, while Taraje talked and tossed coins with the other men, she went to bed, lying motionless on a narrow length of the springy *petate*, so that there would be room for Taraje when he was tired.

Meanwhile the men talked, and Sibi-Sibi sat on the smooth earth and listened.

"The *tuan* captain," Taraje said, "came into the forest again today. He does not understand the carabao, and his smell frightened and angered them. Also many people do not like the new *tuan*."

"That is so," Asmauel agreed. "It is because the new *tuan* beats the men. One has seen it often."

Indale nodded his head sagely. "It is true that the new *tuan* strikes the men and that he is always accompanied by soldiers with guns, but one has heard that the new *tuan*

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and his people worship their ancestors, and that is a very good thing."

"Nevertheless," Taraje said, "this striking the men is a bad thing. When the white people lived here, there was no striking of the men."

"With one white *tuan*, there was," Indale put in. "With the *tuan* Stolzmann, there were many sore heads and stiff shoulders."

The Moros were silent while they contemplated this inconsistency.

Finally Taraje said, "Perhaps there are differences among the white men. One remembers the *tuan* Stolzmann and he was not like the *tuan* Lacey."

"That is true," Asmauel conceded. "With the *tuan* Lacey, there was no striking of the men, and when the copra was shipped, there was *pansit* and dancing and cockfights. The *tuan* Lacey was much man."

"When will the *tuan* Lacey return to his land?" Indale asked.

"When the yellow men have gone from the island," Taraje told him.

"He is well?"

"One does not know. One will learn when Ondog comes back to the village tomorrow."

"One does not like to see the *tuan* Lacey driven from his house and his land by the small yellow men," Asmauel said. "It is a bad thing; many people will not forget it."

"Yes," Indale agreed. "Why does not the *tuan* Lacey come to his house and tell the small captain to leave?"

"The *tuan* is one, and the Japanese are many."

"Even so," Asmauel insisted, "it is a bad thing for the *tuan* to hide in the mountain like an animal."

"One does not understand," Taraje said with authority. "He hides for a purpose. One knows he could have left with the swift thunderboat. He remains to help the white people of his own land."

Asmauel digested this idea in silence. At length he said, "It would be a good thing for the *tuan* Lacey if some people would strike the small captain."

"One would not be surprised," Taraje remarked loftily, "if Fire and Lightning should charge upon the captain some day. It is very difficult to control Fire and Lightning when they do not like the smell of a person."

"Oh, a very possible thing," the Moros agreed, their black eyes smiling into the fire.

WHEN Sibi-Sibi awoke the next morning, he was alone in the house. He could hear his father talking to the carabaos out by the wallow. He got to his feet, rolled up his *petate* in one corner of the room and went outside. Asadie had the rice pot steaming. From some place she had found an egg, which she broke and poured over the white, tender rice. Sibi-Sibi was happy; since the coming of the Japanese, there had been very few eggs, and those Moros who still owned chickens kept them hidden in the forest.

After the rice was eaten and Taraje had led Fire and Lightning into the forest, Asadie told Sibi-Sibi that he could go up to the big house with her. Ordinarily this prospect would have filled him with delight, but now the villagers' distrust of the Japanese had communicated itself to him, and it was with some trepidation that he followed her up the road.

However, no one bothered him and by midmorning his fears had largely vanished. He was kept reasonably busy carrying water from the well house to the wooden tubs where Asadie and two of the other village women were washing clothes. They would swish the soiled garments in water and then carry them over to a flat rock where they beat them with short, heavy paddles. When they had beaten all the dirt out, they rinsed the clothes and laid them on the ground to bleach and dry in the sun.

Shortly before noon, Captain Kinosho came out of the house and walked directly over to Asadie. Sibi-Sibi, who was playing with a huge roach in the dust a few feet away, did not like the way the captain placed his hand on her arm, and he received a certain inexplicable satisfaction from watching her draw away. He got up, the roach forgotten, and stepped close to her.

"So," the captain said in his miserable Chabacano, "this is one's son." He smiled with his prominent yellow teeth and patted Sibi-Sibi on the head.

"Yes," Asadie said. She looked at the man proudly. "This small one is the son of Taraje."

Sibi-Sibi ducked out from under the pats. Captain Kinosho transferred his attention back to the woman.

"There is more pleasant work within the house," he told her. "One will come there tomorrow. Other women can wash the clothes." He stroked her shoulder gently, reached out to give Sibi-Sibi's head a final pat and walked away.

Sibi-Sibi was furious. Suppose the other women should talk in the village of this matter of the captain rubbing Asadie on the shoulder? The Moros would laugh at Taraje. Sibi-Sibi wondered if his mother's recent lack of gaiety was due to the fear that her husband would lose face and would have to beat her. From the expression on her face when the captain was standing beside her, Sibi-Sibi knew that she did not like the man. But then, how could she? If he was any kind of a *tuan* at all, he would arrange with his *datu* to buy a wife of his own, or even two, if he could afford it, and take them into his house.

Sibi-Sibi was so troubled that he wandered off without bothering to tell his mother. He walked pensively down the road, scuffling its hard, finger-coral surface with his tough, callused feet. At length he reached a decision: Yes, he would tell his father about the captain and Asadie. He would ask his father not to beat Asadie. Taraje would know how to protect his property and so avoid having the villagers laugh at him.

Now that he had a definite plan in mind, he broke into a trot. When he reached the village, he turned off into the trail which led into the forest. After half an hour, he came to that section of the woods where the men were working. On a high point of land, cleared now of timber, the sawmill engine was grumbling at its work. Sibi-Sibi saw his father leading Fire and Lightning toward the mill. They were dragging a heavy log. Two Japanese, armed with short rifles, were stationed near by. A half dozen Moros from the village struggled with canthooks, rolling logs from the platform onto the saw carriage.

Sibi-Sibi decided to wait until Taraje came back into the forest before approaching him. He kept out of sight in the dense underbrush, because he suddenly remembered that he was not supposed to be there. A few yards away from him, however, on the other side of a screen of bushes, Asmauel and Andali were bucking a length of *luuan*. He could hear the screech of the saw and the sound of their voices.

"That Taraje," Asmauel said. "To tell people that his carabaos would charge the *tuan* captain."

"The carabao is a strange animal," Andali remarked.

"But one has never seen these carabaos of Taraje charge."

"Perhaps one would see it," Andali said, "if Taraje should jab them with his bolo when the *tuan* captain was standing near by."

"Yes, in that case, it might be," Asmauel agreed. "But it would be a bad thing for Taraje. He would no longer have his carabaos. The soldiers would shoot them."

"Ho!" Andali said. "They would shoot Taraje first."

Sibi-Sibi rested his chin on his knees. Here was still another problem now, this matter of the carabaos charging at the small captain and causing his father to be shot. Certainly Taraje should be warned not to jab Fire and Lightning with his bolo when the captain was present. Perhaps, Sibi-Sibi thought, it would be best if he and his mother and father should go away from the village. They could live with Philip Lacey in the hills. He would suggest this to his father.

NOW Taraje had unhitched the carabaos from the log and was leading them back to low ground. Before he had advanced far from the mill, however, he was forced to guide Fire and Lightning to one side of the path to make room for the truck, which was coming down the road from the plantation. When the machine drew abreast of him, it stopped, and Captain Kinosho got out. Sibi-Sibi could not hear them at that distance, but he could see that the captain was talking to his father. The Japanese would wave his hands, and Taraje would nod. Then they walked together back toward the mill, leaving the carabaos munching grass at the side of the road.

Sibi-Sibi sighed with relief. He had been afraid that his father would maneuver the small captain near Fire and Lightning, and then incite them to charge. Now he had a respite, but he must warn his father before the two men came back down the road. Frantically he searched his mind for some plan to avert the catastrophe.

There was no help for it. He must go to his father now and risk his anger at being found in this forbidden place.

As he started up toward the mill, his eye fell on the twisted and broken trunk of a *mangasinoro* tree lying on the forest floor ahead of him. It had split upon crashing to the ground, and had therefore been discarded as useless by the loggers.

Suddenly a daring thought occurred to Sibi-Sibi. In a flash he knew how he could divert the small captain's attention, and perhaps when his father saw that he and the captain were friends, he would not make the carabaos charge and trample him. It was even possible that his father would be so proud and pleased that he would not whip his son for coming into the forest.

Though his knees were shaking with fright, he manfully strode up to the fallen tree and struck the rough bark sharply with his small hand. Nothing happened. He moved farther along the trunk and struck again. Ah! It was just as his father had said. There was a quick movement under a scale of bark and the body of a scorpion wriggled into view.

He tore a leaf from a near-by shrub and, imitating Taraje's pantomime perfectly, he seized the scorpion from one side so that its tail could not easily strike his hand. He held the small beast through the leaf until it stopped threshing, and then he wrapped it carefully, first rolling the leaf lengthwise about its body and finally folding over the stem and the spear-shaped apex. Quickly he slipped out of his ragged sarong and, over the now-quiet bundle he had placed on his head, he loosely wrapped the cloth as a turban. Then he raced into the clearing and up to the mill.

When Taraje saw his son—saw the ridiculous turban and the bare buttocks—his embarrassment and displeasure were overwhelming. He rudely interrupted whatever the captain was saying.

"What one dares to wear his sarong as a headcloth?" he demanded loudly.

Sibi-Sibi paid no attention to his father. He pranced up to the captain and came to a stop before him, a bright smile on his face.

"There is a huge *mangasinoro* tree" he began breathlessly. "The tree is bigger around than our Lightning and it wears a coat of very rough bark. None of the people in the jungle want to touch that bark."

"One will leave immediately!" Taraje shouted, his face pale with anger. How dare this small son mock him in front of the new *tuan?*

Sibi-Sibi still ignored his father. He stepped a pace nearer to the puzzled captain.

"We walk along the first length of the butt, which is four times the height of a man," the boy continued. "We look at the ground to see how this giant log can be moved. And then—then we pound that bark with the hand!" Sibi-Sibi leaned over and thumped the ground heartily.

Captain Kinosho decided to put an end to this farce. His first impulse was to kick this preposterous youngster out of his sight. But the soldiers were some distance away, and the father looked to be strong and capable. And he remembered the mother—a fine female; in fact, the only one of the native women who had captured his fancy. Perhaps it would be just as well to overlook this child's senseless behavior. He forced a smile to his flat, slant-eyed face and put out an insincere hand to pat the boy's head.

"One's son is—" he started to say to Taraje, but he never completed the sentence. There was a sharp sting in the palm of his hand and then a roaring, engulfing blackness. He said a great many things before he died, but the language was strange, and nobody understood him.

Taraje acted with a presence of mind which fully justified his son's filial pride. He smashed the scorpion where it lay upon the ground, struggling to disentangle itself from the leaf and the crumpled red sarong. He carried the mangled body up to the mill and showed it to the guards, meanwhile explaining with many gestures how the honorable *tuan* captain had carelessly rested his hand on a stump. He, Taraje, seeing the danger, had leaped forward, endangering his own life, but he had been a fraction of a second too late.

The guards had only a smattering of the language, but Taraje's acting was descriptive and convincing. Besides, there was the dead scorpion. They brushed him aside, not roughly, and rushed over to where their late master had kept a rendezvous with his ancestors. . . .

THERE was dancing in the village that night. Sibi-Sibi sat near the fire. The red sarong had been returned to its rightful location on his body, but he wore a headcloth, one of shimmering violet silk. About his neck he had Philip Lacey's ring. He did not think his mother would take it away from him this time.

"Jairi!" his father called. "One should dance."

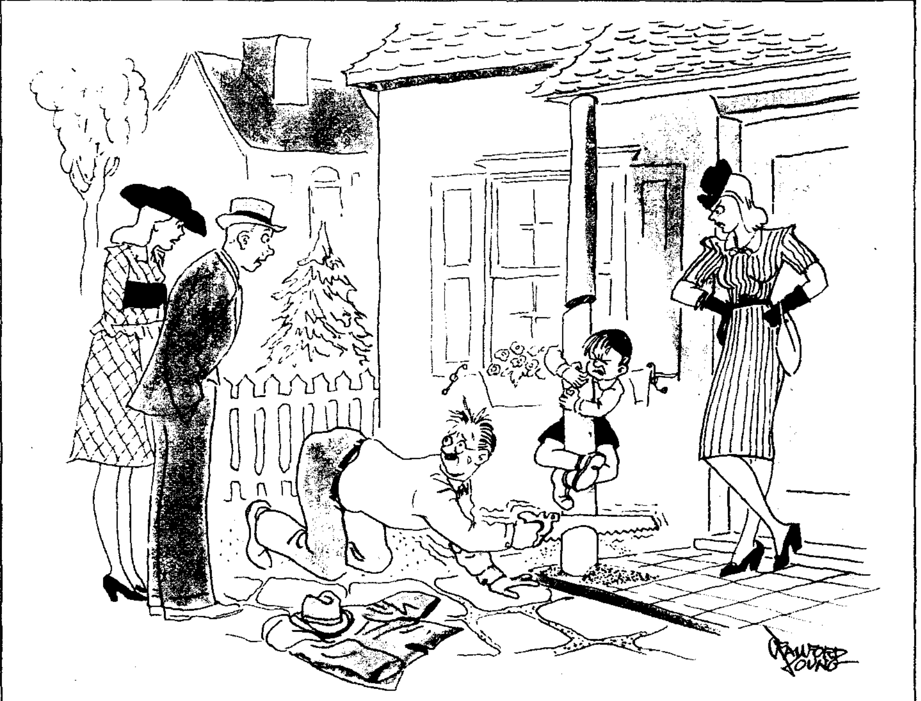
He leaped to his feet. This, indeed, was a night! He had been invited to dance, and by his own father, who had, for the first time, called him Jairi! Tonight he had become a man!

The Moros clapped their hands rhythmically. Taraje stepped off the end of a long, flat board which was set on the ground in front of the fire. Sibi-Sibi took his father's place, facing his beautiful mother on the other end of the board.

Then he began to dance. He drummed on the plank with his feet. He lifted his knees high in the air. He pranced up to meet his mother, touching her eager, happy hands with his own and then pranced back. At the top of his childish voice he sang:

"Daling-daling. . . ."

THE END



COLLIER'S "We're just taking Junior to the dentist" CRAWFORD YOUNG

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Some Beechcrafters and Their Families at the Open House

Frankie Carle will get a half million dollars this year for playing a piano and leading a band. For 29 years he chased fame. She almost broke his heart

He's RIGHT-HAND HAPPY

BY JIM BISHOP

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF—PIX

NEW bands often lose money for the first year or two. It takes time to make people like your music. When they do, you begin to make money, slowly at first, then faster and faster until you can afford to argue about the one-night stand in Phaltz Falls and you can demand three thousand or better for it. This is the story of a young pianist. He is a very good pianist. But he wanted always to lead a band. Fortune refused to smile upon him. But last spring he got a band together and, for the first year, he has been guaranteed a minimum of a half million dollars.

Here's how it was done:

The spotlight powdered the little pianist, and he turned his head toward the afternoon audience, and swung into his own number, Sunrise Serenade. He heard the polite patter of recognition and he smiled mechanically, not thinking of what he was playing or realizing that he was exactly one hundred seconds away from disaster. Frankie Carle sat in a theater in Louisville, Kentucky, and he thought of his Uncle Nicholas.

He was in a mood. A sorry-for-me mood. He was thinking of when he was five years old and Uncle Nicholas had just come from Italy to Providence, R. I. Angelo Carlone and his wife Dora had a great respect for Nicholas. He knew all about music. So when he asked which of their nine children they would like him to favor with his talent, they said, "Francesco."

"So," said Uncle Nicholas, "it is done."

His mother wanted him to play *violin*. Frankie stamped his feet petulantly. Piano. So, piano it was. But when the upright came Uncle Nicholas wouldn't let the child play it.

"Not," he said sternly, "for a year do you touch the keyboard."

He gave Frankie sheet music to study, and a portable, soundless keyboard to play on. And for a year the youngster broke his heart on the dead keys. When he was six, he sat at the upright and he was given to understand that it was a sacred privilege that could easily be profaned by touching the wrong note.

About this time, Poppa Carlone lost his leg in an accident. Adversity came to live with the nine children, the adults and the upright piano. So, when Frankie got out of Veazie Street School at thirteen, he took a job in a mill. At fourteen, he sold pillowcases in The Boston Store. At fifteen, he came to New York with Momma on a visit and walked into the office of Harry von Tilzer. He asked for a job. Von Tilzer sent him to Pat Rooney, who was rehearsing a new act. The kid played well. But he got frightened and ran home.

In Boston, May Yohe and her Hope Diamond were making another comeback. May was 69 when the peach-skinned kid was hired to accompany her. He wasn't afraid this time, and he traveled the circuit with May for a year. For a time, he had his own band on Keith time, but it flopped. He was closing in Albany, in 1923, when W. J. Cook heard Frankie play and hired him to play the piano at the Butterfly Ballroom, in Springfield. He stayed in Massachusetts eleven years. He used to play Margie and Charmaine and Stumblin' Along and he used to like to watch the ballroom exhibitions. One night he saw a tiny redhead dancing. "Who's she?"

"That one? Edith House. She's a golf champ."

"Yeah? She's nice."

They've been married over twenty years. He still thinks she's nice. Two things that Frankie did were a natural consequence of that union. One was to bust a ballroom trophy she won while dancing with someone else. The other was to name their only child Margie.

It was in 1924 that he acquired the Carle style of playing. He got right-hand happy. He worked out his own arrangements. His main purpose was *not* to smother the tune with a lot of racy obbligatos and arpeggios. He remained faithful to the song, while using a light touch and slipping extra hot licks into the treble. People who listened said the right hand was bubbling. When he had mastered the new style, he was sure that fame would come. But fame was still twenty years away.

He was thinking these things in the hundred seconds before disaster overtook him as he played that afternoon in Louisville. He was thinking, too, of how he got into Troy one night and he went to a friend's apartment and struck a chord on a small grand. He hit another. One key stuck. Carle played the piano all night. He worked out a few phrases and he improvised, but the result was a grandiloquent nothing. Carle had sixteen Scotches and two planter's punches. The landlord downstairs pounded on the ceiling. He threatened to call the cops. The playing continued. The landlord got a policeman. The cop stayed to listen. The sun was coming up when the number was finished.

"Okay," said Frankie. "What'll we call it? I know—Sunrise."

"Nahh-h," said the cop. "That's no sunrise. That's a serenade."

"Okay. Sunrise Serenade."

And that's what it became. It was turned down by almost every music publisher on Broadway. Then, in 1938, Bill Lockenbauer of the Jewel Music Company asked Carle if he had any new compositions. Carle played Blue Fantasy, his newest. Bill shook his head.

Someone suggested that Carle play "that thing you wrote up in Troy."

The pianist looked blank. "How does it go?"

The friend hummed it.

"Oh," said Carle, "*that* one! No one wants that."

However, he played it. Bill Lockenbauer liked it. Carle wrote the music for him on the back of an envelope. And three months later he had a first royalty check for $10,000.

He was sure that fame was close by, then. A contract came to play piano for Horace Heidt. Carle had organized a band and was playing at Seven Gables in Connecticut and going broke very swiftly indeed. His goal in life was to have a successful band. But the big bookers shook their heads.

"You're good enough," they said. "But your band isn't."

Disaster Hits His Hands

He took the Heidt job. And Horace treated him well and gave him equal billing and a percentage of the band profits. But he was a sad little pianist. His mother was both tubercular and diabetic. Then, in 1940, she went stone-blind.

And so here he was, pounding a piano in Louisville in 1941, thinking of all these things in a skimming sort of way and feeling blue and sorry for himself, when suddenly the hundred seconds were up, and he heard his fingers hit the wrong keys. He looked down and tried to correct the touch, but he not only hit the wrong keys; he also noticed that he couldn't feel anything. He turned to the drummer.

"Take it," he mumbled, walking out of the spotlight, and fell on his face in the wings.

He was taken to St. Anthony's Hospital. The doctors were kind. They told him he had a nervous breakdown. He rubbed his finger tips together and couldn't feel anything. So he walked dreamily toward the window, and an attendant grabbed him and carried him back to bed. Later he went to the Mayo Clinic. He got well.

Then fame came knocking. It didn't look like fame. It was a man who said he represented the Columbia Recording Company, and how would Carle like a contract to do piano records with rhythm accompaniment.

Carle almost wept. He had recently composed Lovers' Lullaby and he forthwith put that on the same platter with Sunrise Serenade.

The records began to sell. They sold more and more. He was bewildered. Up until a month ago, his first three albums sold six million records. Money began to roll in. And offers. Then Tom Rockwell, president of General Amusement Company, came to Frankie and guaranteed him $250,000 for Frankie Carle and His Orchestra. Frankie ran around weeping and laughing as he looked up some of the men who had been in his early failures. He got a good contract to do a weekly radio show. A few weeks ago he got $65,000 for his first movie contract.

Carle now grosses about $10,000 a week. On his pay roll he has a lawyer, two managers, a press agent, seventeen instrumentalists, one accountant, one secretary and a band boy. It comes to $4,175 a week and doesn't include any of the extra expenses of running a band and living in hotels.

He is 44 now. He looks to be about 35. He's very happy. Mrs. Carle says he's black and blue from pinching himself. ★★★

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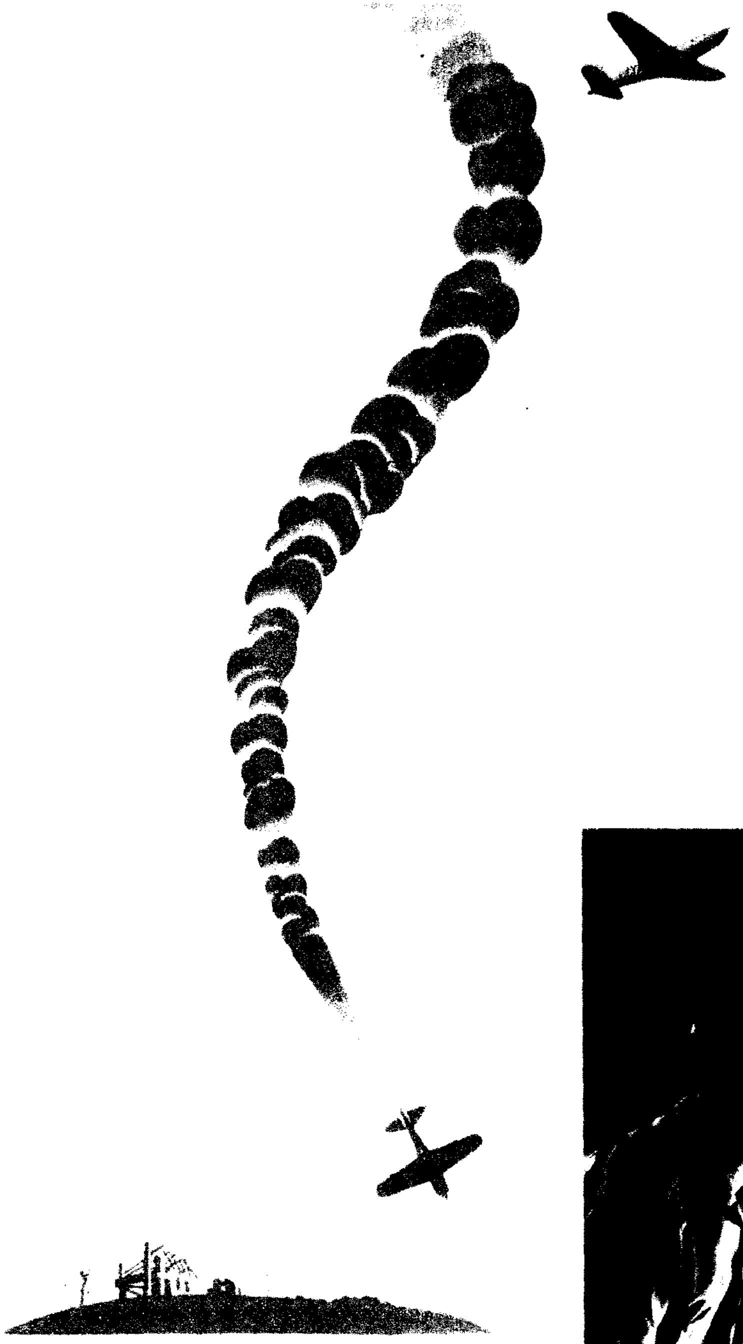

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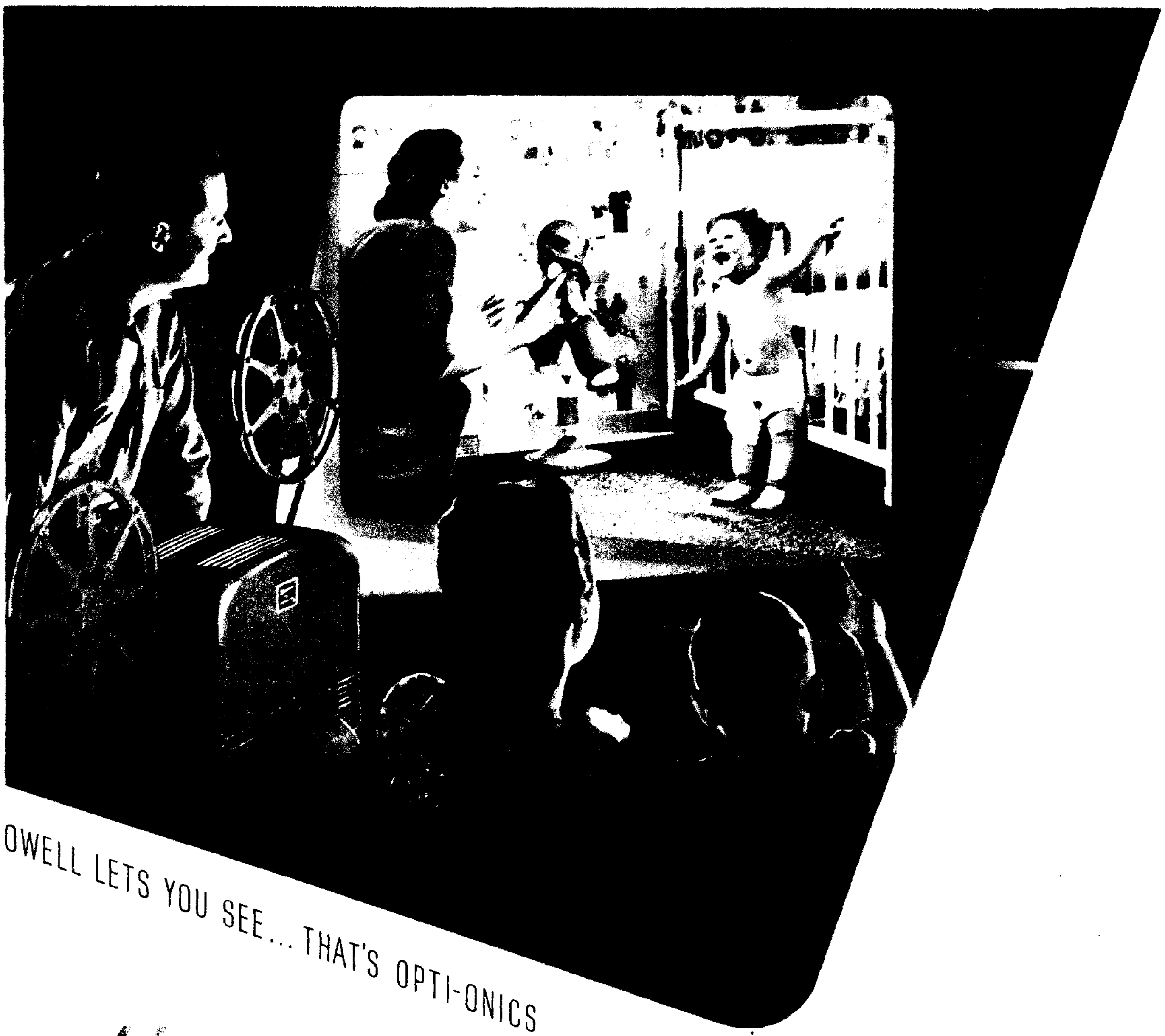

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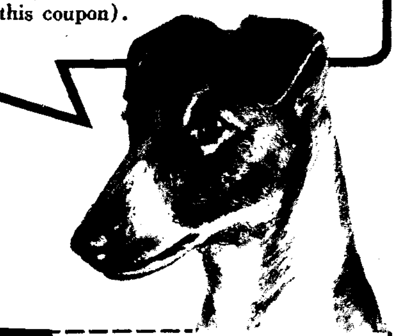

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Hang-Over!

Continued from page 24

absorbed the alcohol in those first two or three drinks, it will have made the rounds of your system, unloading alcohol at various organic receiving stations, notably the liver. If your liver is worth having at all, it sets up a combustion or oxidation of alcohol—burns it up. But like the blood's ability to absorb, the liver's capacity for burning is by no means unlimited. The remainder of the alcohol you are taking aboard must be diluted, its potency reduced. This dilution takes place in the body's cells, and how much or how well it is diluted depends, of course, on how much water you have in your body.

Naturally something like seventy per cent of your weight is water, and while it won't pay you to count on it, the more you weigh, the more you should be able to drink without becoming a monumental nuisance to society. It will do you no good whatever to protest that you know a guy no heftier than Ernie Pyle who can drink Man Mountain Dean stiff without spilling a drop. What we're setting down right here is expert stuff straight off the laboratory shelf. So let the scientists wrangle it out. (Whaddya say to a quick one right now?)

After those two or three warm-up drinks, your internals and you become what you may as well regard as two guys. Your insides are the respectable citizen who wants no trouble, asks nothing more than to be allowed to mind his own business. You're the hoodlum who takes it as a personal affront that anyone in his vicinity should object to such little pleasantries as a punch in the nose or anyway a hotfoot.

This inside guy does his best for a while to keep things clean, but you will have none of that, and just to illustrate, you take another. Presently your internal organs say, "Okay, if that's the way you want it, that's the way you're going to get it." And they always get in the last wallop—the hang-over. You asked for it, you know.

We shall not fool around with figures and percentages. They get you nowhere at all, because those arrived at by toxicologists and other test-tube tacticians here are viewed with snorting disdain yonder. So we shall dispense with them with the general but truthful statement that, after that seventy per cent of you which is water has absorbed all the alcohol it can, after the liver's fire has gone out, after the corpuscles have refused to take another drop (all very figuratively speaking, please, professor), there's a large consignment of alcohol on the loose in your system. And then you're toxic as all get out. Some people call it drunk, but you can call it anything you want, because there are more than a hundred and fifty synonyms for it.

Why You Get Plastered

Before proceeding to the next step (whatever it is), we should say that in addition to oxidation, your hard-fighting interior gets rid of alcohol by way of the lungs—on your breath—and through your kidneys. Ah, you know. But it's a relatively slow process, and any determined drinker can beat it. In fact, if he drinks with only one hand, he can get drunk faster than his scandalized insides can keep him sober.

If you do your drinking outdoors, you will breathe forth a measurably greater volume of volatilized alcohol than you will if you are imbibing in a night club, where the air you take in is just as pickled as what you emit. However, even on a breeze-swept hilltop, your lungs can't get rid of much more than a very minute fraction of the makings of your hang-over.

If you drink very slowly, pecking and sipping at your liquor, you'll last longer. But after you've bird-billed long enough you sort of forget and turn to honest gulping.

It is the action of alcohol on the brain that gets you down—or plastered. It may seem like fine hairsplitting to say so, but it is the concentration of alcohol in your blood stream rather than the total amount in your body that sends you to the cleaners. The brain is one of the blood's greatest concentration centers. In fact, it can be the heart's largest customer—in fatigue intoxication, as we described at the outset for example. Without fooling around with expert on-the-other-handish stuff, the brain again becomes the blood's biggest buyer when you're drinking in earnest.

Ignoring the dangers of oversimplification, here's what happens when you're building yourself a hang-over: The alcohol has left the stomach and intestines promptly, lingering only to mingle with a few gastric juices. It leaves by the veins, which dump it into the heart, diluted a little more. The heart pumps forth to all parts of the body. Your system is doing its best to keep things normal inside, but it has other things to do besides burning up, exhaling, excreting and neutralizing alcohol. Therefore, if you drink reasonably fast, you can easily beat your internals. And presently your body (and, in particular, your brain) has much more alcohol on hand than it can dispose of—and there, my friend, you are. Smacked!

Of course, there are drugs which will bring you to, even when you're farthest down, just as a Mickey Finn will knock you out in the first drink. But it has not been found that drugs hasten the disappearance of alcohol in your system. Taking them before or while drinking won't keep you sober. And it's true, too, that if you drink a glass of milk before retiring with a skinful, you'll feel a trifle better when you wake up. But an hour or two after you've awakened, you're going to feel pretty awful anyway.

Just remember that you started out with a fagged brain, which was why you hurried over to your favorite barrelhouse for a quick one—and you've wound up with even more brain fag. What you and your brain needed was rest, and you two didn't get it. How long your jag will stick with you depends on how much alcohol you've taken on and how long your tired system takes to get rid of it.

The Morning After

That's childishly elementary, of course, but it's about the only reply available to those amateur experts who demand facts and figures, and to the lay scientists who assure you that the effects of a hang-over remain with you for weeks. It's like wasting one's time in wondering why Babe Ruth could hit a ball a mile, and some other guy just as big was an all-America out.

So all right, you got drunk and you're feeling awful. The mucous membranes from your mouth to your stomach have been seared, and your larynx has been slightly paralyzed. You have a voice like rusty cornmeal mush, and your stomach, although pretty well anesthetized, is as raw as a Sunday hiker's heel. In its seminumb condition, all you feel in your stomach is a Campfire Girl flutter. Old Soaks who like to fight fire with fire drink ghastly things like Prairie Oysters and Gunboat Soup.

We're a bit vague about the components of these two counterirritant pick-me-ups but have a vivid recollection of the latter. A friend of ours who died a few years ago was having a bowl of Gunboat Soup one day, and we went along just to see that he didn't fall in. We took a spoonful (being one of those guys who would) and we left the scene like a turpentined dog. Honest, we can taste it yet. But he thought it was delicious. It belched grand. But neither of these rum-pot remedies has any curative qualities, being merely in the category of hitting yourself on the head with a mallet to make you forget your headache.

The scientists know almost nothing about what a binge does to your intestines except that they are left for some hours in a nonreceptive condition. In your hang-over, you can't eat (or at least don't want to), because you've taken on so many alcoholic calories that your oxidation equipment is much too busy to bother with food.

Besides, your stomach has taken such a beating that it is likely to throw food right back at you.

As you lie there, awaiting the public hangman, your blood pressure is much too high, and your pulse is racing. These manifestations, the wise ones tell us, are due to "reflex actions," although they refuse to be more specific. Your arteries have contracted to protest against the pollution in your blood stream. Thus the pressure is up, and the pulse is too fast. Anyway, it's all very unpleasant.

Your kidneys, in addition to getting rid of unnecessary fluids, normally supply the blood with acids, alkalis and salts. This latter function is chemically upset by a spree, but just exactly to what extent is still a mystery.

Beware the Hair of the Dog

Before your doctor arrives, you contemplate taking a hair of the dog that bit you—in other words a drink of liquor. After talking to a lot of learned men, we pass on the advice to refrain. In taking a drink, you are doing only what you started out to do: relieve a congested brain. Moreover, this is an excellent way to get drunk all over again, which at the moment is not what you want at all.

The chances are better than fair that you won't call a doctor at all but will dose yourself. If you're taking any of the easily purchased hang-over remedies, you'll be swallowing about the same stuff that your doctor will prescribe, except that he will indicate the dosage that you individually should accept. It will probably be one of the barbiturates which will dilate superficial blood vessels and relieve that recongested brain.

But what you need more than anything else is rest. So go to sleep, and let this be a lesson to you.

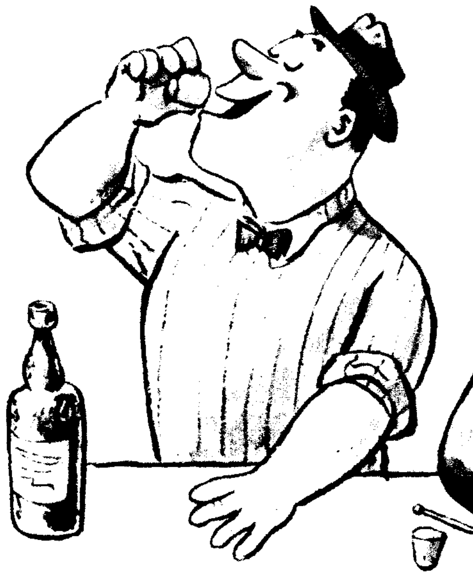
Pieces like this have a way of drawing dreadful moral lessons—particularly today with war and war production for a canvas. Prohibitionists insist that a huge percentage of absenteeism from munitions factories is due to hang-overs.

But when we ask for proof or even for research-poll tabulations, they brush us off with the very unreliable statement: "It stands to reason, doesn't it?"—which, of course, it doesn't.

Hardened drinkers tells us that everything will be all right if one doesn't mix one's drinks. That's all mildew, too. The stomach, the kidneys, the liver and the blood stream don't know a dry Martini from a Scotch old-fashioned or a glass of beer. They say it's alcohol and the hell with it. Other professors will tell you harrowing tales of the psychiatric damage done by a bender. They crush you with anxiety states, compulsion neurosis, schizophrenia, manic depression and psychotherapy.

Nuts! We're just writing about an unhappy sap with a hang-over!

THE END



A lumberjack can outdrink an accountant without giving it a second thought

They're Not Expendable!

Continued from page 50

Atlantic City have been taken over for returnees, one for officers and the other for enlisted men; these hotels are unchanged from their peacetime furnishings, except for a super-G.I. chow line at the Ambassador, and an officers' club at the Ritz. The guests can come and go and sleep as late as they please. They have no duty during their two weeks' stay except to report for some checkups. Many have wives staying in town. But the purpose of all of it is only incidentally to give returned airmen a rest.

Experts determine the shape each man is in and the kind of Air Force job he can do best. He may be an instructor; he may check new planes at a modification center; he may go right in as a key man in a new medical unit. He will, however, get from three to six months in this country, apart from those few who will be stationed here permanently.

There are two other Redistribution Stations like this one—at Miami Beach and Santa Monica. Their administration is to a large extent in the hands of officers who were top-flight personnel experts in civilian life. The other half of the job is done by a medical staff, and some one of these medical officers interviews every man who comes back. They can tell you a lot about operational fatigue.

What gets them in the 8th Air Force is flak. They say the flak in the air over Germany is "so thick you can walk on it." Factually, enemy planes are far more dangerous, yet all returnees have this dread of flak—the gunners more than the rest. This follows the well-known psychological principle that you're most afraid of what you can do least about. When the fighters start coming in and the gunners can "warm up their guns," they actually feel better.

Literally Sweating It Out

Strategically, bombing may be aggressive warfare, but the personal situation of a bomber crew is one of guts and grim endurance. The whole story is in the phrase "sweating it out." Bombing at high altitudes, in temperatures 30°, 40°, sometimes 50° below zero, they sweat till its soaks through electrically heated flying suits, runs over the edges of oxygen masks. Sometimes a man freshly back in this country, with nerves still tightly wound, will break out in that kind of a sweat merely in telling of his experiences.

"You see a wall of flak up there ahead," as one pilot said, "and you know you've got to go through it."

After enough of that, he shows signs of that occupational disease known in the 8th Air Force as the "ME (Messerschmitt) meemies" or the "F-W (Focke-Wulf) fidgets." His hand shakes so that he cannot lift a glass of liquid to his lips without spilling some of it. It is time to do something about him. For he has nine men's lives and a $350,000 ship dependent on him—which is one thing that is on his mind.

Extreme exhaustion can produce a fear neurosis. A pilot with a good record may hear butterflies in his motor going out over the Channel, and turn back. This kind of accident is provided for, but if he turns back two or three times, it begins to look as though the butterflies were somewhere else. So the plane is checked, and if the motors are all right, the pilot is ordered to a rest camp in England—known as "Flak-Happy Valley"—where, in the words of one group commander, "they feed him full of milk and eggs for a week and give him some Red Cross girls to talk to, and that fixes him up."

Said an Air Forces doctor who had returned from Africa recently: "In the last war, fear was suppressed because it was supposed to be unmanly and abnormal to be afraid. In this war, I don't know anybody who doesn't admit he's been scared to death, and that helps everybody."

Not that war doesn't have its pleasanter side, and you hear about that, too, at Atlantic City. There was the bombardier who used to lie nude in the glass nose of his Liberator while flying out over the blue Mediterranean, taking a sunbath and reading French novels in French. There was the crew of a B-25 in the same theater, who would come home from a successful raid singing four-part harmony over the interphone. There are always times and places where the opposition is light, and you can relax.

A number of groups in the 9th and 12th Air Forces took some losses going over the Straits of Messina (nicknamed Ack-Ack Alley) before Sicily fell, and they adopted for a slogan that fine old sentimental saying of tourist days, "See Naples and die." An ancient travelogue flicker of the beauties of Naples, with this title, was actually shown to one of these groups the night before a mission, and was booed and howled off the screen.

High morale—somehow exemplified in such stories—is of the greatest importance in the Air Forces. Extreme solidarity of air crews is not only a realistic matter of life and death, but becomes an emotional factor as well. Nothing is so shattering to the rest of them as the death of the pilot, who is "always the best damn' pilot in the world." To the pilot and the other officers, on the other hand, the sergeant gunners are always "the kids," and this note of protection and responsibility became amusingly vocal in the case of a 21-year-old pilot in the 12th Air Force, who was known as "Daddy" Roberts.

The whole subject of combat fatigue, which used to be miscalled shell shock, has been studied at length by psychiatrists with the Armed Forces, among them Major Milton L. Miller, formerly of Chicago, and now on the staff at Atlantic City. Ground troops and sailors develop noise reactions after a battle; they will jump when a door is slammed or a motor horn sounds in the street. On the other hand, noise means little to fliers, because the sound of their motors drowns out everything else. Again, shell shock among soldiers or sailors comes on suddenly after a few violent days, but what gets the air crews is the long-drawn-out strain.

When a man arrives at a Redistribution Station, he is first given a medical interview, to assess the amount of battle damage to his nervous system. Then comes a two-hour classification interview by a personnel officer, who explores every angle of his training and combat experience. These findings are passed along to a review officer, who recommends an assignment for him.

Finding instructors, according to one high officer at the station, is "a high priority" in the whole scheme. But there is an almost infinite variety of other jobs to be considered, ranging from airfield administrators to the post of interviewer at the stations themselves, where they expect eventually to have an entire staff of returnees. Only a relatively small number will get permanent ground duty, however, and most of them will go back overseas.

The question of battle damage depends partly on the individual and partly on what has happened to him. Some have lived through experiences of unearthly terror, like one gunner who could not get free after the "Abandon ship" order was given, and was left alone in the burning plane. It proceeded to make five loops by itself, and he got out just before the last one.

They get over things like that surprisingly quickly. What they don't get over is seeing it happen to others. The man who has seen his friend's parachute catch fire; the waist gunner who has parachuted to safety from a burning plane from which his badly wounded comrade couldn't jump and went to his death; these are the ones who are most likely to have severe aftereffects.

The reason for this, according to the psychiatrists, is that there is a very common guilt complex among men who have seen others dying in battle while they themselves escaped. The guilt complex has been noticeable, for example, among sailors after sinkings, where a few were rescued while large numbers of others died in the water or were burned to death. Studies among Navy and Merchant Marine crews have brought it out very clearly; survivors would relive the scene in nightmares, burdened with the memory of those who had died. Men who have rescued somebody don't suffer so much from this.

Where rescue is impossible, there is an alternative to nightmares open, which a few have chosen. From a Fortress which was shot up over Germany last summer and had to be abandoned, this story got back to England: The ball-turret gunner was badly wounded and stuck in his blister on the underside of the plane. Something was jammed, and all efforts failed to get him out. With the seconds running short, they gave it up and began to jump. The wounded boy screamed in terror when he saw what was happening. As the last man but one left, he heard the remaining crew member, another gunner, say, "Take it easy, kid. We're taking this ride together."

There are several indications which guide Redistribution medical officers in sizing up a man's present fitness for duty. One, oddly enough, is the returnee's reaction to civilian life in this country, which is apt to be violent. When they come back, after what they have gone through, and see everybody spending, squabbling, and thinking only of making money out of this war, quite a few of them feel like "blowing their tops."

Up to a point, the doctors regard this manifestation as normal. But when some boy with a chestful of ribbons explodes hysterically that he "can't stand talking to civilians," the conclusion is that his trouble is deep-seated enough to require some extra rest.

Torture by the Home Folks

They are all jittery when they get back here, and it would be a good thing if the people at home recognized it. The first thing that happens to an Air Forces officer when he arrives in this country is three weeks' home leave. (Enlisted men get their leave later.) With his nerves still tight-strung and jangled, he is given a well-meant but unthinking workout by the Rotary Club and the women's clubs and the American Legion. His reaction is all too often that of one captain who exclaimed, "If there's anything that could make me want to get back to New Guinea, it's what I went through at home."

To say that men who have had twenty-five or forty or fifty missions are raring to go back into combat is poppycock—one of those civilian fairy tales. Yet, in spite of hating it, the typical attitude of returnees is: "I'm ready to go back when they send me." No country could ask more.

When they do go back, they are looking for a change. The pilot who has been stewing in a Pacific jungle would prefer to go to England next time, "where you can live like a human being between missions." The 8th Air Force boy concedes the advantages of England, but says emphatically, give him anywhere else but. Having completed an operational tour, his reaction is: "I've used up my luck over there." If he picked up a few Britishisms during his stay, he may add: "On the ground it's a gentleman's theater—*but*"—reverting to good old American—"it's an awful rough league in the air."

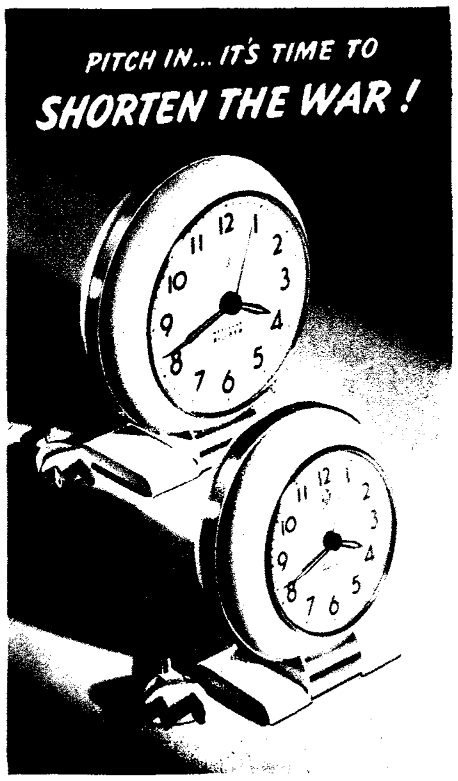
Nobody is going to dispute him.

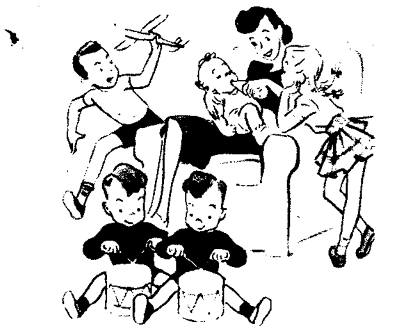
THE END

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATION QUIZ ON PAGE 53

1. Attorney. 2. British West Indies. 3. Cubic. 4. Railway Post Office. 5. Month. 6. Limited. 7. Tincture. 8. Duplicate. 9. Fahrenheit. 10. Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. 11. Inclusive. 12. Certified Public Accountant. 13. China-Burma-India Theater. 14. Glossary. 15. Embargo. 16. Commercial. 17. British Expeditionary Forces. 18. Voice of the People. 19. Verb transitive. 20. Synopsis. 21. Parenthesis. 22. Regiment. 23. Bachelor of Letters; Bachelor of Literature. 24. Volumes. 25. Ad infinitum, to infinity.

(Abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)





How Mother found her war job—on "D" DAY!

Daddy's on a beachhead,
Junior's selling scrap,
Mother said, "I must help, too,
To lick the Hun and Jap!"

She went to other mothers
And said, "I can't leave home.
But if you want to help make shells
I'll see your tots don't roam."

Now Mother has a war job,
She keeps kids clean and fed.
"I'm deeply proud of you, my dear,"
Dad's latest V-Mail said!

—Big Ben

Big Ben, Baby Ben, and other Westclox electric and spring wound clocks are not available until further notice. That's because Westclox craftsmen and facilities are devoted to vital war work. In the meantime, guard your Westclox . . . handle them with care. If they need repairing put them in the expert hands of your jeweler. WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois, Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

BIG BEN*
Keeps America On Time
WESTCLOX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

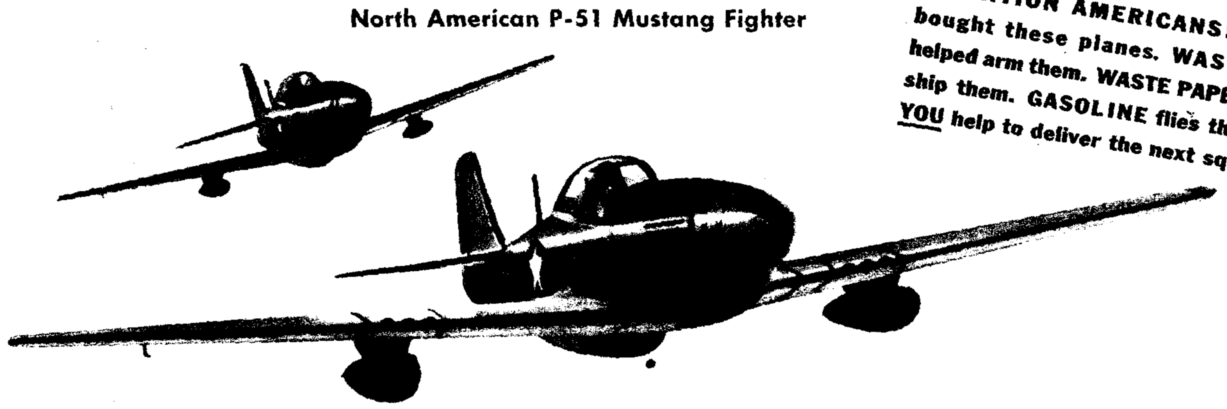
Notiz!

North American P-51 Muſtang Fighter

Ein Tiefdeckerflügel Eindecker mit langer Naſe, langem, ſchlankem Rumpf, großem bauchwärtigem Kühler, Einzelfloſſe und Seitenleitwerk. Schwanzein-

Vierblatt-Propeller. In den Tragflächen montiert: Sechs 50-kalibrige Maſchinengewehre Gilt als das ſchnellſte Flugzeug der [illegible]kräfte der Vereinigten

ATTENTION LUFTWAFFE! Keep away from this plane. Expect to see it on the farthest trip American bombers make. Expect to see it up high—40,000 feet—but don't expect to see it for long, because the Mustang travels at over 425 m. p. h. And you can expect to see more and more Mustangs, too. The men and women at North American are stepping up production every month. So when you see this high fighting, far flying Mustang, look out, Luftwaffe. Get out of there quick!


North American P-51 Mustang Fighter
FULL-VISION "TEARDROP" COCKPIT ENCLOSURE
DROPABLE WING GAS TANKS, FOR INCREASED RANGE
SIX .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS

ATTENTION AMERICANS! BONDS bought these planes. WASTE FATS helped arm them. WASTE PAPER helped ship them. GASOLINE flies them. Will YOU help to deliver the next squadron?

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

WE MAKE PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES . . . *the B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan combat trainer, P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

He Built Our Navy

Continued from page 16

ommissioned him to do it. You must make ime."

"I just can't do it, Jo," he said. "But you now I've always wanted a good painting of ou. Suppose we have him paint you instead f me."

And that is the story of the lovely porrait of Mrs. Forrestal which hangs in their Washington home.

Forrestal not only hates to waste his own ime, he won't waste the time of others. His ngagement pad shows appointments from ight o'clock until seven-thirty at night. He usually has luncheon in his private dining oom and usually he'll have four or five uests.

But they do a lot more talking than eat- They are there to talk business primarily, and many a policy has been threshed over the luncheon table. If the table could alk, it could tell tales of high naval strategy which might be very valuable to certain genlemen in Berlin and Tokyo. Occasionally he staff is pleased to see Forrestal duck out round four o'clock in the afternoon.

"When he did that at first," one of them old me unhappily, "we all thought we were going to get off early. But we soon learned better. It meant the boss was tired and he needed some time off to play squash. Sure, when he's overworked and doesn't feel too good he murders that ball for an hour and hen comes back to the office all set to go on as long as he has to. He drives us but he drives himself even harder."

Any man who works as hard as Jim Forestal does should be a very high-tensioned, crotchety creature who spends his spare time n bawling out waiters or throwing rocks at ittle old women. Forrestal doesn't fit that picture at all. To begin with, he smokes a pipe continuously, and who ever heard of a nervous man smoking a pipe? He is a very good-looking guy in a Jimmy Cagney sort of way, and he smiles easily and he is capable of very real and firm friendships. He came up the hard way, but he is not one of those complacent idiots who like to sit around pointing out lessons which the young might earn from his successful life. His father endowed Jim with practically no dough at all but with plenty of common sense.

A Genius for Managing

"The older I get the more I admire him," Forrestal says now. "He never made more than $2,000 a year, but he had everything he wanted. He'd lecture me on leisure. He'd say, A man is only really happy when he knows exactly what to do with what he's got. It doesn't matter so much how much you make. The thing that counts is to know how to spend your time so you get the most out of life.' I used to think that these were platitudes, but he was right."

The Secretary's father (James Vincent Forrestal) was known to everyone in the village of Matteawan, New York (now incorporated into the city of Beacon), as "Vin." Vin had a lot of common sense, and when young Jim wanted to work after school he got him a job on the Matteawan Journal, one of those fine small-town papers which so often have a greater dignity and integrity than do their big-city sisters. In 1911 a spirited political contest was held in the strictly Republican upstate New York county. Ferdinand Hoyt (now Judge Hoyt) ran for the assembly, while a good-looking young lawyer ran for the senate. The good-looking young lawyer was named Franklin Roosevelt. Young Jim was given the job of covering the political campaign. Forrestal didn't meet Roosevelt again for more than twenty-five years.

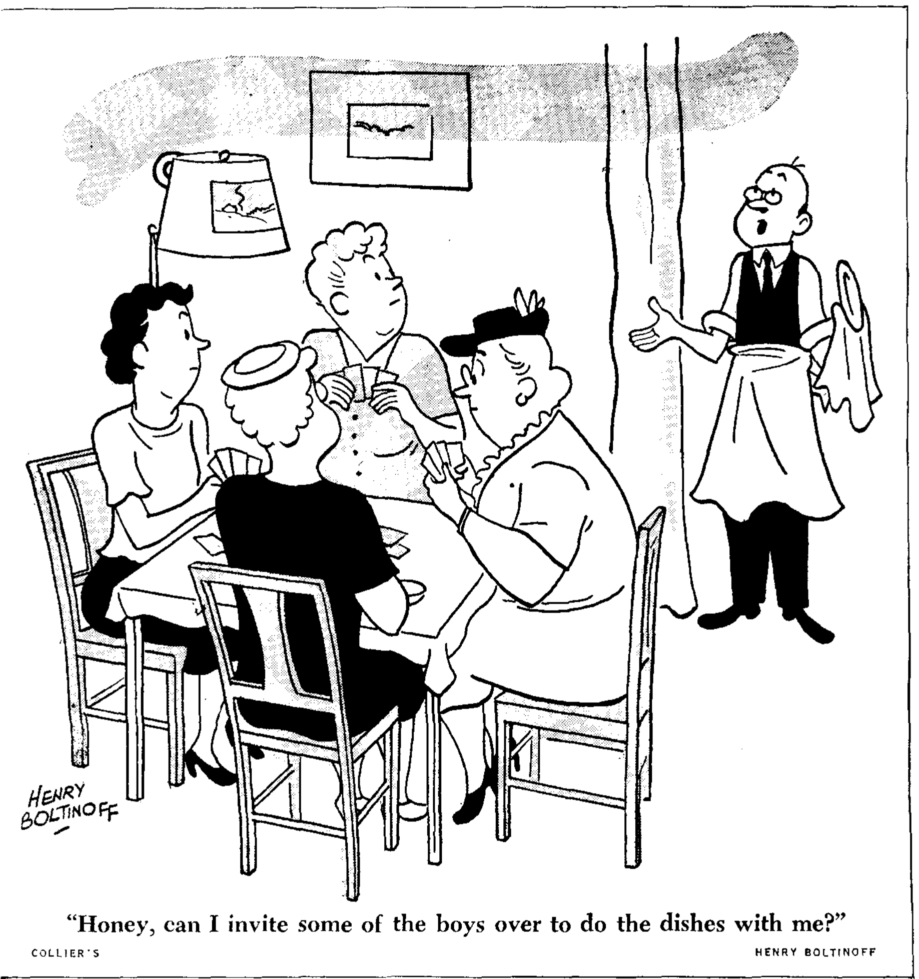
Meanwhile, at high school Jim was playing basketball. But today Judge Hoyt says, "You know, whenever Jim went out for a team or for any other school activity, he wound up as manager. He had a knack of running things and running them well. He always liked to stay in the background and let the other fellows take the bows. I guess," Judge Hoyt added with a smile, "Jim hasn't changed much since those days."

His work on the Matteawan Journal under the editorship of Morgan Hoyt left a lasting mark on Forrestal. Arthur Krock of the New York Times has said that Forrestal would have been a great writer had he stuck to his early trade. It is a fact that he himself writes the occasional speeches he is forced to make, and they are succinct, absolutely barren of the superfluous, flowery or meaningless phrase, and are beautifully co-ordinated and to the point. Forrestal writes the way he thinks—in a straight line.

Jim Forrestal had to work pretty hard to meet expenses when he entered Princeton, but he found time to work on The Daily Princetonian. I was in his office a week after his appointment to the Cabinet, but a day before the Senate had confirmed it. A telegram arrived while I was with him. He opened it, laughed, and handed it to me. It read, "Stop worrying. The class of 1915, Princeton, has already ratified your appointment." It was signed by a dozen members of his class.

The next day his appointment was confirmed by the Senate, and he was forced to take time out to take the traditional oath of allegiance. Rear Admiral Thomas L. Gatch recited the oath and the new Secretary said, "I do, so help me God," shook hands with the admiral and went back to his desk. He had only wasted six words and a little more than six seconds on the whole ceremony.

Forrestal says that his hobby is obscurity, and it annoys him a bit that he isn't allowed to indulge it more. Even when he became president of Dillon, Read in 1938, he refused to allow his passion for anonymity to lapse. It was this highly lucrative job that he quit to be a White House "liaison" man at $10,000 a year.



"Honey, can I invite some of the boys over to do the dishes with me?"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

He became friendly with Harry Hopkins, a man with many of Forrestal's own qualities. Stalin once said that he admired Hopkins above all other Moscow visitors because Hopkins was the only man he had ever met who worked harder than he himself did. Those of us who have seen Hopkins in action in London and Moscow used to marvel at the seemingly inexhaustible amount of energy stored in the frail, pain-racked body of Harry the Hop. It was inevitable that Forrestal and Hopkins admire each other. Both are blunt. Neither is personally politically ambitious. Neither is a yes man, and both love to untangle tough jobs which others have given up. Hopkins decided that Forrestal was too big for the White House job he was doing.

With the passage of the two-ocean Navy bill, the United States Navy became in effect one of the two or three largest corporations in the world. Frank Knox, devoted to his job of building the world's greatest navy, couldn't do it all alone. He needed a highly experienced executive to deal with the complex problems of procurement and production.

He needed a man who talked the language not of the bridge but of industry; a man who could meet Sloan and Kaiser and Grace and Grumman on their own grounds. By now Roosevelt was as enthusiastic about Forrestal as Hopkins was, and Harry didn't have to do much (if any) of a sales job.

Knox and Forrestal got along fine from the start. Knox, highly articulate, trained by his profession of newspaper publisher to take the limelight in his stride, didn't mind making speeches or being interviewed. Frank Knox made us all conscious of the greatness of our own Navy, and this pride we all felt communicated itself to the Navy and revived the morale and *esprit de corps*, which had been a bit shaken by the Pearl Harbor debacle.

Meanwhile, Forrestal buried himself under piles of contracts; planned, built and inspected plants; organized, financed, cajoled, threatened—and naval production zoomed.

Forrestal is a professional who has small patience with amateurs. Like any good professional worker, he is always willing to listen to experts in other fields. He asked the admirals what they thought the rate of attrition would be in the Pacific. How many planes, ships, might we be expected to lose when we began to take the offensive against the Japs? They studied the question carefully. Forrestal went to the Pacific to talk to men in the field. He returned to confer with the admirals once more. They arrived at figures and Forrestal inaugurated a production schedule designed to cope with our anticipated losses.

Tactically, the Pacific Navy under Admiral Nimitz showed a brilliance in operations not even hoped for by the best naval minds, and the attrition was considerably lower than had been expected. Production, however, kept to schedule and today, perhaps for the first time in the history of any warring power, our Navy has a tidy supply of everything it needs. In football language, our Navy is three deep in everything. Before he died, Knox on more than one occasion gave Forrestal full credit for this. They made a great team, charming, smiling Knox and taciturn, brisk Forrestal, and a real affection grew between them.

"He would never evade a responsibility," Forrestal says of him. "The Friday before he died, we discussed a Senatorial committee hearing coming up on the following Tuesday. It concerned contracts with small business. Knox was tired, but even those of us who worked with him every day didn't realize how bad his heart was. But we knew he wasn't well. I told him I'd attend the Senate hearing in his place. He shook his head and said, "Jim, I wouldn't have anyone think I was trying to duck anything. I'll go." As it turned out, I had to attend the hearing. Knox was dead when it took place. Frank Knox was a man who never ducked an issue. It was a privilege to work with him."

Some of the old Navy guard shudder every time they see a newspaperman enter the office of the Secretary. Forrestal's blunt honesty and refusal to take refuge in the ordinary double talk of diplomacy upsets them considerably. Recently Vice-Admiral Hewitt came out very flatly in favor of reviving an old naval custom of having beer on shipboard (as every other navy in the world has).

Shortly afterward, Forrestal was holding a press conference. The reporters had barely begun to ask their questions, when one of them queried: "Mr. Secretary, Admiral Hewitt in the Mediterranean said one of the things the boys missed most is beer."

"That's what I missed, all right!" Forrestal said, referring to the months he spent in the naval air service during World War I.

"What is your attitude on that?" came the next question. "Is the Navy considering any lifting of the restrictions on the serving of alcoholics aboard ships?"

Out of consideration for temperance interests in the country, the new Secretary of the Navy framed his answer: "It would require a change in regulations if we did, and there is no such change. As a matter of fact, consideration of the shipping space available would probably be of prime importance, outside of any change in the regulations themselves."

People who don't know Forrestal think him cold, impersonal. He is cold and impersonal when he is dealing with contracts. It must be remembered that at the moment Forrestal is running the second largest business in the world. Only the Army is larger. In 1943 the Navy entered into contracts for the building of ships, planes, guns, etc., to the amount of twenty-six billion dollars. You would have to lump together 25 of the biggest corporations in the country to run up a total that large. When you're responsible for spending that big a hunk of taxpayers' money, you are very apt to develop what appears to be coldness (that is, if you don't go completely nuts altogether). Forrestal feels the same sense of responsibility in handling each contract that he once felt when he was considering new bond issues as president of Dillon, Read.

A Marine Enthusiast

But swing the talk away from contracts and you find a new Forrestal. Get him talking about the Marines (he'll do that anytime) and you might think you were talking to the kid down the block whose older brother is with the Marines in the Pacific. Forrestal has the same feeling of hero worship for the United States Marines that the rest of us have.

"The Marines always keep their hands in," he says. "That's the only way to attain maximum efficiency. I used to box a lot. Well, I laid off three years and then one day went back. Before I knew what had happened, I'd been hit with a right-hand punch that broke my nose."

Forrestal ruefully stroked his blunt nose. "You've got to keep at it to remain really good. That's why our Marines are so magnificent. You know, those Marines really typify true democracy. When they land at a place like Tarawa, their officers—high-ranking ones—land with them. They live together, bunk together, fight together, eat together and each knows his own particular responsibility. They're very wonderful."

Forrestal's admiration for the Marines is a reflection of his feeling for the man who is trained to do his job—for the professional. All competent executives hate the bungling amateur. Forrestal, for instance, believes that the British system of permanent civil servants in government is a sound one that might well be borrowed by us.

"When the British come to joint conferences," Forrestal says, "they come thoroughly informed and briefed in the most complex of situations. Their basic information is sound. They have available to them the long experience of able civil servants who have spent a lifetime training for and learn-

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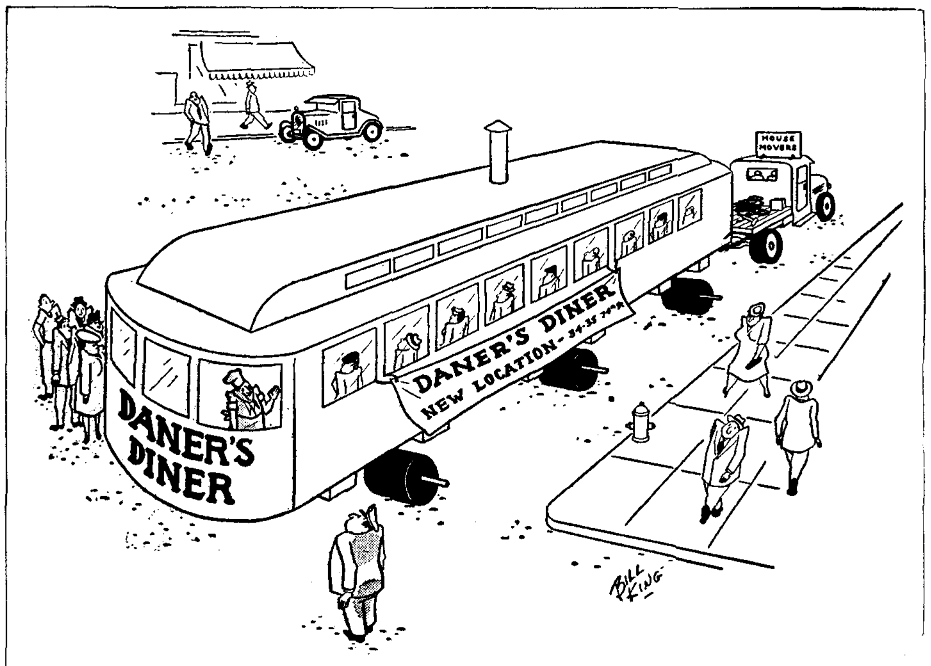
ing their jobs. Incidentally, compared to our Civil Service employees they are very well paid; they average from 33 to 66 per cent higher pay than do our men in comparative jobs. When war came, we had to recruit thousands of men from industry, men whom industry could ill afford to release. In the Navy the burden of administration fell upon commissioned officers who were needed afloat. A permanent staff well trained and well paid would release such men and would allow industry to keep men that it needed. If all government agencies had permanent staffs headed by undersecretaries, a great deal of waste would be eliminated."

Ask Forrestal how he likes working in Washington and he'll chuckle. "It's a dangerous place to work. Unless you watch yourself, you find that you get into the habit of dealing with abstractions rather than realities. When you first come to Washington from the business world, you are filled with terror when you have to arise to defend some point of view or to present some new point of view. You get over that all right and then after a while you enter the second stage. That is, you are in a constant state of surprise because you haven't fallen flat on your face. You're doing your best and you find that it's all right. Now," Forrestal laughed, "is the time when you should start to watch yourself. So many people hit that third stage. That comes when you start looking for an audience to impress. Then you're a dead goose. Once the ham starts coming out in you and you get a false sense of your own importance, you'd better get out of Washington quick."

In the Navy Department they'll bet you fifty to one that the Secretary will never reach that third stage. A man in a blue serge suit may never be a hero as Forrestal says, but he can be one hell of a fine public servant. That is Forrestal's only ambition. It's a pretty good one.

THE END



"I figured I may as well pick up a few fares on the way over"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

It's hard enough to lift the most stolid airplane from a flight deck. Anything as frisky as the P-38 would drive pilots goofy. Both the carrier fighter and the carrier bomber must climb like hysterical skyrockets to get into the air in a thousand feet, yet they must land with at least some of the gentle characteristics of a feather, to keep from plowing over the bow when they come in. We've always been told speed or range had to be sacrificed to get these take-off and landing characteristics in carrier-based planes. But apparently the Navy thinks otherwise.

WILL these new carriers be suckers for enemy bombers and torpedoes? We hear so much about the vulnerability of the ordinary carrier. Won't these big brutes be just that much easier to pop off? Actually, carriers are not such setups as they've been pictured, and by combining the best features of the latest in flat-tops with some of the outstanding characteristics of the old reliable battleship, the Navy will make our new carriers even tougher than those we have today.

First of all, the CVBs will be fast; yet they'll have unprecedented strength. The worst enemy of the carrier is not the bomb, but the torpedo. A torpedo can put a normal carrier out of commission without doing enough damage to sink her. What happens is that the torpedo rips a hole in the side of the ship, the hole fills with water, the ship lists, and the carrier's planes can neither take off nor land on the tilted flight deck.

These new carriers will be better protected to deflect torpedoes and, like our latest Essex-type ships, they will be split into watertight compartments, so that any one torpedo can flood only a small section of the hull. Then if one compartment is flooded accidentally, another compartment on the other side can be flooded on purpose, bringing the flight deck back to level.

The torpedoes most to be feared come from enemy planes, not subs. Submarines are too slow to keep up with modern carriers, and usually too sensible to try to penetrate large groups of warships. But the torpedo plane is something else. The new carriers will not only be equipped to minimize torpedo damage, but also to keep planes bearing torpedoes from getting close enough to drop their fish.

They'll carry the usual assortment of small antiaircraft guns, plus five-inchers that can pick off attacking planes while they're still miles away. The old Lexington had eight-inch rifles; the new carriers, being much heavier and more stable, might conceivably hold up twelve-inchers, maybe even a battery or two of sixteen-inchers, the biggest guns in our arsenals.

All this praise, heaped on the comfortable deck of the new supercarrier, might well lead the innocent to believe that here, at last, is the unbeatable, unsinkable ship of ships. But no experienced Navy man would say that. He knows that any ship man can build, man can also sink. Torpedoes—enough of them—would sink this supercarrier just as they would sink our mammoth new battleships. And without planes to protect it, our supercarrier could not trade punches with a battleship. But it would put up a whale of a fight before it went down.

In peacetime our Navy will still use supercarriers. They'll be the policemen of the Pacific. They'll move through the broad ocean with the quiet confidence of a London bobby, making sure there's no funny business in the thousands of tiny islands scattered from Hawaii to China, from the Aleutians to Australia. If somebody gets rowdy in the Bonin Islands, if a brawl develops in Halmahera, if the Japs get frisky in the Philippines, the big boys will mosey over and pacify them, with the biggest stick that's ever gone to sea.... R. McC.

Sweden

Continued from page 17

oticed a picture of an airplane with the tatement that "in aircraft SKF ball and oller bearings will be found at practically ll moving points!" The Swedes don't think f that. But why not inform them that every ball bearing delivered to Germany can cost n Allied life? The Swede only sees that the wo great powers will exert pressure on a ittle nation for a bagatelle, will prevent its peaceful trade, and the thought of submiting to such inconsideration makes him obtinate.

An attorney, a doctor or an engineer has n entirely different explanation of the ball-bearing mystery: Americans aren't serious. They are only carrying on a press campaign o frighten us and to make Germany suspis. "Just look at the new American socalled black list; more than thirty Swedish irms have been included, but the chief culprit, SKF, is not there. That shows the whole business isn't seriously meant." This was the argument I heard from a gentleman in a bus. Ball bearings are discussed everywhere—on streets and in restaurants, at work and at parties.

In Sweden, now, a ball-bearing tug of war sways from hors d'oeuvres to dessert, and each time I thought there couldn't be any more viewpoints, I was surprised at coffee, by hearing a new one. There are, for example, the viewpoints of some industrialists and bankers, which can be called "realistic." They ridicule all talk about the seriousness of American measures. "Oh, no, the Americans want to earn money after the war, and so do we Therefore, we don't believe in postwar reprisals, even if we now refuse to interrupt the export to Germany. We did business with both sides during the last war, and everything went well afterward. It will be the same now. The Americans will take our products if they are good and cheap, and the law of supply and demand will govern again. All postwar threats are pure bluff."

American Idealism Underestimated

Mr. Stanton Griffis, the delegate of the American government, was here expressly to negotiate with just those gentlemen and he found it difficult to convince them that American businessmen are thinking only about wining the war and not about winning money; that they regard anyone helping them with this as a friend now and after the war; that anyone refusing to help them is their enemy and will remain so after the war.

There are some people here who underestimate American idealism. Swedish workers don't belong in this category—because they themselves have a lot of idealism. In Göteborg I conversed with many welders, foundry workers and dockers, locksmiths and carpenters.

It started when a colleague, during the visit to the SKF factory, glanced at the small ball bearings a worker was fashioning and said ironically, "And all that for Germany!"

The worker answered quickly, "We are very sorry, believe me."

All the workers I spoke to were prepared to make great sacrifices to avoid helping the Nazis. The majority considered that, in doing this, everything should be avoided which could increase the difficulties in the government's already sufficiently difficult situation. Others maintained that the German-Swedish trade agreement contained nothing specific about ball bearings, and that therefore deliveries could be stopped.

"Can't we send more paper, instead, so that Goebbels will have more to write lies on, and there won't be any danger?" joked one young worker.

When I returned to Stockholm, I told a trade-union man what I'd heard.

"Then they meant to strike?" he asked. "I know that some want to, but we can't recommend it. Our task as a trade union can't be to throw thousands of workers out of work for perhaps a year for purely foreign political reasons."

Sweden's leading men and her government are in a peculiar position. The government has signed a trade agreement with Germany. Can this be kept if private firms, as a result of Anglo-Saxon pressure, refuse to supply Germany? Apparently the government feels safe. The Social Democratic Party congress was held recently with five of Sweden's eleven ministers present almost all the time. This party is as powerful as only the Conservative Party is in England, since it has 215 out of 380 in the Riksdag—Sweden's parliament.

Sweden's most popular man, canny, broad-shouldered yeoman Prime Minister Per Albin Hansson—P.A. to all Swedes—is its chairman. He defended his and his colleagues' foreign policy and explained proudly that one had no cause to feel ashamed of it.

"Well," one of his colleagues said less proudly—but then he didn't have to speak before the entire people, only before me—"our foreign policy isn't heroic, but it is healthful."

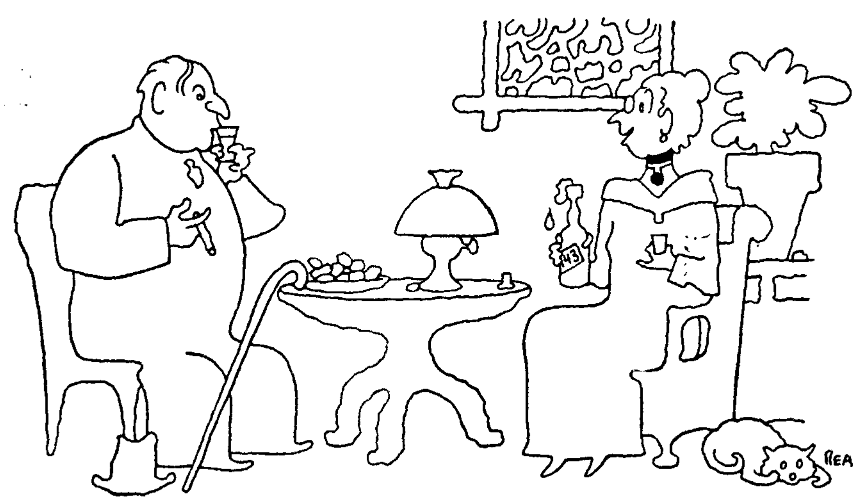
In any case, this foreign policy received the unanimous approval of the entire congress. No unity was reached, however, on one question: Shall the demand for abolishment of the state church and for introduction of a republic be dropped, or remain on the party program? Violent battles were fought in which the Prime Minister intervened with the entire weight of his authority. It didn't help. The congress was against him, the demand remains. But heaven help the man who would really demand the king's abdication and the introduction of the republic!

"It is a tradition we must retain," explained one of the most enthusiastic advocates for retention of the demand. "My grandfather fought to have it included in the program. So how could I help to abolish it?"

But the minister who recently declared openly that a monarchy is all nonsense in a democracy will tomorrow sit at the king's counsel table and bow to his monarch as formerly. One must stick to one's monarchical traditions and to one's own feelings about the monarchy's abolishment. One knows what one has, but never what one may receive through sudden changes; that is the simple basis of Swedish Social Democratic policy. Will it prove sufficient to steer Sweden through the last phase of war?

The average Swede thought the war was essentially over and had already busied himself with peace problems. The ball-bearing business is the signal that war's holocaust is nearing him.

THE END



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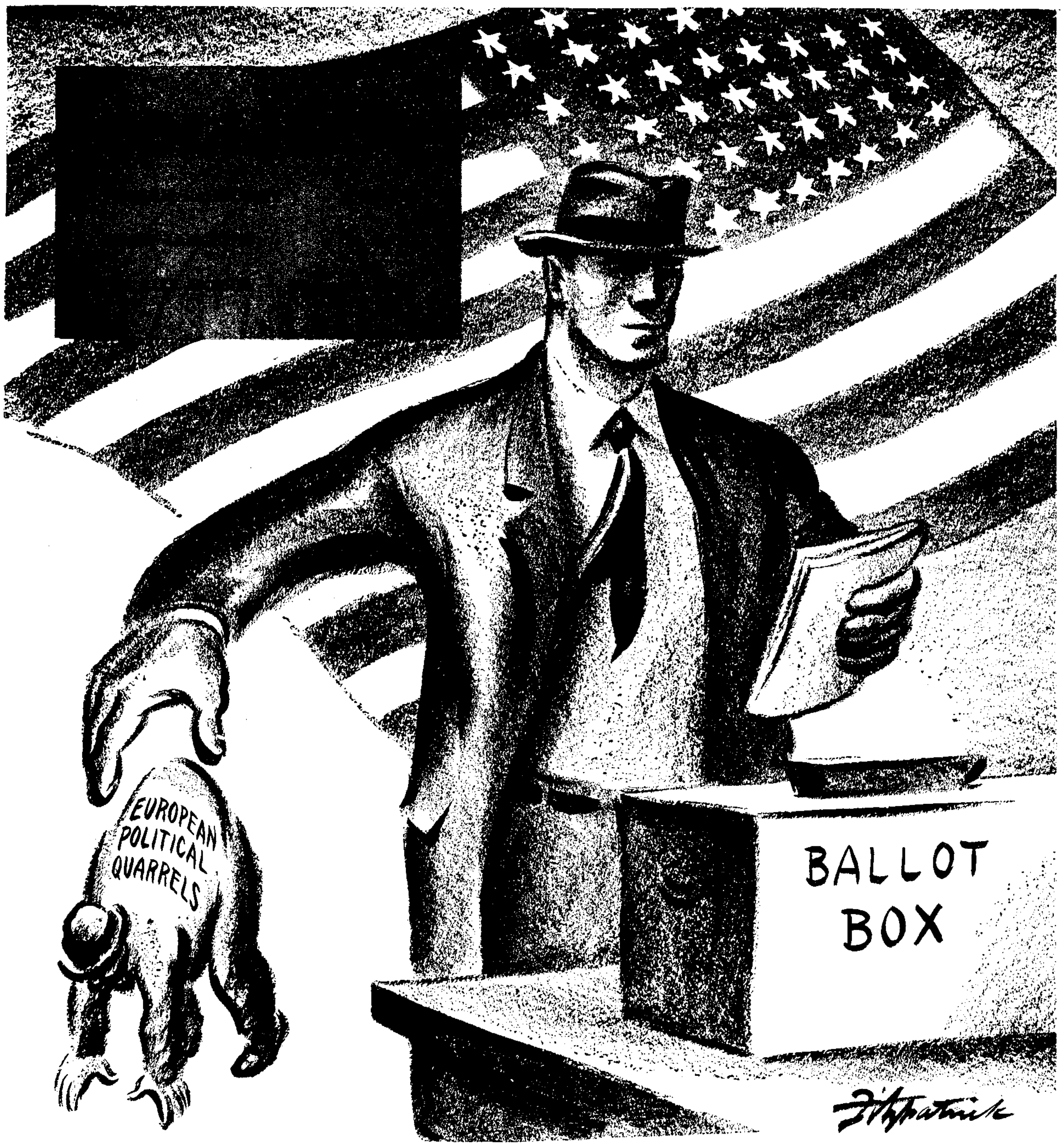

VOTE AMERICAN

THE Polish-American Congress, representing some 5,000,000 persons of Polish birth or descent, met at Buffalo recently and passed a resolution addressed to President Roosevelt, asking him "not to permit the United States to be involved in designs against Poland and its future, whether in the East or in the West."

Implicit in this careful wording was a threat that if Mr. Roosevelt doesn't try to thwart Joe Stalin's planned postwar grab of Poland to the Curzon Line, most Polish-background voters in the United States will vote Republican next November. Such a threat, we think, is bad business.

We're not advising Poles or anybody else to vote for or against Mr. Roosevelt, if he runs for a fourth term. Nor are we defending Stalin's plans for Poland, or Messrs. Roosevelt's and Churchill's public complacency about those plans up to this writing. And we aren't trying to pretend that the Atlantic Charter is still the unsullied document it once was.

What we would like to do is to urge our Polish-background friends in the United States to vote American next November 7th—not Polish. That is to say: Vote for Roosevelt (or the Democratic candidate) if you think the United States needs him more than it needs a Republican President; vote against him if you think otherwise. Don't base your vote on the Polish dispute in which this war has involved the White House.

An American Presidential election is held in order to choose the man who the majority of voters believe will best promote American interests. It is not held for the purpose of picking a President of Poland, a Chancellor of Germany, or a Prime Minister of Ireland. The American soldiers of Polish extraction who took part in our invasion of Western Europe went as Americans.

We wouldn't for a moment preach a Ku-Klux or G. L. K. Smith brand of super-duper Americanism, or urge late-comers to this country to drop their old-country memories and traditions which have done so much to flavor life in the United States. But the polling place at any election, local or national, is preeminently a place to check the old-country disputes outside, and vote American.

ANOTHER GLUT OF GOLD?

SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL HULL recently offered U. S. industry a piece of advice regarding the period of reconversion to peacetime production, which we thought was in line with the enlightened statesmanship Judge Hull habitually exhibits.

Wherever possible, our great advocate of reciprocal trade treaties urged, American industries would do well to convert to manufacture of peacetime goods which would not have to be protected by high tariffs or shored up with government subsidies to guarantee fair profits to their producers.

Not that we should do anything foolish, such as scrapping our entire $750,000,000 synthetic rubber industry and going back to complete dependence on rubber plantations half the world away; but we should aim in general at letting into the American postwar market duty-free, or almost so, as many kinds of goo as we safely can.

There is no sentimentality or supergenerosity this suggestion. It is only common sense—and for t same reason that it would have been common sen after the first World War to keep our domestic mark as hospitable as possible to foreign goods. Once aga after World War II, we'll be the great creditor nati of the world.

After the first World War, we were fascinated gold as a medium of payment. We walled ourselves with high tariffs, so that our debtors could pay only gold, of which they had little.

Owen D. Young, in a speech in 1933, after the i evitable had happened, summed it all up in the f lowing words—which, though perhaps oversimplifie are essentially accurate.

> We insisted that our allies sign the bond to r money which we had advanced. . . . They could only that debt by sending us their goods. To the extent that would not accept sufficiently of their goods, they cou only pay by sending us their gold. So, having refused th goods, we took their gold until we ruined the curren and banking systems of the world, including our own, un international exchanges and trade were paralyzed.

We even improved on this procedure by lendi billions in U. S. capital to finance foreign purchases our goods, or to finance considerable foreign industri expansion, at the same time keeping the aforesaid ta iffs high.

One striking result was the Cuba sugar blowup the early 30s, which practically ruined Cuba's gover ment and left American investors holding a lot of d preciated Cuban sugar company bonds.

Another was Hitler's confiscation, in effect, of m tor plants built in Germany with U. S. capital and su posed to make money for U. S. investors as well German investors.

We can handle matters better this time if we wi and Judge Hull's advice points one way to do so. Th way is to do everything we can to mesh the Americ economy into an ever more nearly free system world trade.

SPEAKING OF DIRIGIBLES

COLLIER'S recently had the pleasure of printing a article entitled We Need Airships, by Rear Admir C. E. Rosendahl and Kyle Crichton. Admiral Rosendahl is the Navy's veteran expert on airships, meanin lighter-than-air craft of the Graf Zeppelin and Hindenburg type.

Admiral Rosendahl hopes to see Americans, afte this war, go in heavily for big dirigibles, for both passenger and cargo traffic.

The passenger carriers would be comparable to bi ocean liners, with comfortable staterooms, dinin rooms, game rooms, and so on. They would hav enormous cruising ranges, and, by the use of hook-o planes for picking up or discharging passengers o freight at intermediate points, they would be save from having to make many stops.

You have to discount somewhat, we'd say, thi American dirigible expert's natural enthusiasm fo his favorite aircraft.

Especially do you have to discount his seemin belief that the United States will always have a monopoly on helium, the noninflammable lifting gas best suited to dirigibles. There is no possible guarantee that helium won't be discovered somewhere outside the United States any day.

But after you've done all this discounting, it seems to us that Admiral Rosendahl still has an importan subject for Americans to ponder, and quite conceivably to do something big about after the war. The frightful Hindenburg disaster of May 6, 1937, seems to have more or less stunned American thinking about dirigibles and left it in a state of suspended animation Yet the Hindenburg blew up only because she was inflated with inflammable hydrogen instead of with inert helium.

Maybe it's time for us to begin thinking seriously again about dirigibles and their postwar potentialities for a fast, cheap, clean and pleasant means of transportation.

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